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STUDENT SONG

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THEY say that at the core of it
This life is all regret;
But we've scarce yet learned the lore of it,
We're only youngsters yet.
We only ask some more of it, some more of it,
We only ask some more of it
—The less we're like to get!

Though ill may be the close of it,
It's fair enough at morn;
And the manner to dispose of it
Is just to pluck the rose of it
When first the rose is born.
Is first to pluck the rose of it, the rose of it, the rose of it,
Is just to pluck the rose of it,
The de'il may take the thorn!

The opinions of the old of it
Depict a doleful land;
For the guide-books that are sold of it,
The ill that we are told of it,
Would make Columbus stand.
But come let's take a hold of it, a hold of it, a hold of it,
But come let's take a hold of it
With Alexander's hand.

When sages call the roll of it
How sad their looks appear!
But there's fire in every coal of it
And hope is in the soul of it
And never a word of fear.
So love we then the whole of it, the whole of it, the whole of it,
So love we then the whole of it
For as long as we are here.

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MAJE: A LOVE STORY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"In dreams she grows not older,
The lands of dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."
—ANDREW LANG.

"HERCULES!"

His eyes shone with an unaccustomed light, and his stride was elastic as he came out on the long, rickety portico, on whose bottom step Hercules stood waiting for him. His speech was that of the centurion.

"Hercules, get my portmanteau out of the closet, and put my white shirts in it. Put in at least half a dozen. Take the clothes-brush, and dust off my broadcloth suit. Get my Wellington boots from behind the bed and black them!"

"What dat you say do, Maje?"

"I want my pleated shirts put in the portmanteau, and my black broadcloth suit dusted. And I want my boots blacked."

Maje's wishes were repeated in a high-keyed voice that betokened excitement. A burst of loud laughter came in response to the speech.

"Jes lissen at him now! His completed shirts, an' his broadclof suit! An' his boots behine de bed!

"Maje, you know you ain't got no completed shirts. All de shirts you's got is hickory ones, like dat one you got on yo' back; an' two o' dem is in de tub from lars' week. You ax Faus'. She got 'em."

The voice of Maje's interlocutor waned from an unrestrained accent of amusement, as at the antics of a little child, to a softer note that was conciliatory and coaxing.

"You go and do what I tell you," responded Maje. "Don't you stand there talking back to me, you black rascal!"

"Dus' yo' broadclof suit! Well, well, well, an' sho' enuf! Black yo' Wellin'ton boots! Tooby sho', tooby sho'! Now, Maje, honey, lissen! Don't you know you ain't had on dat suit sence de man come here wid de wagon-load o' vittles what yo' ma sont back? Maje, de moths is done corrupted dem clo'es 'twel dey ain't nothin' but holes in 'em."

A cloud came over Maje's withered countenance.

"An' dem boots? Dey ain't been no boot, nur shoe nuther, blacked in dis here house for thirty year. But dem Wellin'tons sho'ly did have a shine on 'em dat mornin' when de man come here, an' mis' she put on her rustlin' robe o' silk an' trail' down fur ter see him. Don't you remembrance it, Maje? She made me shine dem boots dat day, while she kep' de man an' his ambylance waitin', untwel a rooster could ha' sho' nuf seed hisse'f in 'em, like dat chicken dat was on de blackin' box top."

The cloud vanished from Maje's brow. A vision arose in the little man's memory of a day in the far past, when the spot on which he stood was in the enemy's country. He was convalescing from his last wound at the time,—a time when things were drawing to a climax in the South. It was a wound in the arm, and not so dangerous as that which had left its visible and ineffaceable scar there above his left eye. Hercules was right. At his mother's request he had put on the long-tailed coat, the baggy black trousers, and the low-cut vest, showing a broad expanse of white pleated shirt-bosom. He remembered, too, that the boots had shone that morning with an unwonted and resplendent lustre.

"We'll let these people understand that we will accept no favors from them," she had said to him, as they came down the stairs together to where the front door was flung wide open to the summer morning. She was arrayed in her watered-silk best; and he recalled now that Hercules had

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said, watching her in admiration from the back part of the hall:

"Jes lissen at mis' silk coat! Every step she take, it say: 'Ain't we rich? Ain't we rich?'"

Standing almost where Maje now stood, an orderly in blue uniform had touched his cap and had said to her:

"The general, madam, has sent you some provisions. He hopes that you will pardon him, madam; but he knows that food is scarce and hard to get where two armies have passed."

He had made a gesture as he spoke in the direction of an army-wagon drawn by four horses, which stood at the door on the driveway. It was stored with bacon and flour and tea and coffee and sugar, and a hundred articles to which she and her household had long been unaccustomed. Maje recalled now across the years that at the time there was not a dust of meal or a cupful of flour in the storeroom, or a rasher of bacon in the plundered smoke-house.

"Tell the general," Maje's mother had said serenely to the orderly, "we do not need his provisions. We have enough of our own."

There was not a fowl or other domestic animal within a radius of miles, and she knew that he knew it.

"But, madam," the soldier protested, "he has sent these articles to you for your brother's sake. The fact that your brother is on our side ought not to influence you in such a matter as this. He is one of our most distinguished generals."

The color had risen to her cheeks and her eyes had kindled; but her visage was one of Spartan sternness in all its lines.

"I have no brother," she had said; and the watered silk rustled for a moment, and then was still.

"You have no brother?" the blue-uniformed soldier had queried in astonishment; "why, madam, he is——"

"He is dead," she had replied. "He died on the 17th of April, 1861."

The puzzled look had faded from the orderly's face, as he recollected that it was the fateful day when the State had left the Union to which her brother had remained loyal.

The whole proud story now flashed through Maje's mind in the suggestion wrought by the simple words of Hercules. Moths had destroyed and rust had corrupted many other and finer things than the old suit since then.

"Well, what am I going to do?" Maje queried of his companion. "You know your Mars' John is coming to take me back home with him this morning. It's nearly time for him to be here, now."

Maje cocked his eye at the sun. It was the only time-piece on the place, but it was sufficient.

"I wrote to him about Mary's letter," he continued, "and I told him that I wanted to pay him and Sally a visit before I go to call on her."

"Maje, you done forgot. He ain't no Mars' John o' mine, nuther o' Faus'es. De war done over dese pars' thirty year. I ain' got no master. I'm a free nigger, jes as free as any white man, even ef me an' Faus' is stayed here wid you sence yo' ma died."

"I think I see a wagon now," said Maje irrelevantly. "It's turning the bend in the old road, near where the big barn used to stand, close to the high pine. Isn't that a wagon, Hercules?"

"I 'clar ter Gord, Maje, I'm glad you's gwine away wid your cousin. Dat man been beggin' you an' beggin' you; an' when he offer ter do fur ye, an' offer an' offer, you treat him like yo' ma done treat de soljer wid de ambylance. You jes as proud as yo' ma was."

"It's undoubtedly a wagon, with two mules," said Maje. "I'm afraid they'll have a terrible time getting through the brush."

"Yes," responded Hercules, "I'm 'feard dey will. It's a scandalous shame fur a man ter shet hisse'f off f'om de worl' fur nigh forty year, like you's done, 'twel eben de road up to yo' front porch is growed up wid pines and sassafrage. You done driv all yo' frien's away, wid yo' proudness; an' y'aint got no kin, 'scusin' yo' cousin John, neither. Ef 'twa'n't fur me an' Faus', dey wudden eben be a foot-paf, f'om here to Kay Martin's, fur ter go an' git a meal's vittles fur ye."

It was a strange story thus interwoven with the faithful and half-regretful speech of the black man; and it was a strange

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pair of friends who now stood together on the broken steps of the dilapidated mansion, awaiting the slow and labored approach of a vehicle, which its driver sought to direct along what had once been a carriage-way, but was now, as Hercules had described it, literally a patch of ground, covered with broom-sedge and grown up with scrub pines and sassafras bushes.

A giant negro, six feet six inches high, towered above the attenuated figure of a small white man, who had apparently addressed his last remark to his companion's waist-line. The negro's face was as black as ink; but his hair, like his expansive teeth and rolling eyeballs, was white. Maje was accustomed to say of it, whenever Hercules had recently washed it, that it reminded him of the vision which Saint John the divine beheld in the Apocalypse, of him whose head and his hairs were white like wool,—as white as snow.

As the larger man responded to the smaller man's talk, where they stood facing each other on a middle step, he stooped down to him, half-squatting, as a grown person stoops to speak to a little child. Yet there was nothing infantile in Maje's appearance. His bearing was the perfection of accustomed dignity. His beard was long, and his hair hung in untrimmed locks about his shoulders, over the collar of the rough shoddy jacket that he wore; and his hair and beard were also white. But, unlike the negro's, the locks of the white man were straight to where they curled at the extremities; and they were silvery in their whiteness from frequent combings. Maje always protested against Faustina's trimming his hair and beard with the old sheep-shears, though she and Hercules both made a point of insisting on it at least once a year, in summer. He did not like to be "fingered," and, moreover, the gentlemen of the old school had all worn their hair long in his boyhood. The daguerreotype of his father on the library mantelpiece showed the hair worn that way. It was a species of unspoken protest on the part of those vanished men of his father's day against the puritanism of a more northern and ascetic region.

Maje's shoulders were slightly bent, and this made him look even smaller than he was. But it was the stoop of the scholar, and not of old age, and bore testimony to the perusal of the worn volumes and the study of the well-thumbed dictionary in the library, which had kept him from going mad in the long period of his self-imposed solitude. He saw no new books or magazines or papers, but lived in the atmosphere of the far past.

Once Hercules had brought him back from Kay Martin's a newspaper wrapped about some rashers of country bacon—"a streak o' lean and a streak o' fat"—and Maje had chanced to pick the paper up and to read in it some fugitive verses that, beginning

"In close communion with the mighty dead,
I spend the pleasant years,"

continued with a rhymed recital of the books which the poet loved.

They pleased Maje so much, as being applicable to himself, that he cut the verses out with the sheep-shears, and tacked them up on the wall by the library window, where he could peruse them whenever he wished.

One day he read the lines to Hercules, who squatted down, after his custom, to listen:

"In close communion with the mighty dead,
I spend the pleasant years."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, maintaining his attitude, and with a simulated interest.

"Giving to all for laughter, laughter,—dread
For dread; and tears for tears."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, still affecting the interest he did not feel.

"With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy
Fighting I seem to be;
I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with joy,
Shouting for victory!"

"What was dey fightin' 'bout, Maje?" queried Hercules. "Gord knows, I ain't never found out yit what none o' de fightin' was 'bout,—Bloody Wrangle, an' de balance."

"It is the way of the world, Hercules," said the major. "We all have to fight—with weapons, or some way."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, accepting the statement as he had accepted the verses.

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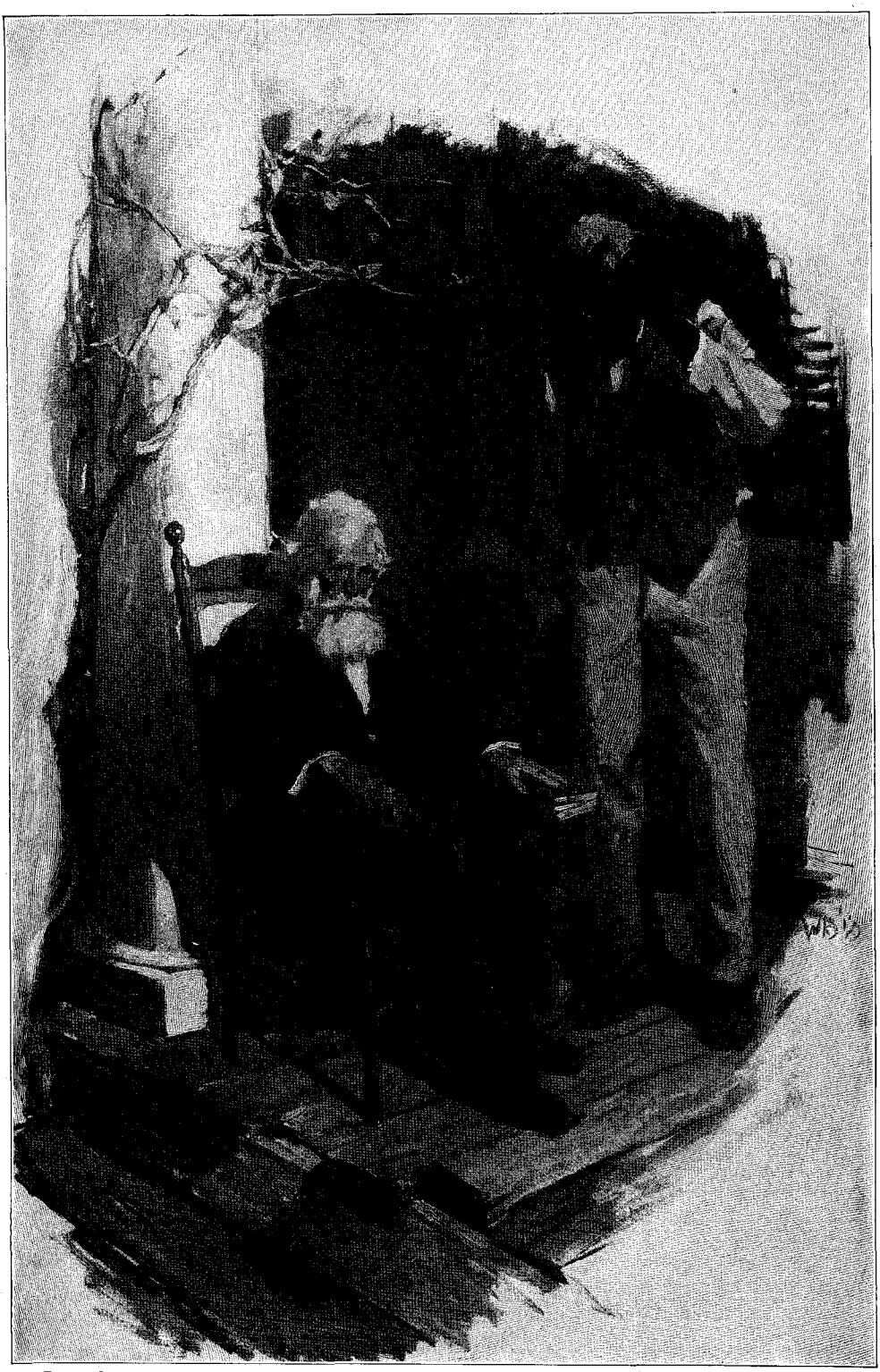

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

He saw no new books or magazines or papers, but lived in the atmosphere of the far past.—Page 4.

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The negro stood as clean-limbed as the Apollo Belvedere. It was his proud boast that mis' had told him he was no ordinary Guinea nigger, but that his grandfather had been the chief of a tribe on the Congo River back in Africa.

These two, white man and black man, had been born on the same night, and on the same plantation, sixty-one years before.

The nativity of the one had been in a chamber of the now desolate mansion on whose decrepit steps they stood, at a time when it was furnished forth with purple and fine linen, as are kings' houses; and he had come into the world amid light and color and with rejoicings that a man child was born.

The outhouse was still standing also, but now roofless and deserted out there in the back yard, where the other had been ushered at once into life and slavery two hours before the birth of him who was thenceforth to own and possess him, body and heart and soul.

The family doctor boasted that on this auspicious night he had killed two birds with one stone.

The big black baby, clad in scant raiment had been formally presented next day as a birthday gift to the little white baby in his silken-lined cradle; and neither had dreamed of the tremendous tragedy that lay behind the giving and the receiving.

"He'll make a likely fellow when he's a man," was the judgment passed upon Hercules, as he received his name. "The boy couldn't have a finer body-servant."

That next day was a festive and red-letter one on the plantation, wherein no man had worked.

Thenceforth the two had grown up together, friends and comrades; and to neither of them ever came the thought that the bondage of the one might mark the degradation of the other. Playmates and companions, they had shared with each other the joys and delights that youth squanders with prodigal hand, and had each been happy in the happiness of his associate. They had fished for mullets in the river a mile away, shaded by overhanging willows; they had set hare-traps and made partridge-pens in eager partnership; they had gone swimming together, symphonies in ivory and ebony, among the lily pads of Boler's mill-pond, and had dashed diamonds at each other through the summer air in innumerable water-battles. Theirs was the fine and not uncommon story, long since told to the end, of the white boy and the black boy on the old plantation.

They had even gone to school together. But this part of their association had been solely in the going; for the Congo had stopped at the door of the "old-field school-house," when the Caucasian had entered in.

"He got de eddication when me an' him was boys," Hercules often said to Faustina. "He reads all o' dem books in de liberry; but I kin lose him in ha'f a mile o' de front po'ch. I done been ter town, an' rid on de kyars an' seed things. Maje, he ain't nuver lef' de place, nur uver eben read a newspaper, sence de s'rrender. Let alone dat, he ain't nuver eben been ter Kay Martin's."

As long ago as their boyhood now seemed to Hercules, with all its glow of unselfish mutual affection, the big man found it hard to realize that there had grown almost as far into the past a later time, when he had been close by the little man's side as he fell with a bullet in his head at the Bloody Angle. Hercules could scarcely remember the day when Maje did not have that scar there on his forehead.

"He picked me up and carried me out like I was a baby," the major said to the hospital surgeon.

"Yes," the latter had cheerfully acceded; "the general was here this morning to ask about you. He said he saw your big black man taking you to the rear like you were a bundle of cheese and crackers."

"Dat what mis' tole me ter do wid him," Hercules had commented, as he stood by the invalid's bedside and watched the doctor bandage the wound, whose mark remained thenceforth. "Dat what she tole me; an' I done it. I been totin' him roun' all his life. I 'spec' I gwi' tote him 'twel he die."

Hercules had spoken in concrete language, and the surgeon had never learned

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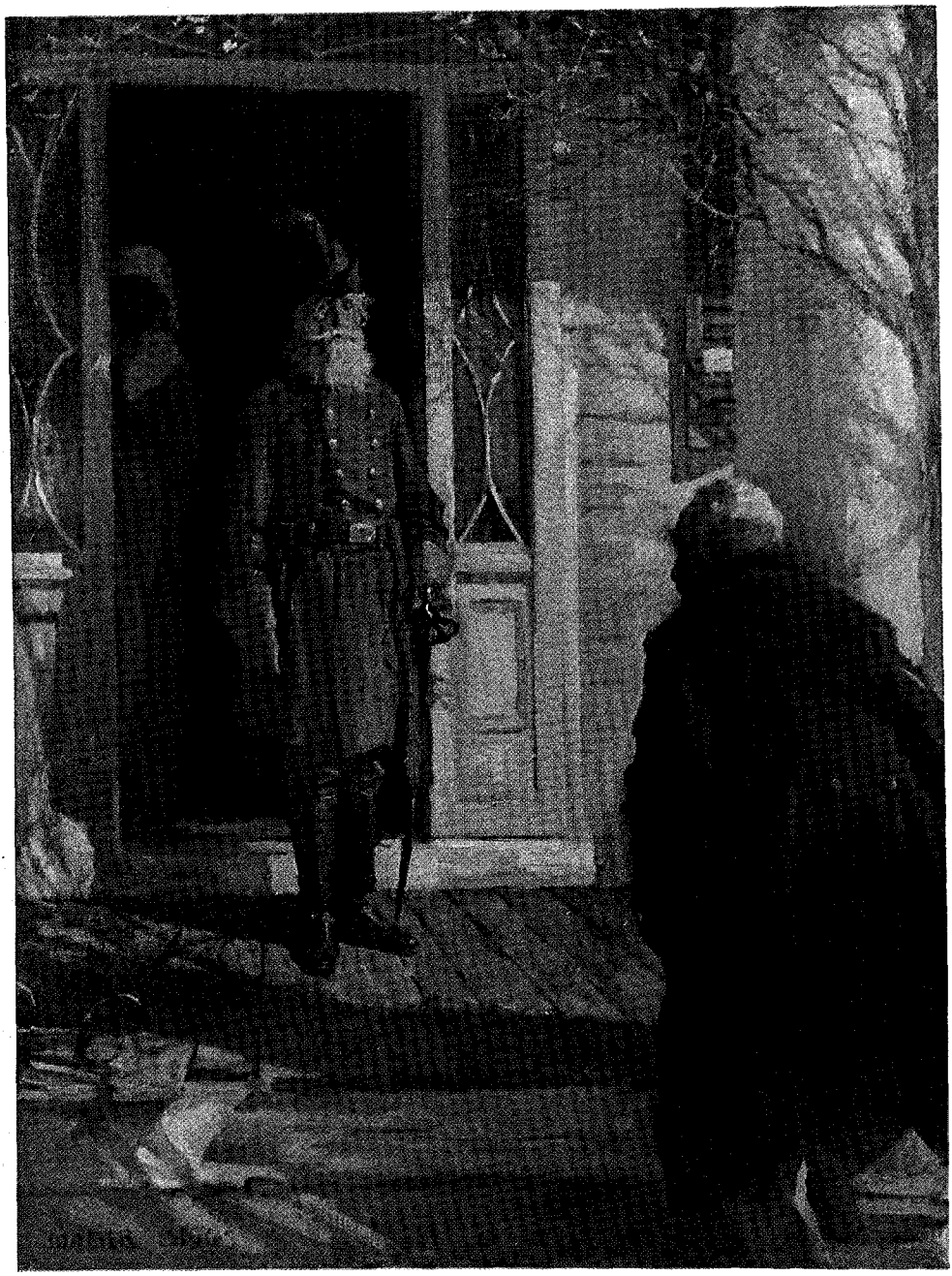

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"Ef he ain't done an' gone an' put on his sword, too!"—Page 13.

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that, figuratively, the big black man did not cease to "tote" the little white man till the end came.

It was at this Bloody Angle that, after the colonel fell, Maje had led the regiment into the jaws of death.

His name was in the commanding officer's report; and he had won his promotion there from captain to a staff position as major. The lasting memory of it, incomprehensible to Hercules, was a proud one for the old veteran. More than a hundred times since then a conversation, that came at length to be almost stereotyped in its main features, had taken place between them on the subject.

"Herc'!"

"Whatche want now, Maje?"

Hercules had a hurried way at times of running his words together.

"You remember the Bloody Angle, don't you, Hercules?"

The negro squatted to where Maje sat, in order to get their faces on a level.

"Duz I remembrance it? I reck'n I duz. I ain't nuver gwi' furgit it. I was leety-moty skeered ter death! Whatche-comin' over it ag'in fur, Maje?"

"Hercules, stand up, sir!"

Hercules arose, and the major arose also.

Stepping back a pace from where the black giant surveyed him, the little man drew himself up to his full height and said:

"Hercules, I'm as poor as a rat. Nobody knows it better than you do."

"Gord 'lmighty knows dat's de trufe," interjected Hercules.

"The four thousand acres of the old plantation, running for two miles along the river, and rich as cream, have dwindled away now to—to how many acres, Hercules?"

"'Bout a hunnerd an' thirty seben is lef' sence de lars' deed——"

"And the house hasn't had a coat of paint on it for thirty years. The barns and stables have fallen down. The back porch is propped up with beams, that are also dropping with decay. The window-panes are smashed, and the frames are stuffed with rags and scraps of paper."

He cast a tragic glance about him.

"Umhum," commented Hercules. "Hit's jes like you say, Maje. Hit's de Gord's trufe."

"The front yard is grown up with broom-sedge and scrub pines and sassafras. The very jimson weeds blossom at the back door in summer. Even the paling-fence about the old graveyard has rotted down. Herc', I'm as poor as Lazarus. But, by the shining heavens, Hercules, a million dollars couldn't buy the memory that I was the first man who got into the Bloody Angle!"

"Look-a-heah, Maje!" said Hercules; "you ain't got no sense. What you want ter git in dar fust fur, anyhow? Fur ter git yo' brains blowed out? All you got fur it was ter have dat man shoot a hole in yo' haid. He'd ha' kilt you nex' crack, ef I hadn't a hit 'im. I busted his crus' wid my fis'. Fo' Gord sake, Maje, don't talk ter me 'bout no million dollars alongside o' dat turrible place."

Hercules's admonition was unnecessary. Maje by this time had resumed his seat, and his mind had gone elsewhere.

But the negro rambled on.

"A million dollars! Umph! I wudden 'a' gi'n twenty-five cents fur ter ha' got dar fust. I did got dar; but I'd 'a' gi'n a five-dollar bill ter ha' been fur, fur away! Dat 'ar awful place ever-lastin' skeered de liver an' lights out'n me. Wheneber Faus' hear me hollerin' in my sleep dese nights, she say she knows I's a-totin' you out o' de Bloody Wrangle. Nor, sir! No million dollars! You's foolish. You could buy back de whole plantation wid dat, an' paint de house, an' stock de place, an' clear out de brush on de lawn, an' live on de fat o' de lan', like yo' pa did; an' we could open up an account at Kay Martin's, an' pay by de mont', stidder by de week, an'—an'—good Lord, Maje! a million? Dat hole in yer haid is done pair-erlyze yo' brain!"

Life was a fierce and endless struggle for the ex-slave and his wife, who with unquestioning fidelity made the misfortunes of the ex-slave-owner their own, and kept up with the very sweat of their dark faces what was left of the place and its helpless master. That he long since had ceased to take any care for the future was a joy to their simple hearts. His peace of mind, and his almost childish content-

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"He has sho'ly stood by the maje," commented Mr. Rogers.—Page 14.

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ment in his books and his garden fulfilled their dearest wish.

Sometimes Hercules would tiptoe to the library door, where in summer the lord of the devastated demain sat serenely reading some ancient story of another world by the open window through which the honeysuckle vine intruded the fragrance of its bloom in despite of the ever-encroaching broom-sedge,—or where in winter-time he sat before the blazing hearth, which his black friend kept ever replenished, and perused in its turn some other well-worn volume; and, seeing him thus happy there in his undisturbed realm of the imagination, would go back to the kitchen and say to Faustina:

"Faus', Maje he ain't got no money nur nuthin', an' he don't want nobody aroun', 'scusin' you an' me,—jes we-all,—but he's happy, all de same. I reck'n hit's de man dat don't want much, dat's de happies'."

And Faustina would never dream that her liege lord had solved, in this sage conclusion, the profoundest problem that vexes the philosophy of the thing called life.

To the distorted imaginations of those who dwell long in physical solitude, apart from their kind, come at times odd impulses to abnormal action.

In some strange freak of fancy Maje had taken it into his wounded head, after nearly forty years, to write a love-letter to his old sweetheart, from whom the circumstance of war and later penury had long separated him. He did not know, indeed, when with painful and unaccustomed penmanship he indited his belated epistle upon the cheap paper, with the cheaper pen and ink of Kay Martin's grocery, whether the witching girl of his young manhood was yet in the land of the living. But an answer had come to Kay Martin's store at the crossroads, which was now a post-office on a lately established government star-route.

It was the old, sweet story. She had never loved any other man. She had never married. She had been as faithful as he was. She knew of his gallant record as a soldier. She loved him, as she had always loved him. She hoped to see him again some day. She was, as she had been for thirty-seven years, his own Mary.

"What the devil am I going to do, then?" queried Maje of Hercules. "I certainly can't wear this suit!"

He regarded ruefully the coarse and threadbare habiliments that had been patched by Faustina, at elbows and at knees, until they looked as if they would hardly hang together.

"De moth ain't corrupt' yo' uniform," responded Hercules.

"My what?" asked Maje, surprised.

"Yo' uniform! I say: yo' uniform! Dem clo'es you had on when you got dat hole in yo' haid! Dat's what I'm talkin' 'bout. I done looked in de cedar chis' whar yo' ma put 'em. Yo' hat's in dar, too."

A smile lit up the wrinkled face of the major. The carryall with its pair of huge mules, had at last wound its tortuous way to within fifty feet of the door.

"Wait, John! I'll be back in a minute!" Maje called to the thicket of pines; and the man on the rear seat of the vehicle straightened himself up, and lifted his derby hat in response, and blew a cloud of smoke from his Havana, as in salutation. He was Maje's far-off cousin and only living relative—a prosperous young banker in the city, which the old man, after years of repeated refusals, had at last consented to visit, moved by Mary's letter.

Maje vanished through the door, and Hercules remained on the steps to do the honors.

"He done gone to put on his clo'es," he explained to the visitor, as the equipage drew near to the porch.

Hercules spoke apologetically, as if it were Maje's habit to live ordinarily in a state of nature.

Cousin John looked up at the giant negro with interest. He was not unfamiliar with the story of his devotion; and he had seen him once before, ten years ago, when he and Sally, uninvited and unwelcome, had ventured to come to the place, because Hercules had got Kay Martin to write and say that the major was not well.

When they had come then, Cousin Sally's cool hand on the old soldier's scarred fore-

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head had brought back the past all too vividly. He could not stand it.

"I haven't got any place to keep you," he had said, removing her hand from his hot brow with a touch of his own. "I should be glad to see you and John, if I were well, and you could be comfortable. But you can't be. I have no room for you to spend the night. Has your carriage gone back? I didn't know that you were coming. The company-apartment has not been aired."

It was so evident to the visitors then that their visit irritated and vexed him that they assured him that they had only come for half an hour; and when the time had elapsed, they drove away again.

Now things were different; and, though his stay was to be equally as brief, John was tremendously welcome.

"How is he, Hercules?" queried Cousin John. "What made him run up the steps and into the house? What did he say?"

"He's all right, sir. He say he jes gone after his clo'es. He's a-lookin' forrud ter goin' wid you wid considible pledjer, sir. He ain't visit nobody fur a long time,—not sence his ma died."

The boy who drove the team wondered at the old negro's dignified courtesy and at his great height.

"Ef I might make so bold, sir," Hercules continued almost breathlessly, after he had asked the visitor to come in and the invitation had been declined until the major should return—"ef I might make so bold, would you mind me goin' wid you-all ter de train? I tole Faus' I war gwine ter ax ye; an' she say I'm a fool, an' what I want ter ride ter de depot twenty-five miles, jes ter walk back ag'in? I tole her, I'll walk back. Duz ye know how-come I want ter go?"

The black man's voice had subsided to a whisper. He stooped in the direction of the carryall as he spoke. He seemed to be afraid that Maje would return before he could tell why he was so anxious to go to the depot.

"No, I do not," answered Cousin John, smiling. "I have no idea."

"He ain't seed no train fur thirty-odd year, Maje ain't. He ain't nuver seed no train like de one he gwine git on—dat Lightnin' Express. I jes want to see Maje when he gits in dat 'ar kyar."

"But it will be at night," protested John.

"Dat'll make it all de mo' turrible fur him," responded Hercules with the tone and air of one telling the story of Bluebeard to a little child.

"And you'll have to walk home in the night."

"De moon's shinin'," said the black man. "Hit'll be about perched up yonder on de limb o' de big pine, when I gits home in de mornin'. I know dat moon."

The steam poured from the nostrils of the mules upon the cold February air; and Cousin John buttoned his fashionable beaver overcoat more closely about him, and thrust his gloved hands deeper into his pockets as he surveyed the house.

Hercules resented the critical contemplation by the stranger of the obtrusive squalor and desolation of the old mansion.

"Maje, he been talkin' 'bout gittin' somebody ur 'nuther from de cote-'ouse ter come down here an' paint it," he said deprecatingly. "Hit do need paint, some. But I been discouragin' him ag'in it, ontwell de summer-time come."

"You ought to cut these pine bushes off the lawn, and dig up this broom-sedge," said Cousin John.

He could see that Hercules was annoyed. The presence of the pines and the broom-sedge had been a secondary matter to the black man in his struggle for the household's daily bread.

"Maje say he gwi' have dat done, too, when he paint de house. Dat'll be time enough."

His brow grew wrinkled and he rolled the whites of his eyes in such an alarming fashion that Cousin John thought he was going to have a fit.

Hercules was wondering how he could get away without seeming to be impolite.

"I gwi' git him!" he said at length, and turned to ascend the creaking steps. But before he reached the top he halted.

Maje stood in the doorway clad in the old uniform. There were two rusty gilt stars on either side of the collar of the long-tailed gray frock coat, which was buttoned to his chin over his hickory shirt; and on each sleeve were frayed bands of gilt, and gilt "worms," that were

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corroded to the color of rust. A double row of brass buttons ran up the front of the coat. The pale blue trousers had a stripe of rusted gilt cord down the outer seam of each leg; and on Maje's head was a battered and mildewed black felt hat, the brim of which was pinned up on one side, and bore the broken remnant of what had once been an ostrich plume.

"For Gord's sake!" exclaimed Hercules at the apparition, and hastened toward it. "Ef he ain't done an' gone an' put on his sword, too!"

Maje stood erect, at attention, with kindling eyes, and grasping with his left hand the hilt of the long unused weapon. His scholar's stoop was gone. It seemed as if time had lifted three decades from his thin shoulders.

The big negro squatted down in front of the small military figure, until his white head was on a level with the broken plume.

"Now, Maje," he murmured in a tone of pleading, "don'tche do dat, honey, don'tche do it! You ain't gwine ter no Bloody Wrangle now, dearie. Jes lef' de sword here wid Faus', Maje. She gwi' keep it fur ye 'twell you come back. Jes lef' it wid her, honey!"

As he spoke, he gently unbuckled the belt; and taking the weapon in both hands, he carried it into the house.

Ten minutes later Hercules came out with a pair of leather saddle-bags swung over his shoulders; and the mules began their slow and tortuous way back through the pines, toward the old road where the barn once stood. The driver and the big black man sat in front; and on the seat behind them were Cousin John and the major, both very erect.

The broken plume in Maje's hat danced in the chill February air.

Kay Martin's saw them go by.

The star-route carrier had just thrown his slim mail-bag on the stoop of the little crossroads store. The mail to and from Kay's was scant and irregular. There were seven or eight men and boys from the sparsely settled neighborhood who were accustomed to gather at the post-office twice a week on the pretence of getting the mail. Their real object was to loaf and hear the news.

As Kay stepped out on the porch to pick up the bag, the carryall went by, with the mules at a swinging trot.

"War's bruk out ag'in, an' the maje an' Herc' air on thar way back ter the Bloody Angle," said "Coon" Rogers, peering over Kay Martin's shoulder, as he arose with the mail-bag in his hand. "Fus' time I've seed him since Appomattox."

"Is that him?" queried the others with one acclaim, pressing forward to get a view of the passing show.

"Does he always go that way?" one of them asked.

Maje was unknown by sight to these, his nearest neighbors, the haunters of Kay Martin's grocery. "Coon" Rogers and Kay himself, alone of all the gathering, had ever beheld him. They were of his generation, and had been of his regiment in the blurred and misty past.

"That's surely him," said Kay Martin, "and old Herc'. I don't know the t'others. I saw 'em go by a pair o' hours ago, and took 'em for drummers.

"First time I've saw the old man fur five year," said Mr. Martin. "Then he was out in the fields when I went to the old place."

"He needs a shave an' a hair-cut," remarked one of the younger loafers irreverently.

"Don't ye say anything ag'in him," said Kay Martin, turning on the speaker and making a hostile demonstration with the mail-bag.

The black hat and the gray uniform vanished down the road.

"He ain't no bigger'n a pound o' soap; but, by whillikins, thar warn't no gamer fightin' man in the whole army than he was. Ain't that so, Coon?"

"Coon" assented.

"Ef he wants ter live ter himself, and sell his plantation by the acre, and act foolish, by whillikins, he's got a right to. It's his'n. And that hole he's got in his head gives him leave, too. Don't it, Coon?"

Again "Coon" assented.

"I seen him when he got it," said "Coon" Rogers, reminiscently. "Hercules was thar with him jes' like he's been ever since. I seen the black man tote him out when he was hurt."

"Maje has been openin' up a corre-

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spondence," observed Kay Martin to Mr. Rogers, as he flung the mail-bag on the counter and proceeded to fit a key from his pocket into the brass lock. He seemed oblivious of the gaping interest of the crowd.

"He has? You don't say!" responded "Coon" with emphasis. "Well, well, I do declare!"

"He's written one letter to a lady, and he's got one letter in a lady's handwrite, from the same post-office. He's also been writing to his cousin John. But I don't think that counts."

"Looks like he's a-breakin' his spell," commented "Coon" Rogers.

"I'll find out all about it the next time Hercules comes here," said the postmaster.

"Well, I'm plum' glad to hear it," said "Coon" Rogers. "Thar ain't no better man in the worl' than him. An' he's a scholard, too; an' that's what you don't come acrost ofting these days, 'spite o' all the free-schools. Why, Kay, they tell me that man knowed all o' them books thar in the liberry befo' he went into the war; an' that while he's been a-sellin' off the lan', an' a-sellin' off the lan', till it's most gone, he ain't never sold any book yet."

"He jes reads 'em an' reads 'em," said Kay Martin, holding a newly arrived post-card to the fading light of the little window, in order that he might the better decipher its message. "But he don't take any newspaper. Herc' says he don't want to know nothing about what's goin' on. All he wants to know is what's done gone on."

"I've heerd tell," responded Mr. Rogers, "that his cousin John has offered him money, an' a home an' whatever he wants. He won't leave the place, an' he won't accept favors from nobody. He'd starve fust."

"But don't he take all he can get from the black man?" asked the irreverent youth, who had suggested the shave and the hair-cut.

"Looky here!" said Kay Martin, glaring at him fiercely. "Don't you know that's a different thing?"

He deigned no further explanation to his interlocutor; but, turning again to Mr. Rogers, said:

"Maje ain't never got it out of his head yet that Hercules belongs to him now, just as he did when his pa gave him to him."

"He has sho'ly stood by the maje," commented Mr. Rogers.

"Yes," responded Kay, as he sorted a slim package of newspapers, sticking them in their respective pigeon-holes above the counter. "Yes. But Maje knows. That old nigger told me the last time he was here that the major, long time ago, before he had sold off so much of the land, had wrote his will, and left the place to Hercules and Faustina. Herc' said he had seen the paper, an' that Maje had read it to him in his own handwrite."

"Yes, but that will—it ain't never cut no figger to Hercules," responded "Coon" Rogers contemptuously. "Them thar two have loved one another since the night they were born. Herc' ain't toted Maje all this time, along of no will!"

Which was, as Hercules would have expressed it, "the Gord's truth."

It was ten o'clock at night when the mules and the carryall reached the station, and the driver and passengers alighted.

The moon had not yet risen; and the light from the window of the little railroad depot, where the agent sat in his shirt-sleeves manipulating the telegraph key, seemed to Maje and Hercules to be burning a hole in the darkness. They paused side by side on the platform outside the room and peered in, while John paid the boy and dismissed him and the team to their home a mile farther up the road.

When John got back to where he had left the two old men on the station platform, he heard Hercules admonishing the major in a low and confidential voice.

"You ain't been nowhar fur so long, I can't he'p bein' sort o' anxious 'bout you," he said. "I wish dey had axed me ter go wid you. Dey oughter done it. But dey didn't. How is a white gent'-mun gwi' git along widout no body-servant? You jes boun' ter have one. But dey nuver axed me; an' we-all ain't got no ready money, an' too proud ter beg."

"I don't need you. I'll do all right," responded the major somewhat testily.

"Now, lemme tell you sump'n, Maje," protested Hercules, while Cousin John

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stood back in the shadow. "You dunno what you talkin' 'bout. You duz need me; an' what's mo', you needs me all de time. Dat's de reason how-come I come here wid you dis night. Duz you reck'n I wants ter walk home twenty-five miles fur fun? 'Ca'se I don't.

"I tole him I wanted ter come here fur ter see you git aboard de kyars, 'ca'se you ain't nuver seed no kyars like what you's gwine ter see. But I was jes foolin' him. I knows dem kyars ain't gwi' faze you. I done seed you in de midst o' fire an' brimstone 'fo' now. Hell ain't got nuthin' hotter. Ef dem kyars was ter come along outen de firmyment, 'stid o' on de railroad track, 'twudden set you back none. You ain't 'feard o' nothin', Maje; an' you nuver ain't been. What I come along ter dis here depo' to-night fur is to take keer o' you, an' keep you out o' trouble. I warn't suspicionin' de train would skeer you, nur nothin' like dat. I was suspicionin' you was gwine ter git on de track onbeknownst, an' git runned over, ur sump'n'."

"Hercules, you black rascal, I'm no baby!" said the little man in the uniform indignantly.

"I knows ye ain't, Maje; but, Maje, honey, when you git dar, you jes stick close ter him, an' don't you walk in de middle o' no street."

John went to get the tickets.

"How's the train?" he queried of the man with his hand on the instrument; while the sleepy young negro sitting on the bench in the little waiting-room, in front of the red-hot stove, stared at the stranger from the city.

"On time," was the laconic response.

"How long now?"

"Five minutes."

John moved out of the close, hot room into the coolness of the winter night.

Hercules was still admonishing the major, whose interest seemed absorbed in the telegraph-instruments and the wires on the table inside.

"Now, Maje, honey, I wants you ter promise me fur ter be keerful. I don't want nothin' ter happen ter you——"

Hercules was stooping down to him, in his most persuasive attitude.

Maje saw John emerge from the opened door three feet away.

"Shut up, you confounded idiot!" he said to his body-servant.

"Railroad!" yelled the sleepy-looking young negro, rushing from the stove-heated room out into the open air.

A deep roar, increasing in volume and strength, smote on the ears of the company.

"Railroad!" yelled the young negro again.

A semaphore, with a red light on it, went up in the darkness above the roof of the station; and Maje thought of the lights of the signal corps of long ago. Down the blackness of the night a glitter and shimmer appeared, and ran with lightning-like rapidity along the iron rails until, with a reduplication of the roar, it illuminated the depot, the platform, and the surrounding vicinity.

A great mogul engine swept by, followed by many cars.

"My Gord!" shouted Hercules above the tremendous din, "she done gone on an' lef' him!"

The train stopped, and Hercules saw Maje mount the steps of the long green sleeping-car nearest them, with the serenity that marked his customary ascent of the stairway in the hall at home.

There was a groaning and puffing and starting of confined and released steam for a few minutes, and then a creaking and rattling of the train as it resumed its journey.

"Good-by, Maje!" called the black man to the rear platform of the last coach; and he rubbed the back of his horny hand across his eyes.

Then he set out homeward down the road by the light of the newly risen moon.

"I b'longed ter him," he communed with himself, "an' I always is gwine ter b'long ter him—freedom, nur no freedom!"

It was a confession of the self-denying servitude of love.

(To be concluded.)

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TUNISIAN DAYS

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I WAS fortunate in my first landfall at Tunis. It was a fine sea-picture framed in that chill November dawn. On my left, over the rippling watery gold to the few pink clouds eastward, lay the great blue mountain headland, stretching far behind. In front, a little to the right, was Goletta, the port, hard by; and ranging off northward the line of the ocean-beach ran stern and solemn, with the lighthouse above. That rise, there, was the hill of Carthage. Westward over the hollow space of waters swept the crescent horizon inland, low and misty, centred a little to the south by the obscure white of far Tunis. Carthage is the first thought of the traveller; his instant memory is of Phœnician ships, and his imagination is of Scipio and Regulus—these are the sights they saw.

The steamer plied up the long canal that makes the shallow broad lake navigable to the docks some miles beyond; flamingoes flew to the right and left over the level lapping waters, fresh in the raw, damp, almost rainy air; and gradually Tunis drew in sight, like a great white flower on the bosom of the sloping uplands, strange, solitary, unexpected, with minarets and the island-look of a Moslem city.

II

BARREN enough was my first acquaintance with the land-side, weary, cheerless, desolate, like windy prairies in autumn, uninhabited, uninhabitable: and I was chilled to the bone when I came back to the hotel, then in the bud of its first season. It is more sober now, but then it had a near cousinship to Monte Carlo; it was delightfully irresponsible, vivacious, gay. One passed to the picturesque bar and the café, thick with interesting groups; or with equal ease to the "little horses" with their ever-dissolving banks of faces, a covey of all nations, round the bell-timed play, and to the vaudeville stage with gymnasts, French acting, fat Jewess dancers, and a world lightly enjoying itself, as it looked from railed low boxes on the spacious floor—men, women, children, with tables, glasses, straws, and bright-colored things to drink, waiters, musicians—always a pretty scene, with incidents, and rich in human relations; or one went more gravely by a stairway to the privacy of baccarat in its upper seclusion of the visiting-card. It was a pleasant and polite place wherever one might stroll about, and in every corridor and at all hours the grand toilette of capitals, men and women—even adventurers—of the world. The old beylick of Tunis seemed far away; at least, one was still in Christendom.

I stepped out on the sidewalk after dinner, on a broad avenue with trees. At the brilliant crossing carriages were passing with drawn screens; and, as they drove slowly by, fingers held back the curtains, and from time to time glimpses of women's figures were disclosed of quite a different type from any within doors—ladies of wealthy native families taking the air, and curious to see the French streets by night. So I learned that it was the eve of Leilet-el-Kadir, the twenty-sixth of Ramadan, the night of power commemorating the descent of the Koran on earth, a grand Mohammedan feast; and I went forthwith into old Tunis on my first voyage of discovery. Festivity reigned. On every hand were lights of all varieties; the minarets aloft were outlined with them; in the narrow streets they were as the multitude of the stars for number, colored and clustered, hung and looped and festooned, flaring and lanterned, a fine illumination in the obscurity; and under them an animated throng of all ages, beautifully dressed for the occasion—a city, a race, and a faith *en fête*.

I sat down at last in the café-crowded Place Halfouine, one of the principal open spaces or squares of the old city, not large, and surrounded by low, rather mean, buildings. It was a night-scene, closed in by

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shadows, the foreground brightened by irregularly placed open cafés with tables outside and benches within, all completely filled with men, drinking, smoking, playing at simple games, quite orderly, without boisterous noise or muscular disorder, or joking —admirable public behavior. It charmed by its novelty—costumes and persons, mass without individuality—the scene of a new land. What folly to think that there are no more worlds to discover! The scene was to me as if no one had ever looked on it before. I observed the faces, the attitudes, the doings of this strange people as if I had just landed from another world; and I would gladly have stayed longer, but with the early closing habits of Moslems, the square began to thin, and I went with the rest through the fast emptying street with a glad feeling that in a world, now grown altogether too small and neighborly, I had happened upon one last true relic of the "far away."

It was four days later, however, that the true holiday came, the feast of rejoicing after Ramadan is over—Little Bairam. It is celebrated at Tunis with special zeal. The morning streets were overflowing with men and children in their best apparel; but the latter, in particular, beautifully attired. Such gold jackets, such tiny burnooses, such scarlet and crimson, turquoise and emerald —and pinks! Such chubby fat faces in their barbaric borders of clothes—or delicate refined features, stamped with race, set off by their greens and blues! Such vivacity, too; pure childish fun and pleasure in a national holiday! There were strings of open carts of the rudest construction—like tip-carts for gravel—completely filled with these children heaped up like nosegays, their brilliancy of color set off by the rudeness of the common cart. This seemed one of their principal pleasures—taking a ride. But there were others. In a packed cross-street I was addressed by two gallant lads of perhaps fifteen, who were selling tickets at an entrance; with faces and figures full of hospitable welcome to the stranger they invited me in, and I went. Inside was a small barn-like theatre, with a curtain, a stage and an audience; and there I saw "the shadows," pictures thrown upon a screen, and the histrionic art was thus practised with lifelike effect. I had read of "the shadows," but I never expected to see them. I came out after a while, and the boys saluted me with very cheerful and animated smiles as I passed them. I spied another show, a little further on; and this, undaunted by my former experience, I also entered. It was the puppets—also a traveller's treasure-trove—the French gendarme was the universal and unpitied victim, and the plots were realistic incidents from things as they are. The audience was almost wholly of children, from six or less to twelve or more, many of them with nurses or attendants; they took an active and even excited interest, and did the necessary reckonings and sums which the transactions on the stage called for, and shouted out the answers as at a school exhibition, it might be, though the transactions in question were not of a sort ever shown at an American school, and would have evoked much remonstrance; but the children were very happy through it all, thoroughly enjoyed it, in fact. I went behind the curtain and saw the puppets engineered; and I left the little theatre-goers with fresh ideas of juvenile amusements.

So all the morning I passed among the gayly decked crowd, with one and another small adventure, always handsomely treated, aided, saluted. A people of kind and gentle manners, old and young; and I am glad that I first saw them so fortunately in their days of pleasantry and taking pride in their own. The experience threw an atmosphere of cheerfulness over the land and the people, and softened many a darker scene of their common days, of their penury and hardship—their load of life. I could always think, even when all was at its worst, that they still "had seasons that only bade live and rejoice," when many went bravely clad and fed full, and the whole city was vivid with a spirit of general joy. The fixed expression of the crowd was one of resigned patience under habitual control; the gayety, the happiness, the holiday were relieved on a grave background—a temperament, a character, an essential living, unknown to me, something secret, profound. It was my first true contact with Islam. One way, at least, by which a religion may properly be measured is by its efficient power on those who profess it; certainly the Moslem faith is very effective on its believers; the sincerity of that faith is the first thing one learns about it in practical observation. How often since then have I gathered with them at this and other fêtes, and seen the carpeted streets,

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the tapestried walls, the solemn processions, the robes of state, the fine horses, the men and the arms, all the barbaric display—illuminations, fireworks, parades; but I have never been so struck, as in these first Tunisian days, with the spirit of gentle happiness that made my earliest impression of the race as I met it on the shore of the sea.

III

RANGING through the country by rail, I found one of the oldest lands of earth wearing the signs, familiar to my eyes years ago, of the American West. It seemed, at times, like a hallucination of memory with odd differences, such as one might have in a dream. Now and then one came to a larger and well-gardened station, some watering-place of the richer citizens in summer; or to a thriving seaport; but, in general, the stops were at way stations, as in all thinly populated districts—a simple crossing of the long gray roads, with a few buildings for the business of the line, vast spaces round about, possibly slightly improved, with fields or orchards or little groves, a crowd of loafers hanging on the gates or fence of the enclosure to whom the arrival of the train was the day's event, a farm-wagon of modern make, with horses, awaiting some expected passenger and driving off to some home lost in the expanse; in a word, the impression was of colonial things, of the opening-up of a country, of reclaiming the soil. What one really saw everywhere was a frontier.

In the newspapers there was the same absorbing theme — colonization; the local news, the daily happenings, were characteristic of an agricultural, industrial, commercial life of the nature of an invasion of the waste. Here large depots for machinery were rising; there men of broad enterprise, or syndicate companies had planted olives, or corn, or vines, on a vast scale over miles of territory; further on, a new line was making accessible the phosphate wealth of Gafsa. Modern civilization, mechanism, communication, organized exploitation, penetrating a new country, were what one felt, as if that region were truly new like a savage land. Yet how many times civilization, in one or another form, has rolled over it! In reality, it is one of the most ancient beds of the human torrent, bare and forsaken as it looks now. And now it is again a new frontier—the place of the invasion of a new era by a new race with new designs.

This impression, nevertheless, is mainly a thing of the mind, of recollection and observation; to the eye it is not so noticeable, such is the extent of the natural spaces, the contour and atmosphere of things held in these far horizons, the new temperament of that landscape, and so characteristically native still is the aspect of indigenous human life not yet displaced. The earth has the look of the wild. Whatever may have formerly been its culture and occupancy, all had lapsed back to the primitive; a land of plains—melancholy tracts under a gray sky or vast empty spaces under a brilliant sun—edged in far distance by lone mountains, caressed on broken shores by a barren sea; full of solitude, sadness. Here and there some great ruin stood, not unlike Stonehenge on Salisbury plain, or even cities of ruins; the land is strewn with them—temples, courts, baths, cisterns, floors, columns, reliefs, arches of triumph, theatres; but they seldom count to the eye. Antiquity, like the frontier, is also a thing of the mind, in the main; the past and the future are both matter of reflection, in the background of memory and knowledge it may be, but not noticeable in the general landscape. It is a place where human fate seems transitory, an insignificant detail, as on the sea—or like animal life in nature, indifferent.

IV

ONCE on such an excursion on the eastern seacoast, the Tunisian Sahel, I left Sousse behind in the noon glare, a busy, thriving, pleasant place, swarming with Arab life in its well-worn ancestral ways and with French enterprise in its pioneering glow. The old Saracen wall lay behind me towered and gated, a true mediæval girdle of defence, and I gazed back on the white city impearling its high hillside in the right Moslem way, and then settled myself to the long ride southward as I passed through cemeteries, criss-crossed with Barbary fig, and by gardens adjoining the sea, and struck out into the plain, spotted with salty tracts and little cultivated. It is thus that a ride on this soil is apt to begin—with a cemetery; it is often the master-note that gives the mood to a subsequent landscape, a mood of sadness that is felt to be sterile also,

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impregnated with fatalism. A Moslem burying-ground may be, at rare places, a garden of repose; a forsaken garden it is usually, even when most dignified and beautiful with its turbaned pillars in the thick cypresses; but it is always a complete expression of death. The cemetery lies outside at the most used entrance of a town; and, as a rule, in the country it is of a melancholy indescribable—it lies there in so naked a fashion, a hopeless and huddled stretch of withered earth in swells and hummocks, hardly distinguishable from common dirt and débris—the eternal potter's field. It is a fixed feature in the Tunisian landscape, which is made of simple elements, whose continuous repetition gives its monotony to the land. A ride only rearranges these elements under new lights and in new horizons.

Here the great plain was the common background; my course to Sfax lay over it, broken at first by a blossoming of gardens round a town or village, and twice I came out on the sea; but always the course was over a plain with elemental mark and quality—with an omnipresence as of the sea on a voyage. The line between man's domain and nature is as sharply drawn on this plain as on a beach; where man has not labored the scene stretches out with nature in full possession, as on the ocean; his habitations and territory are islands. Everything is seen relieved on great spaces, individualized, isolated; fields of grain, green and moving under a strong land wind; or olive groves—silvery gleams—on the hillsides, clumps of trees, or long lines of them, whole hillsides, it may be; or there are gardens, closed, secluded, thickly planted with pear or peach or fig or other fruit, with vegetables, perhaps, beneath and palms above. The figure scenes, too, are of the same recurring simplicity,—a man leading a spirited horse in the street, a camel meagre and solemn and solitary silhouetting the sky anywhere within a range of miles, boys in couples herding sheep in the middle distances. The town or village emerging at long intervals is a monochord—a point of dazzling white far off, dissolving on approach into low houses, a confused mass of uneven roofs skirting the ground except where the minaret and the palm rise and unite it to heaven—to the fire-veined evening sky, deep and tranquil, or the intense blue noon, or the pink morning glory of the spiritualized scene of the dawn. The streets are silent; by the Moorish café lie or sit or crouch motionless figures, sometimes utterly dull, like logs on the earth, or else holding pipes or gazing at checkers, or vacant—always somnolent, statuesque, sedentary. There are no windows, no neighborhood atmosphere—only a stagnant exterior. The feeling of a retreat, of repose, of being far away is always there. These towns have a curious mixture of the eternal and the ruined, in their first aspect; as of things left by the tide, derelicts of life, all. A ride in the Sahel is a slow kaleidoscopic combination of these things, a reiteration without new meaning,—the town, the cemetery, the grove, the garden, the plain, the fields, camel and sheep, and herdboys,—horizons, somnolence, tranquillity. What a ride! and then to come out on the sea at Monastir and Mahdia,—such a homeless sea! There may be boats with bending sails, the fisher's life, suggesting those strange outlying islands they touch at, exile-islands from long ago, where Marius found hiding, and where the Roman women of pleasure of the grand world were sent to live and die, out of the world—still the home of a race, blending every strain of ancient blood. Mahdia, once an Arab capital and long a seat of power in different ages, is a famous battle-name in Mahometan and crusading and corsair annals; it stood many a great siege on its rocky peninsula, in Norman and other soldiering hands, however lifeless it may seem now; but as one looks on its diminutive harbor, a basin hewn in the rock, it seems now to speak rather of the enmity of the sea and the terror of tempest on this dangerous coast—shallow waters and inhospitable shores. History, human courage, was but a wave that broke over it, and is gone like the others, a momentary foam; but the sea is always the sea. Everywhere one must grow familiar with the neighboring coast-line before the sea will lay off that look of enmity it wears to all at the first gaze; it is foreign always by nature. To descend here at Mahdia, and to walk by its waves, to hear its roll, to look off to its gulfs and hill-tops afar, however brilliant may be the scene, is to invite the deepest melancholy that the waste sea holds—so meaningless that world lies in its monotony all about. I remembered the Moorish prince who here, after his long victories, stood reflecting on the men who were great before him, and how their glory was gone. It is a more desolate port now. One gladly turns to the land

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—and there meets the plain, equally vaguely hostile.

So I rode on by the unceasing stretch of the way, through town and by garden and grove, into the ever-enveloping plain that opened before. It was like putting to sea at every fresh start; and late in the afternoon, on the last far crest of the rolling plain, I saw the great ruin, El Djem, that rose with immense commanding power and seemed to dominate a world of its own sterile territory. It is a great ruin,—a colosseum: arches still in heaven, and piled and fallen rocks of the old colossal cirque; it still keeps its massive and uplifted majesty, its Roman character of the eternal city cast down in the waste, its monumental splendor,—a hoar and solemn token of the time when there were inhabitants in this desolation to fill the vast theatre on days of festival, and the line of its subject highway stretched unbroken to Tunis and southward, a proud, unending urban way of villas, a road of gardens, where now only stagnates the salty plain, sterile, lifeless. The hamlet beside it is hardly perceptible, like a mole-hill, a mere trace of human life. I sat out the sunset; and after, under a cold starry sky, Orion resplendent in the west and the evening star a glory, I set off again by the long road through the sparkling April darkness and a wind that grew winter-cold with night, southward still—the vast heavens broken forth with innumerable starry lights—till after some hours of speeding on a route that was without a living soul, I came again on belated groups of walking Bedouins and fragrant miles of gardens dark by the roadway and many a thick olive grove, and drew up at Sfax.

V

Sfax is the southern capital of Tunisia. It has always been an important site, and under the new rule of the French thrives and prospers commercially in true frontier fashion as the chief market and base of the country being opened up in the inland behind it, whose seaport it is. It is also an old Mahometan stronghold and its inherited life and customs go on, as at Sousse, in the immemorial Arab ways. I remember it as the city of the olive and the sponge. In the early morning light the open spaces about the market were littered with young boys at their open-air breakfast, which may be seen at most Mediterranean seaports on the Moslem side—the vender beside his cooking apparatus, the boys with saucers of soup or sops of bread, and on all sides the beginnings of labor; but all this meagre human life was framed in an exquisite marine view beyond. The wharf was thickly lined with the strange-looking boats of the sponge-fishers, their Greek flags at half-mast in honor of Good Friday, their sailors in Albanian costumes, their gear heaping the open spaces with ropes and nets and endless tackle. It was all charming, one of the vignettes of travel that will haunt the memory for years—the odors, the little tasks, the look of the toil of the sea, the sponges in dark heaps, the blue limpid morning air crossed with strange spars and ropes, and the host of fluttering flags.

Later in the day I got its companion scene from a hilltop some miles south of the city whence one commands a view of olive orchards sloping down in one vast grove, in lines of regular intervals, as far as the eye can reach, and lost to sight on all sides, with nothing to break the expanse—only millions of olive-trees regularly planted, filling the entire broad circling landscape. A little tower surmounts the hilltop and from its round apex one surveys the whole; the sense of this dot-like centre enhances the impression that the scene makes of a living weft of mathematical lines, like an endless spider's web. It is a unique sight. The geometrical effect is curious, like an immense garden-diagram; the similarity of the round bullet-like heads of the trees, all alike in shape, is a novel trait of monotony; the silver-gray of the foliage, mixed with the reddish tones of the soil, gives, in so broad a view, a ground earth-color quite new to the eye; and the sense of multitude, in which nevertheless individuality remains persistent and acutely distinct on so vast a scale, makes an indelible impression.

VI

I seek in vain the secret of the charm that Tunis lays upon me. Coming back to it, one feels something intimate in the city, such as there is in places long lived in and cherished, impregnated with memories, subtilized by forgotten life and feeling. It has sunk deeper into the senses, the affections. Can the charm be merely its soothing air, its weather, which after all is our physical ele-

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ment? It has a marvellous sky; all hues that are celestial and live in heaven are there. The clarity of its changeable blues excites and calls the eye, from hour to hour; and on rainy days its grays are soft enveloping mantles for the sight. Its peculiar trait is a greenish tint in the blue, pervasive but not defined, an infusion of clear emerald, translucent, such as one sees in winter sunsets in New England; but here in early summer you will distinguish it at high noon, after the rainless days of late spring. Tradition associates heat with this coast, as with the Mediterranean generally; but that is an illusion of the foreigner. Tunis is often chilly, bitterly cold at times, though without the fall of snow: it lies under the heights of the Atlas, and the winds bring down the snow-chill on their wings. I remember one February when there were no trains from Algiers for five days, the snow blocking the road; it lay, at some places on the line, nine feet deep. But whatever may be the weather, the atmospheric charm remains; it is always soothing, and has narcotic quality.

A fine landscape in fine weather is always captivating, and assimilates the traveller to the land. One is always at home in the sun; and a noble view finds a friend in every eye. One or two such experiences will make the fortune of a whole journey, and after a while be its whole memory. But in some regions, some cities, the spell is perpetual: it is so at Tunis. The prospect is broad, and wherever one turns, the eye wanders off delightfully. The most complete view is from the western hill, where is a beautiful great park of rolling land with woods whence you will see the white city southward; it lies like a great lily on its pads of green background, with its motionless blue waters round about —a lake-country scene: level waters like a flood, all floored and streaked with purple and blue bands and reaches—a water-prairie—to where Carthage gleams white on its own green hill, amid a horizon of snowy villages dazzling in the sun; and between, nearer, isolated roofs that flash emerging from their obscure green gardens and tree-clumps, here and there; farther still to the southeast, as the eye travels out over the long lake into the gulf and the sea, rises a mass of mountain blues that bound the entrance to the land and its harbors. It is a view fit for a Greek amphitheatre.

Wherever you go you are always coming out on these massive, spacious, beautifully colored prospects, white strips of city or village amid the spring, set in the master-tone of blue that envelops and combines them—sky, and lake, and sea, themselves infinitely changeable with the light and the distance and the hour. Even in the most unexpected places Heaven will open these far-off ways over a new land. I remember going into an obscure and blind street, in the Arab quarter, among buildings in all stages of apparent decay. I lifted the knocker at the lovely nail-studded door of an ancient-looking house, and passed at once into an inner court with a fountain, beautifully decorated, cool, shadowy, exquisite in repose and the sense of luxury; and I was led on through a maze of stairways and passages till I came out on a large room below the roof, with a balcony; and stepping forward I saw unrolled as if by enchantment the whole sea view. There must be many such commanding points of vantage in the houses on the crest of the thickly built hill—old Tunis, where the Arabs live. From this station I overlooked the lower city with all its roofs and streets. The multitude of green-tiled roofs on different levels made the color-ground, whence rose the numerous low white domes, the slender minarets also touched with green or tipped with golden balls, the greater domes of the mosques, the mass of the citadel; broad French faubourgs and avenues were enclosing and defining lines, with irregular masses of foliage, and deep, narrow streets sank in the near scene, full of their native life. It was an architectural wilderness of form and color, arresting, vivifying, oriental in mass, feeling, and detail, with the suggestion of a dream, of evanescence, and round it was poured on all sides the still blue element—sky, ocean, air. In Tunis, I noticed, everything seemed to end thus, in something beyond, in a mood; life constantly distilled its dream, and it was a dream of the senses.

The senses are constantly appealed to; they are kept awake, alert, attentive, and they are fed; they have their joys. We do not habitually use our senses for joy; and this is a part of the spell of Tunis, that there, under a Southern sky, the senses come into their own again. It is not merely the instinct of curiosity that is kept active by an *ensemble* so variously novel and insistent—

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for example, these pavilioned minarets, a square set on a square, ending in a green pyramid, or else octagonal in shape with the gallery and its awning, tipped by the three gold balls and crescent—haunting one like a strange sky; or the same instinct crudely excited by the *ensemble* of a population so foreign in physiognomy, garb, and physical behavior as the Arab in its multifarious aspects, its color and movement, all the unaccustomed surface of life. A street in old Tunis is truly seen only when there is no one in it; it is then that it is most impressive, and yields up its spirit. What privacy! those blank walls! those rare high windows beautifully set! those discreet hanging balconies of latticed wood and iron! those nail-studded doors in exquisite patterns, that seem to have been rarely opened. An old house, set in some deep forest, is not more retired. And, if one passes within—silence, and soft footfalls, and refinement of all sense-impressions, the constant presence of delicately moulded handiwork, tiles cooling to the eye, wrought stucco, carved wood; and in those interiors, with their beautiful ceilings and wainscoting, are columns that seem of pagan purity, fountains as of woodland solitude, courts of garden peace. It is wonderful, how this effect of harborage and seclusion has been attained by an art so simple—flowers, water, plaster, wood, traceries, colored tiles. The city must be full of beautiful objects of this old art. It is not in this or that house only, nor in the public museums where rare examples are collected and massed, that one feels this artistic quality in the old race. It is felt in the handicrafts everywhere, the decoration of the surfaces, the enamelling, the gilding, the effort and liking for what is wrought in lovely patterns and relieved work of every description. There is a detail in the Tunisian sense of beauty, an omnipresent and conscious decorative spirit, something native and human. It is not only in the palace, but in the street, as one treads the narrow ways, and looks into the bright shops, and loiters in strange corners. It is an art of the senses—decoration is most obviously that. Rooted in barbaric taste? possibly; but most things human are rooted in barbarism. Unintellectual? perhaps, in the European sense. Unemotional? certainly not on the European scale of the emotions. Not developed from the beauty of the human form? of course. But there is a spirit of the senses, as there is a spirit of the intellect; and it has its own art, a distillation of its life, as I intimated in speaking of the landscape, that leads one into the mood of a dream—a dream of the senses. This art is akin to that landscape—it is of the life of the senses; and the Arabs were always frankly a sensual race. And, however it be, the city has an artistic temperament, to me; it has no factory qualities, in its aspect, its wares or its people; it is yet virgin of the future, a dying perfume of the past. This flavor that I find in its art is not Arabian, though it flowered from that desert root; it is Andalusian, and comes from the skill and temperament of those old exiles who were driven out from the southern shores of Spain in successive waves of the Moorish emigration, each in turn sowing broadcast seeds of the most exquisite Arab art all along the shores of North Africa, and richly here at Tunis. It was an hereditary art, in families of builders, wood-carvers, stone-cutters, stucco-moulders, painters, gilders, dyers, embroiderers, leather-workers, damaskeen-workers, illuminators—the Tunisian arts of daily life, that gave to life that brilliant and exquisite surface in dress, utensils, interiors, and also broad urban artistic effects of luxury in the look of its commerce, the display of its multi-colored crafts and the vistas of its minaret-haunted sky. Tunis, in fact, is not altogether native, not of the pure desert blood; from the thirteenth century well into the times of the Renaissance, it had a flavor not unlike that of a Greek colony in Sicily or on old Italian coasts; it was grafted with the flower of Andalusian culture, transplanted in adversity and flourishing on the African soil—blooming, perishing, and leaving this exquisite memory of itself, this intuition of vanished refinement and elegance, like a perfume.

To this Andalusian infusion is also traced the charm of the manners of the Tunisians, that gentleness of breeding, softness, and urbanity blended with an immovable dignity, which is so indescribable a racial trait. It is not the least foreign thing about them, and adds to the *fond* of mystery that they exude; for, notwithstanding all that can be seen or told, or gleaned from the past, mystery is of the essence of the traveller's impression at his first contact with the Arab race. It is a silent landscape, a speechless folk, an incommunicable civilization; it is

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not only the closed mosque, the secluded house, the taciturn figures strange in garb and pose, immovably contemplative; but their life—all that they are—seems a closed book in an unknown tongue, a scroll unrolled but unintelligible. The feeling of racial mystery is intense, and all external impressions lead the traveller finally back to that—the insoluble soul of the race. It is not merely Islam. These shores from the dawn of knowledge have been one of the most fertile couches of the animal, man; here the young barbarian has been born and bred, and passed away, through all the centuries, and every civilization of the West has been seeded in conquest, and has flowered in cities, typical capitals, and withered away, leaving among the native race its ruins in their fields, in their blood, on their faces—like the Christian cross still tattooed on Kabyle foreheads. It is a race that assimilates but is not assimilated. It has taken the color and form, more or less impregnated with the spirit, of the genius of Carthage, Rome, Byzantium, Islam, France; it has felt the impact of Greek, Norman, Spaniard; but it was ever a race of inexhaustible resistant power, independent, tenacious, rebellious. It was never submerged or exterminated. It is a fine race. Tunis is one of its cosmopolitan cities, where it has drunk of every foreign stream and influence, has been civilized, softened, informed—a city of the various Mediterranean world, with great colonies of other folk in it, Italians, Jews, Maltese—a New York, as it were, on its own scale. In old Tunis, Arabized as it is, the desert race is itself only an infusion; yet so persistent is the ideal of race on its own soil, and so nomadic is the provincial population, that one feels the presence of that old racial soul, rightly or wrongly, into which the strength of the desert and the mountains has passed, which never breathed the breath of Europe, which remains in its own loneliness as in a fastness. It attracts and perplexes the human mind that would fain make acquaintance with it, but is oppressed by a feeling of impotence. And the exquisite personal demeanor of the Tunisians is enigmatic in its impression; it is like the charm of some Chinese painting or scroll that only emphasizes the unintelligibility, the incommunicability of the too variant spiritual past. With such delightful manners, such identical refinements of taste, it would be so easy to be friends! But no; it is more rational to think of it all as an artistic growth of a foreign culture, a part of the lovely Andalusian inheritance of the land.

To a mind with a historical background it is odd to find Tunis so completely a modern city. The Andalusian tradition is unconcentrated, and slight in its elements of reality, in things; its full experience is rather an imaginative memory; and of the times before that there is nothing left. In the suburban country there are more, though few, relics of past ages, but there the memory works more freely. One recalls, looking off to the sea-towering Mountain of the Two Horns, that on one of those peaks rose the ancient temple of Baal. The harbors of Carthage are fascinating to the eye of the imagination; but the specific remains there are scanty and mediocre, they arouse no reaction deeper than thought; and, in the museum of Carthage one dwells most on the curious fact that what little has come down to us of that far-off life has found its way only by the grave itself; here, as in so many places, the tomb has been the chief conservator of life in its material aspects and what may be inferred from them of the soul of dead populations. It is rather in the neighborhood of the Cathedral that memory expands, for beside the near home of the White Brothers, who have spread their mantles and left their bones throughout the Sahara, a noble mission nobly done, here survives the only recorded anecdote of the history of this ridge, that must have been the place of innumerable tragedies—the marvellously vivid Christian story of St. Louis's death. The narrative is as fresh and poignant as if it were written yesterday; and on the spot one likes to remember that the chivalrous and good French crusader and king is a Moslem as well as a Christian saint. It is a symbol of peace and conciliation. The past, however, is here a barren field. Antiquity is felt, not in the survival of its monuments, but in the sense of the utter waste, the annihilation of the past, the extinction that has overtaken all that human life and its glory and struggle,—Punic, Roman, Visigothic,—the emptiness of the place of their battles, religions, pleasures, buildings and tombs. It is all debris: it is of the slightest—little archæological heaps and pits in a vast horizon of silent sky

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and sea. The mind becomes merely pessimistic, surveying the scene; the mood of fatalism invades it,—the mood of the frozen moon and the solar catastrophe,—floods of the eternal nothingness,—a mood of the pure intellect; and one is glad to come back to some nook, like Ariana, a village midway between Carthage and Tunis, where ruin becomes again romantic and human. The very roses bloom there as in a deserted garden of long ago. It was there that the Hafsides, the rulers of the golden age of Tunis in the thirteenth century, had their country-seats,—fair as the paradise at Roccada, where one "was gay without cause and smiled without a reason,"—surrounded by gardens, with great lakes shadowed by pine and cypress, and gleaming with kiosks lined with marble and faience, with ceilings of sculptured wood gilded and painted, and cooled by the fresh waters of many fountains. The love of the country was always a trait here,—an Arab trait,—the rich like to get out of the city to some place of quiet, privacy and repose, such as La Marsa to-day by the sea near Carthage. The sense of the reposeful country mingles with that of the beautiful city in the past as well as now; and the Hafsides were great civilizers, builders, favorers of trade, patrons of the arts and of science. Their works and their gardens are gone alike. Time drives his ploughshare often and deep in an African city; and it is not alone on the green and shining levels of the suburban country, with its great spaces and imperial memories, where every maritime and migratory race has written some half-obliterated line of history, that the mountains look on the sea and there is a great silence; but ruin is a near neighbor in the city as well. How many nooks and corners, full of the romance of places left to decay! That, too, is an Arab trait; to leave the old to decay and forgetfulness. It is natural that things should die, and be let lie where they fall. Oblivion is never far off.

What lassitude at last! Is it only the nerve-soothing weather, which cradles and lulls, week after week, the wearied Western mind? Is it only a renaissance of the senses, coming into their own, restored and vivified with strange forms and colors, accepting the impermanence of things human, and content to adorn and refine the sensual moment, to withdraw and enjoy? or is it a new world, a new mode of human life, with its own perceptions and intuitions and valuations, a new form of the protean existence of men on the earth, with another memory, psychology, experience? Whatever it be, it is a spell that grows.

VII

I LIKE to pass my afternoons in the shop of the perfumer in old Tunis. I come by covered ways, where the sunlight sifts through old rafters on stained walls and worn stones, and soon discern in the softened darkness the low small columns wound with alternate stripes of red and green—bright clustered colors: down the winding way of dimmed light in the narrow street opens on either side the row of shallow shops, shadowy alcoves of bright merchandise; and there in the heart of old Tunis, each in his niche, canopied by his trade, and seeming an emanation of the things he sells, sit the perfumers. A throng passes by, now dense, now thin,—passes forever, in crowds, in groups, in solitude, rarely speaking; and over against the silent movement sit the merchants,—tranquil figures in perfumed boxes—whose business seems one long repose. A languid scent loads the dusky air.

Just opposite the venerable Mosque of the Olive, an isle of sanctity still uncrossed by the heathen Frankish sea, right under the shadow of its silence-guarded doors, stands and has stood for centuries the shop where I love to lounge away hours that have no attribute of time. My host—I may well call him so, we are old acquaintances now—salutes me, his robe of fading hues detaching the figure from the background as he rises; his serene face lightens with a smile, his stately form softens with a gesture, he speaks a word, and I sit down on the narrow bench at the side, and light the cigarette he has proffered, while his only son quickly commands coffee. How well I remember years ago when the child's soft Arab eyes first looked into mine! He is taller now, beautifully garbed in an embroidered burnoose; and he sits by me, and talks in low tones. What a relief it is, just to be here! What an ablution! The very air is courtesy. There is no need to talk; and we sit, we three, and smoke our cigarettes, and sip our coffee, with now and then a word, and regard the street.

A motley street, like the bridge at Stam-

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boul—a provincial form of that unfathomable sea of human faces; and, here as there, an unknown world in miniature, diverse, novel, brilliant—the African world. The native predominates, with here and there a flash of foreign blood, round-faced Sicilians, Spaniards whose faces seem in arms, French in uniforms; but always the native—every strain of the littoral and the highland, every tint of the desert sun: black-bearded Moors of Morocco, vindictive visages; fat Jews of Djerba laughing; negroes—boys of Fezzan or black giants of the Soudan; Arabs of every skin, hints of Gothic and Vandal blood and the old blond race long before all, resolute Kabyles, fair Chaouia, Touaregs with white-wrapped faces, caravan-men, Berber and Bedouin of all the land; women, too, veiled or with children at the open breast. That group of Tunisian dandies—how they stroll! olive faces, inexpressive, with the jonquil stuck over the ear, swinging little canes, clad in fine burnooses of pale blues or dying greens or ashy rose! Those bare-legged Bedouins, lean shoulders looped in earth-brown folds—how they walk! Every moment brings a new challenge to the eye. What life histories! what unspeaking faces! how closed a world! and my eyes rest on the shut gates of the ancient Mosque of the Olive over against me; I feel the spell of the unknown sealed in that faith, this life—the spell of a new life of the spirit of man, the mystery of a new earth-life of his body.

One falls into revery and absent-mindedness here, as elsewhere one falls asleep. But not for long. A lady, closely veiled, stands in the shop with her shorter low-browed attendant. I hear low syllables softly murmured; I am aware of a drop of perfume rubbed like dew on the back of her hand just below the small fingers, not too slim; I watch the fall of the precious, twinkling liquid in the faceted bottle; I mark the delicate handling of the small balances. It is like a picture in a dream, so still, so vivid in the semi-darkness of the booth. She is gone, and the fancy wanders after her—whither? The boy's *taleb*, his teacher of the mosque school, passing, sits down for a moment—an alert figure, scrutinizing, intelligent, energetic. There has been some school excitement, some public commotion; master and boy both scan the last paper with eagerness. I ask about the boy's lessons; but with a kind look at my young friend, and a half-reply to me, he puts the question aside, as if one should not say pleasant things in a boy's hearing too much. He is soon off on his affairs; and other friends of the shop come and go, not too often, some hearty, some subtle, but all cordial, merchants who would woo me away to other shops behind whose seemingly narrow spaces lies the wealth of great houses—oh! not to buy, but only to view silken stuffs, trifles of wrought silver, things begemmed, inlaid sword and pictured leather, brass, mosaic, horn, marvels of the strong and deft brown Arab hand in immemorial industries; the wealth of a large world is nigh, when I please—it is but a step here to Samarcand or Timbuctoo; but I say, lightly, "Another day."

I love better to sit here, flanked by the huge wax tapers, overhung by the five-fingered groups of colored candles, amid the curiously shaped glasses and mysterious boxes, the gold filagree, the facets, the ivory eggs—and to breathe, only to breathe, diffused hidden scents of the rose and the violet—jasmine, geranium—essences of all flowers, all gardens, all odorous things, till life itself might seem the perfumed essence of existence and the sensual world only an outer dusk. Oh, the delightful narcotism! I was ever too much the Occidental not to think even in my dream,—I am conscious of the feeling through all,—"What am I, an alien, here?" But it is sweet to be here, to have peace, and gentleness, and courtesy, young trust and brave respect, and breeding; it is balm. The darkness falls; the passer-by grows rare; it is closing-time. There is a drop for my hand now, for good-by. The boy companions me to the limit of old Tunis. It is good-night. It is a departure—as if some shore were left behind. It is a nostalgia—a shadowy perception that something more of life has escaped, of the irretrievable thing, gone, like something flown from the hand. And as I come under the Gate of France into the lights of the brilliant avenue, I find again him I had eluded, whom I heard as the voice of one standing without, saying, "What am I, an alien, here?"—I am again the old European.

VIII

QUICK music comes down the evening street—the clatter of cavalry—the beautiful rhythm of horses' backs—flash of French

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uniforms so harmonized with the African setting—spahis, tirailleurs, guns—a gallant and lively scene in the massed avenue! I love the French soldiers in Africa; but it is with a deeper feeling than mere martial exhilaration that one sees them to-night, for this is an annual fête-day, and their march commemorates the entry of the French troops into Tunis. One involuntarily looks at the faces of the natives in the crowds—impassible. But the old European cannot but feel a thrill at the sight of France, the leader of our civilization, again taking charge of the untamed and reluctant land and its intractable people to which every mastering empire of the North, from the dawn of our history, has brought in vain the force of its arms and the light of its intelligence. The hour has come again, and one feels the presence of the Napoleonic idea, clad, as of old, in the French arms; for it is from Napoleon, that star of enlightenment—Napoleon as he was in his Egyptian campaigns—that the French empire in Africa derives; and if, as the heir of the Crusades, France was through centuries the protector of Christians in the East, and that rôle is now done, it is a greater rôle that she inherits from Napoleon as the friend of Islam, with the centuries before her. Force, demonstrated in the army, is the basis of order in all civilized lands; that is why the presence of the French uniform delights me; but it is not by brute force that France moves in the essential conquest, nor is it military lust that her empire in Africa represents and embodies. It is, rather, a striking instance of fatality in human events that her advancing career in North Africa presents to the historical mind: a slight incident—a bey struck one of her ambassadors with a fan—forced on her the occupation of Algiers, and in the course of years she found herself saddled with a burden of colonial empire as awkwardly and reluctantly as was the case with us and the Philippines. There were anti-colonialists in her experiences, as there were anti-imperialists with us; and the arguments were about the same, essentially, in both cases—the rights of man, a new frontier, an alien people, with various economic considerations of revenue, tariff, exploitation. That obscure element of reality, however, which we call fate, worked on continuously, linking situation with event, difficulty with remedy, what was done with what had to be done, till the occupation spread from Algiers into the mountains, along the seaboard, over the Atlas, into the desert, absorbing the neighboring land of Tunis, skirting the dangerous frontier of Morocco—and now the vitalizing and beneficent power of French civilization, as it might almost seem against the will of its masters, dominates a vast tract of doubtful empire whose issues are among the most interesting contingencies of the future of humanity. It is a great work that has been accomplished, but is greater in the tasks it opens than in those already achieved.

The policy of pacification and penetration is, indeed, one of the present glories of France. There has been fierce fighting, hard toils of war; the land has been the training-school of French generals; and, were it known and written, the story of French campaigning in the mountains and the desert would prove to be one of those heroic chapters of fine deeds obscurely done, rich in personal worth, that of all military glory have most moral greatness. The *esprit* of the soldiers was like that of devoted and lost bands—they were there to die. But it belongs to military force to be initial and preparatory, occasional, in its active expression; thereafter, in its passivity, it is a guarantee; it is order. The great line of French administrative policy, whether playing through the army or beyond it, was, nevertheless, the child and heir of Napoleon's idea; amity with Islam. To respect rites, usages, prejudices, to make the leaders of the people—chiefs, judges, religious heads—intermediaries of power, to find with patience and consideration the line of least resistance for civilization by means of the social and racial organization instead of in opposition thereto, and to display therewith not a spirit of cold, proud, and superior tolerance but a frank and interested sympathy—that, at least, was the ideal of the French way of empire. It had its disinterested elements—respect for humanity was implicit in it. What strikes the close student of the movement most is not the military advance, but the extraordinary degree to which the military advance itself was impregnated with intelligence, scientific observation, scholarly interest, economic suggestion, engineering ambition, as if these French officers were less men of arms than pioneers of knowledge and public works.

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The publications through fifty years by men in the service on every conceivable topic relating to the land and its people in scientific, economic, and historical matters, are innumerable; they constitute a thorough study of vast areas. Such a fact tells its own story—a story of devotion in a cause of civilization.

Peaceful penetration does not mean merely that the railroad has entered the Sahara, and the wire gone far beyond into its heart, and the express messenger crossed the great waste; nor that the school, and with it the language, are everywhere, subduing and informing the mind; nor that agricultural science, engineering skill, economic initiative, and even philanthropic endeavor, hospitals, hygiene, are at work, or beginning, or in contemplation; but it means the restoration of a great and almost forsaken tract of the earth—from the Mediterranean and Lake Tchad to the Niger and the Atlantic—with its populations, to the benefits of peaceful culture, safe commerce, humane conditions, and to fraternity with the rest of mankind. It is not the brilliant military scene that holds my eye in the packed avenue, with its double rows of trees shadowy in the air, lined with brilliant shops and stately urban buildings, opera, cathedral, residence—the familiar modern metropolitan scene in the electric glare; but I see the work of France all over the darkened land from the thousand miles of seacoast, up over the impenetrable Atlas ranges, down endless desert routes—carrying civilizing power, like a radiating force, through a new world.

IX

Tunis is the gateway by which I entered this world—the new world of France, the old world of the desert. It was almost an accident of travel that I had come here, refuging myself from the life I had known, and seeking a place to forget and to repose, away from men. I had no thought of even temporary residence or exploration; but each day my interest deepened, my curiosity was enlivened, my sympathies warmed, and slowly I was aware that the land held me in its spell—a land of fantastic scenery, of a mysterious people, of a barbaric history and *mis-en-scene*, a land of the primitive. I coursed it from end to end.

The best description of North Africa as a visual fragment of the globe is that which delineates it as a vast triangular island, whose two northern horns lie, one off Spain at Gibraltar, the other, with a broader strait, off Sicily—with a southward wall overlooking the Sahara like an ocean, and running slantingly to the Atlantic, whose seaboard makes the narrow base of the triangle. This immense island is gridironed through its whole mass with mountains, ranging southwest and northeast, and hence not easily penetrable except at those remote ends; it is backed by table-lands of varying breadth between the Northern and the Saharan Atlas, which form its outer walls, and the conglomeration of successive ranges at varying altitudes, with their high plateaus, is cut with deep gullies, valleys, pockets, fastnesses of all sorts—a formidable country for defence and of difficult communication. Under the southern edge of the Saharan Atlas, like a long chain of infrequent islands, runs the line of oases in the near desert from the northeasterly tip of the lowlands of the isle of Djerba southwesterly the whole distance to the Atlantic, and here and there pressing deep into the waste of sand and rock; under the northern wall stretches the arable lowland here and there on the Mediterranean coast where lie the mountain-backed ports. At the highest points, in Morocco, lies perpetual snow, and the land is snow-roofed in winter.

Among these wild mountains in antiquity lived an indigenous blond race, whose blue-eyed, clear-complexioned descendants may still be met with there, and mixed with them a darker population from the sunburnt desert and lowlands, the Getulæ and Numidians of history, of whom Jugurtha was a fine and unforgotten type; on these original and tenacious races, whose blood was inexpugnable, poured the immigrant human floods through the centuries from north and south, west and east, but the natives maintained their hold, and the stock survived. The Punic immigration, with its great capital of Carthage, only touched the coast; the Romans established a great province in Tunisia, founded cities and garrisoned the country as far as the desert and into the Riff, and made punitive expeditions among the nomads to the south; the Visigoths flocked from Spain, overran the whole country, and passed away like sheets of foam; the

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Byzantines rebuilt the fortresses, and their hands fell away; the Arab hordes in successive waves carried Islam to the western ocean, and, settling, Arabized great tracts of the Berber blood, and made the land Moslem, but with a deeper impregnation than when it had been Romanized and Christianized; while through all the years of their slow and imperfect dominance new floods of fresh desert blood poured up from the Sahara, much as the barbarians fell from the north upon Rome. The massive island was thus always in the contention of the human seas, rising and falling; yet the Berber blood, the Berber spirit, continually recruited from the Sahara, seems never to have really given way; taking the changing colors of its invaders, it persisted—a rude, independent, democratic, fierce, much-enduring, untamable race. It wears its Islam in its own fashion. It keeps the other stocks, that dwell in it, apart—the Jews, the Turks, Italians, Maltese, Spaniards, they are but colonies, however long upon the soil, and even though in some instances they adopt native costumes and ways. And now it is the turn of France—that is to say, of dominant Western civilization in its most humane and enlightened form.

How many interests were here combined! a land of natural wildness, of romantic and solemn scenes, of splendid solitudes and varying climates; a past dipped in all the colors of history; a race of physical competency, savage vitality, where the primitive ages still stamped an image of themselves in manners and actions and aspect; the fortunes of one of the great present causes of humanity, to be paralleled with Egypt and India, a work of civilization! It could not but prove a fine adventure. And so I turned nomad, and fared forth. Bedouin boys, rich with my last Tunisian copper, gave me delighted good-bys, as they ran after my carriage, screaming bright-eyed; and I felt as if I had already friends in the lonely, silent land as the long level spans of the high aqueduct marched backward, and the train sped on.

THE MOTHER

By Laura Spencer Portor

And there, mayhap, tall angels, wide of wing
And full of glory bring thee gifts, and play
About thee on the holy Christmas-day,
While I, without thee,—I stand far away.

And one, I think, more gentle, blue of eye, one other,
Being herself a mother,
Brings thee a sprig of heavenly rosemary,
Or some small heart-shaped bauble which thy hands
Feel, and know not what mighty pain and joy
Wrought it, and says (not understood of thee),
"It is thy mother's love,"—because she understands.

O thou, my little boy!
My little, little boy!

Go spend thy Christmas happily.
I would have thee remember nought.
Yet if of me thou hast a thought,—
Hang it upon God's Christmas-tree
Low down, low down, dear, within reach of me!

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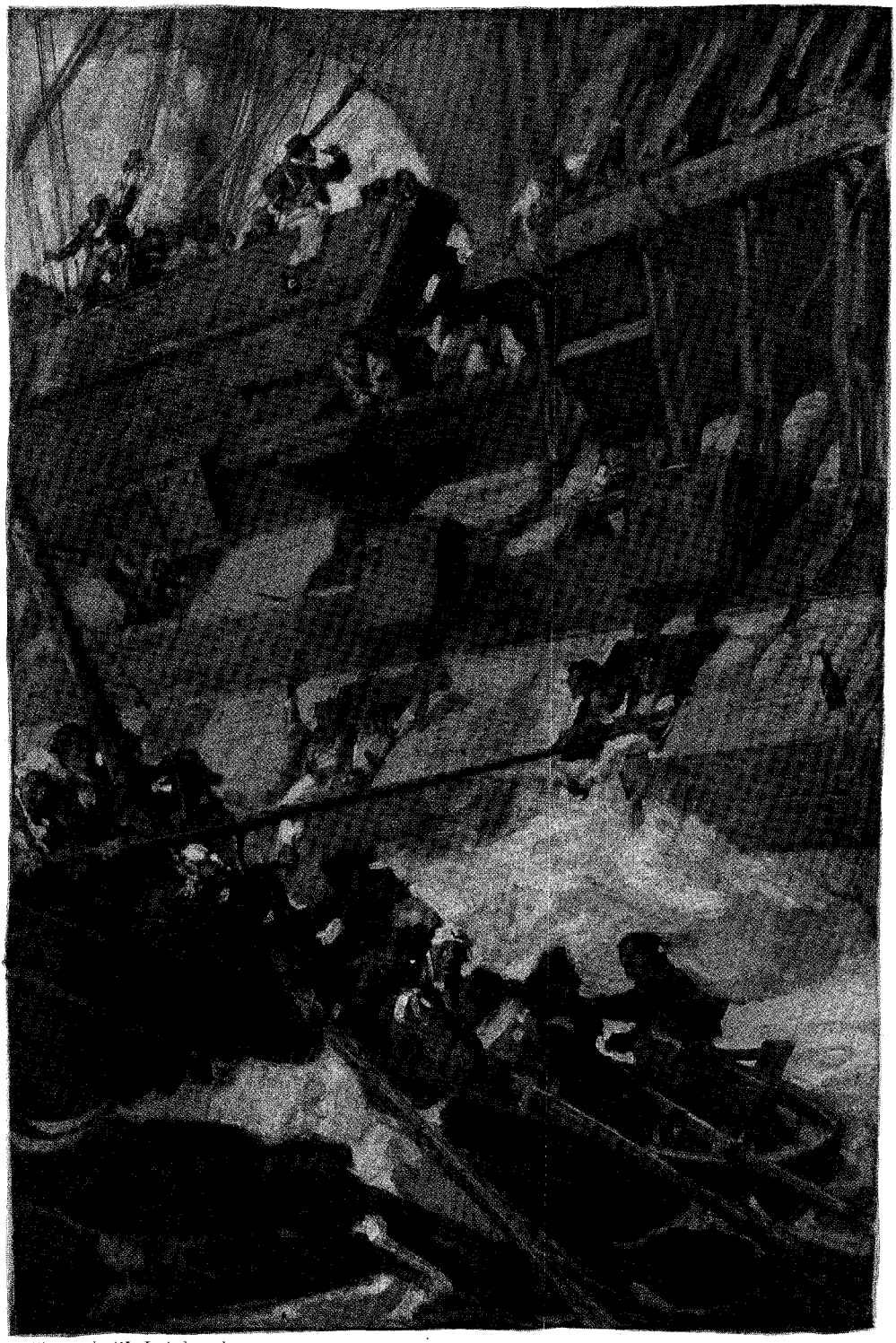

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Cast their officers adrift in a boat.—Page 43.

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THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN

ENGLISH NAVAL LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By W. J. Aylward

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE English navy of the latter half of the eighteenth century is especially interesting, not only because it was then approaching the height of its renown as a mighty engine of destruction but because out of the complex customs and usages in vogue then have been evolved the present-day standards of all navies.

One has only to rummage a very little among the splendid archives of a nation given to preserving its history to realize how all-important, how all-engrossing, was the floating defence of the England of that period to the man in the street as well as to the lord in his castle. The one never knew when he would be rudely snatched away from his home, the other when his castle might be taken from him.

The necessity of the times demanded harsh measures. It was no phantom German airship in the sky then but a very real France which up to Trafalgar boldly threatened invasion. Those were literally days of wars and rumors of wars; of immense fleets afloat and building, calling incessantly for recruits; and the profession of a fighting sailor was one of active employment. In that century also the British navy found itself and abuses began to disappear. It became the standard then as it is to-day—a position due to a people wise enough to spend at one time four fifths of the public revenue upon its floating defence.

Ever since the time of William the Norman's landing at Hastings, Britain has always relied on its sea service to repel the invader by destroying him abroad. It must be confessed this scheme succeeded fairly well, for somehow those old ships which snatched their power from the tempest and fought the sea on his own terms eventually found their quarry and had it out with him in any quarter of the watery globe in which they happened to meet.

We may sniff in this day of high-powered steel-clad fortresses at the quaint wallowy ships of a bygone age with their tiers and tiers of guns peering out from red-lidded ports. But those same old picturesque ships had advantages that the later breed will never possess, nor did they become obsolete in a few short years. What ten-million-dollar battle-ship of to-day can keep the sea in active service for six months? Yet it was not uncommon then for a ship of the old school to remain on a foreign station for ten years, and Collingwood on one occasion went for twenty-two months without making port!

They were singularly simple and self-sustaining, and with their timber hulls and hempen rig could grapple in a death-struggle in mid-ocean, throw a prize-crew aboard a captured enemy, patch both ships, send the prize home, and proceed on a voyage quite as a matter of course.

Let a battle-ship to-day once run out of coal and—as coal is contraband of war—be in a position where she is unable to replenish her bunkers and she will be not only absolutely defenceless but in a short time be untenable for her own company. Literally, coal means existence to her, and her effectiveness is dependent wholly upon her bunker supply.

What life was like in the tween-decks of an old line-of-battle ship, crowded as the men were amid the wilderness of heavy guns and their confusion of gear, we can pretty well guess. Of the millions who have lived it a few, fortunately, have left a record. Sometimes it is decidedly warped in judgment, and again it is frankly antagonistic to the service; but still these men had opportunities for observation denied ourselves, and somewhere on a cross-bearing between the bitter satires of

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Ward and the caricatures of Smollett, on the one hand, and the pictures by Marryat in a milder hue and of a somewhat later day, is the truth.

Naturally, the point of view had much to do with the writer's views on his environment. Marryat wrote from the vantage of the quarter-deck, while most, if not all, the other writers were men on the lower deck, who from quieter walks in life had been brutally pressed against their will into a service for which they were in most cases unfitted. As the real man-o'-war's man who formed the backbone of the ship's company was not given to literary effusions, we are left in the dark as to his valuable opinions, except where he has been quoted to suit the purposes of a more gifted shipmate. He usually despised as unseamanlike such things as reading and writing.

There can be no question about it—life in the Georgian navy was insufferably hard. According to Mansfield: "It was brutalizing, cruel, and horrible; the kind of life now happily gone forever; a kind of life which no man to-day would think good enough for a criminal. There was barbarous discipline, bad pay, bad food, bad hours of work, bad company."

This is putting the case strongly, and to one not born or bred to the sea it is exactly what it must have seemed. How then did they get men to enter the service? There were several ways in vogue. A captain on being appointed to a vessel, besides attending to her armament and equipping her for a voyage, had also the responsibility of furnishing her with a crew. He set about this by establishing a recruiting-office ashore, generally at a sailors' tavern, and placarding the fact through the town and the surrounding country with the announcement that "Captain Blank, R. N., was now fitting out H. M. Ship *So and So* for a cruise in foreign waters." Following this came promises of unlimited rum, prize-money, and the King's bounty. When the gullible one came to the bait he was plied generously with drink and flattery, the King's gold jingled before his staring eyes, and his befuddled brain filled with stories of the joys of life in the King's navy loudly bawled in the sea ballads of the day. That these joys were not unknown is shown by the fact that the bounty was at one time above seventy pounds sterling. When these gentle means failed to complete his number the captain sent a few boat-loads of sturdy fellows ashore after dark in charge of an officer. This party, or "press-gang," proceeded to the resorts of merchant sailors and picked up any stragglers they found in the streets. In times of need no male between boyhood and old age was safe.

"The lieutenant and his band dogs together make a woful noise in all the seaport towns around the kingdom; he beats up all quarters and rummages all the Wapping ale-houses as narrowly as he would a prize from the Indies. . . . In fine, he is a perfect hurricane in a little town and drives the laggard dog along the street with as much noise and bustle as butchers do swine at Smithfield."

Once aboard and under the hatches the impressed man's fate was sealed, and a sentry placed over him with orders to shoot him if he attempted to escape. At the captain's convenience the men were brought on deck, and then it was—

"Brown, don't look so blue! How long have you been to sea and how old are you?"

"Twenty years, your Honor, and I am thirty-two years old."

"You can hand, splice, reef, steer, and heave the lead, eh, Brown?"

"Why, yes, I doubt I might, your Honor."

Brown refuses to accept the King's bounty: "Then you'll go without, that's all." Another man is brought up:

"Jennings, how long have you been at sea?"

"Four years, your Honor."

"Where have you served?"

"Nowhere, your Honor."

"Come, sir! No impudence or I'll marry you to the gunner's daughter! Forward there! Send the boatswain's mate aft with the cat!"

"Beg your pardon, your Honor, I meant I never served in a man-o'-war——"

"Time you should and amongst other things learn manners!"

A third man is brought up on deck and it is—

"Baker, who are you?"

"A tailor, your Worship."

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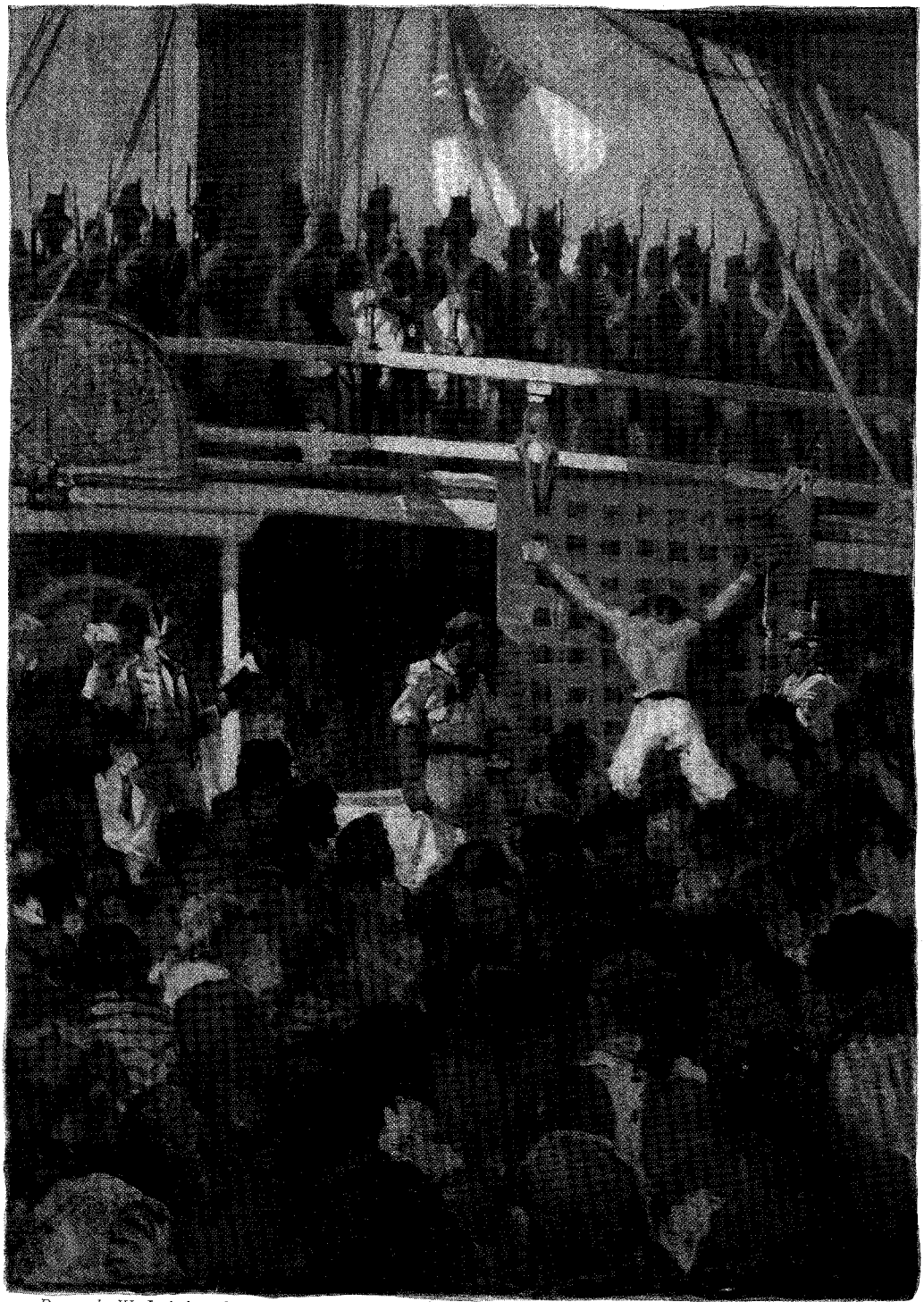

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Flogging was the most common form of punishment. . . . At eleven in the forenoon the word was passed to call all hands to witness punishment.—Page 39.

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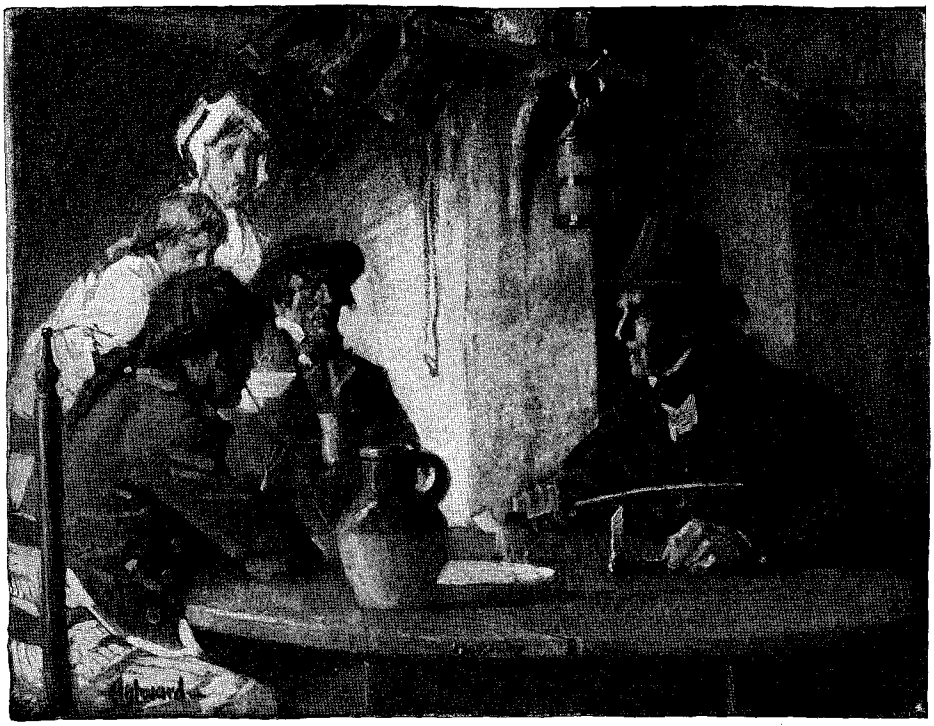

Petty officers ashore.

"Don't worship me. What brought you here?"

"That air leftenant and his gang, sir, took me as I was going home last night."

"Tell the truth, sir! You were guzzling and cackling like a goose at the Magpie." The captain enters the man. "Well, Mr. Baker, for all that you are just going to ship, instead. We want tailors aboard as well as ashore, so you'll drive your needle and be an idler in one of his Majesty's ships."

It explains if it does not excuse the barbarous punishments for even small offences dealt out to hapless culprits to know that it was the custom for magistrates to send their condemned prisoners aboard a man-o'-war with a request to the captain to ship them. Sheriffs in inland counties found this an easy way to get rid of undesirable citizens and sent thieves, beggars, and poachers in shoals to the nearest port, while criminals at the assizes were sometimes given the hard alternative of choosing between a long jail sentence and service in the King's navy. A man-o'-war, like the gallows, refused nothing.

Naturally, a ship's company under such conditions became a highly flavored assortment of rogues with every species of jailbird represented, and had to be ruled with an iron hand, if at all.

These creatures, with the scum drawn by a high bounty, were loathed and despised by the decent sailors who were forced to associate with them, for the genuine seaman of the period was quite a different man. Ned Ward, so harsh on his officers, boldly describes him as the most "Glorious piece of the Creation!"

"He can no more sleep in sheets than in a horse-pond, and put him in a featherbed and he shall fancy he is sinking straight, but put him in a hammock and he shall lie a whole night dormant as Mahomet between two loadstones. He looks most formidable when others appear most drooping; for see him in bad weather in his fur cap and Wapping Watch-coat and you swear the Czar was just returned from Muscovy, and yet he is never in his true figure but in a pitched jacket when he is as invulnerable to a cudgel as a hog in armor."

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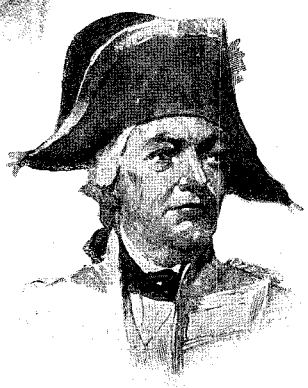
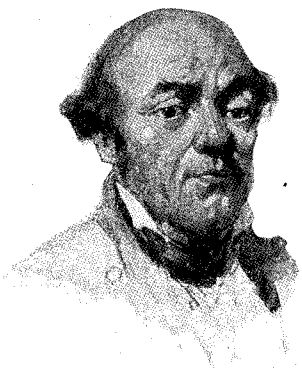
The paymaster.

for the officers or to crawl on obscure missions with the rats among the casks and cables in the gloomy depths of the lower hold. Only the hopelessly unfit were sent ashore.

After all, there was something of a democracy in the little world of a ship's company, even under a system that seemed to inspire each man to look down upon those beneath him. Men of birth and breeding did men's work alow and aloft, and we hear of a disgusted lieutenant hailing the mizzen-topsail yard with "My Lords and Gentlemen." The lieutenant of that speech himself may have been of gentle birth or he may have "crawled through the hawse-pipes" and so worked aft. For all we know he may



The captain.



A boatswain.

"He was ever ready to spend his blood on any quarrelsome occasion," we are told, and on pay-day—"If he be sober at that juncture, he is damnably puzzled in contriving ways to spend his hatful of money. But if—as he commonly is—devilled with flip, he scorns to spend one thought upon the matter but straight, while it is still warm in his cap, fairly sits down to the cards or hazard and generally throws it away before sunset."

He extols further virtue of "this blunt sea-animal," declaring him to be of more value to the nation than the most fluttering beau in it, but ending, alas, with the seaman's usual lament that "sailors are no longer what they used to be."

Such a man was always placed in a position of semi-authority or at a responsible station. The young and spry aloft as captain of a top, perhaps; the steady, reliable men on the forecastle or as gun-captains in the batteries, while the more or less inefficient—those "without art or judgment"—were placed in the waist, in the despised afterguard, to fetch and carry have been the very same of whom Lord Cochrane tells, who received him on reporting for duty "with a lump of grease in one hand and a marlinespike in the other, dressed in seaman's clothes well daubed with tar, for he had been interrupted in setting up the rigging."

"A ship," says Glascock, "is a little world governed by its own laws and customs." And over this little world, dealing out its rough justice, was the captain. On him depended the safety and happiness of the whole ship's company and on his shoulders rested the heavy responsibility of the successful outcome of a cruise or expedition. Interest, or "pull" as we call it now, had much to do with obtaining a command, but it must be said that no interest was strong enough in

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those days to keep inefficients in responsible positions. The execution of Admiral Byng on his own quarter-deck is but a dramatic example of how severely failure was punished.

In the rough sea life of the period nobody lived well in a man-o'-war or any other ship, for that matter. Pickles and a table-cloth did not materially lessen the discomforts and dangers suffered by the officers and men alike in being "half-baked in the tropics or wholly frozen in Spitzbergen," or the abject misery of standing watch and watch of a winter's night in dreary blockade of a channel port. The sailors realized this, for we find one philosopher saying: "No one grumbles at his lot in an engagement or curses the bullet that unlegs him, because all aboard are alike exposed to misfortune"; but for a port admiral they had the utmost contempt. To one of these who sent them to sea without necessity on Christmas Eve they dedicated a ballad in the nature of an anathema.

The chaplain.

A seaman.

The lieutenant.

There is something truly fine about the absolute devotion of a seaman. Even under treatment scarce human he was always ready to do his duty. Fielding, in his "Voyage to Lisbon," notes this and extols him for virtues he knew not of till he made his memorable voyage a dying man. Though properly indignant at the cruel gibes that greeted his appearance aboard ship, he was amazed at the cheerfulness and faithfulness under stress, and tells of a sailor leaping overboard to save a kitten when the ship was under way and at sea. He rightly decided there were two kinds of flesh —land flesh and sea flesh.

From the comfortable vantage of a softer age the life of a man-o'-war's man in the eighteenth century seems an incredible thing. That a human being could be triced up and his bared back cut into ribbons on the mere whim of an officer is now happily impossible, although not so then. That there were tyrants who abused their powers is only too patent from the records of mutinies that occurred, but that they were as common as many writers would have us believe is not true. The victories of that day could not have been won by galley-slaves.

As a matter of fact, the men preferred a "taut hand" to a lenient master. The one meant a smart ship, one in which he could have a proper pride, while with slack discipline inevitably came disorder and slovenliness.

Sir Peter Parker was a good deal of a martinet, but a prime seaman. He swore

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he'd make the men under him "touch their hats to a midshipman's coat, if it were but hung on a broomstick to dry." Yet his crew worshipped him, while another who flogged daily would have his crew half in mutiny all the time. Despite their difference in rank and social status a captain had to have something more than the respect due to his legal authority to get the most out of the force under his command. It was that "something" which in Nelson they say doublemanned the ships off Cadiz by his merely joining the fleet.

When we think of the old figh ing ship we naturally see her thundering broadsides and glorified in brilliant clouds of her own smoke. But battles and yacht-races and football games, or any encounter between men, are won or lost in the long hours of preparation. Collingwood blockading the French and Spanish fleets in Cadiz for months, after Nelson pursued them for nearly two years, is but one instance of fighting under old conditions. It was the long-sustained gruelling grind that tried men's souls. The German general in 1870 expressed it when he said that, "Having done with the pastime of war, we will now take up the serious business of life, which is drilling."

An action indeed was hailed as a break in the dead monotony of heavy routine under an iron discipline, though in itself a battle could be the severest kind of toil, and men have been known in a long-sustained fight to drop exhausted by their cumbrous guns and sleep amid the roar of broadsides and splintering crash of shot striking home.

Captain Hull, writing of the man-of-war's man, says: "His range of duty includes the whole world: he may be lost in the wilderness of a three-decker, or be wedged into a cock-boat of a cutter; he may be half-fried in Jamaica or wholly frozen in Spitzbergen; he may be cruising six days in the week in the midst of an hundred sail and flounder in solitude on the seventh; he may be peaceably riding at anchor in the morning and hot in action before sunset."

Whether open to a fresh breeze off blue water or to a pleasant view of peaceful harbor the open ports meant much to the comfort and health of poor Jack; but in anything like rough weather this boon was impossible.

The food was notoriously bad, and it was said that "where one died by shot ten died by bad provisions." To cite one case alone Admiral Hosier on the West India station buried his ship's company twice over. This was largely due to the habit of men demanding the same fare which they were accustomed to eat in home waters and the fact that the daily ration included a gallon of usually spoiled beer. This, with a salt diet, ran up the mortality to a fearful extent. The scourge of the sailor, merchant or naval, in those days was scurvy. What the annihilation of yellow fever on the Isthmus meant to the building of the Panama Canal the elimination of scurvy meant to the efficiency of a sailing fleet.

The man-of-war's man would have been made more content by an occasional run ashore; but this was necessarily denied him. The navy was so big and men so precious that those in command dared not give them an opportunity to desert. There was little risk of this happening to any extent, however, as during the wars the penalty for such an offence was disgraceful death, and the reward for the capture of deserters was so tempting to greedy folk ashore that the very people whose existence he guaranteed were glad to deliver the sailor to the executioner.

That loyalty was the rule need not be stated here and that such a precious thing was bestowed on some unworthy masters is also true. That the men were ill-used there is no denying, and even under a humane commander it was quite within the power of a boy of a midshipman to follow the best man in the crew from day to day and vent upon him all the indignity and abuse the little demon could invent. The bo's'n and his mates as a rule carried canes and "starters" or "persuaders" with which they were accustomed to beat men striving to do their duty.

No wonder Johnson remarked that he didn't see why men went to sea when there were jails ashore, and that a proverb ran: "Those who would go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime." The topmen especially came in for more than their share of ill treatment. Their work was

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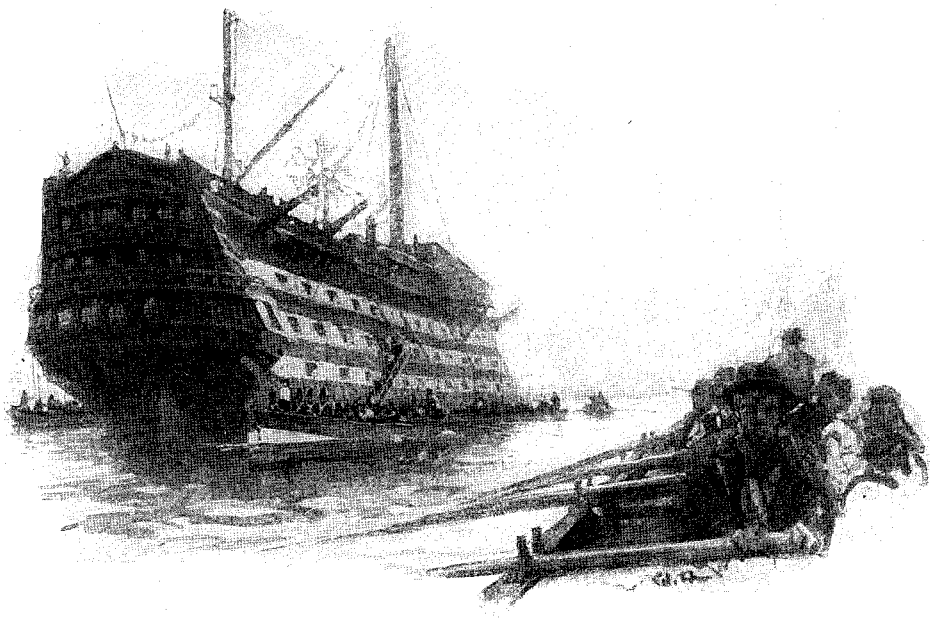

The prison hulk.

always under the eye of the deck officer and they lived in continual terror lest something should go wrong aloft and bring instant punishment. That this punishment was severe is proved by the case of one man called to the deck to receive it. Instead of obeying the order he deliberately walked to the end of the yard and jumped overboard.

Flogging was the most common form of punishment inflicted, sometimes for trifling offences.

At eleven in the forenoon the word was passed to call all hands to witness punishment. The captain then appeared with the curt order to "Rig gratings!" He then called the first name on the list of offenders:

"Drunk aboard ship! What had he to say?"

There was nothing much to be said except to express the "'ope that his 'onor would overlook it this time." Vain hope; and in a jiffy he was triced with his bare back ready for the cat. After the article of war relating to the offence had been read and sentence pronounced, at the curt command of the captain the boatswain's mate transformed the groaning victim's muscular back into a mass of bleeding flesh. No doubt many hardened offenders received their medicine and were carried groaning or weeping by their comrades below to the surgeon's care; but sometimes up would come an athletic young giant, straight as an arrow, with the bearing of a lion, a topman. He had "transgressed his Majesty's laws," it seemed, in being responsible for bungling the furling of a topgallant sail, with the admiral looking on! What had he to say?

There were extenuating circumstances, it appeared. It was true that he had offended, but it was also true that the clew-line had fouled in its block. In faltering tones he begged forgiveness and hoped.

"Strip, sir!"

Slowly off came the blue jacket with its brightly polished gilt buttons, Jem's red weskit and Bill's gay silken handkerchief from his choking throat and dropped in a pitiful heap of foolish finery, unavailing, to the deck. Off came the checkered shirt and striped guernsey leaving a sinewy torso above his snowy wide trousers bare to the breeze. In a deathlike silence he stepped to the blood-clotted spot beneath the grating and extended his square

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wrists to the deft hands of his executioners, then each of his silk-clad ankles:

"Seized up, sir!"

Then the brutal command:

"Boatswain, do your duty!"

But life was not all gloom and work and cruel punishment for Jack. It had its bright spots too, and meal-time was a real relaxation—dinner-time the pleasant hour of the day. This, too, was the hour when the grog was served out to a lively tune, and, grog being a sort of legal tender, bets were settled and accounts squared, those who did not care for navy rum purchasing many perquisites from their more bibulously inclined mates. The latter got into trouble at once by any over-indulgence. The temptation was great, for by saving the noon-day ration and putting it with his evening tot quite a fair state of illumination could be attained, as each man drew half a pint of raw spirits a day. Admiral Vernon, nicknamed "Old Grog" because of a coat he wore, was the first to dilute the seamen's drink. His name survives to-day for the enticing mixture served on board British naval vessels.

Though anything like organized sport was unknown, save perhaps boat-racing, the men had certain rough amusements of their own and always were much given to buffoonery. This hilarity had to be kept within certain strictly defined limits, as anything like soldiering on duty or gaming at cards and dice out of season was strictly punished. To this end the master-at-arms had his petty spies among the crew to apprise him of any quiet little game going on between the guns. These spies were called "white mice" and were loathed by the men, who often had revenge for their treachery. Nor was the master-at-arms entirely free from this danger as he went about with his dim lanthorn on his rounds in the black night of the lower hold.

Among other changes in this period of development music was introduced. Besides taking the place of the chantey at hauling and heaving it gave an added comfort to the quiet dog-watch when the men gathered on the forecastle in little groups to listen to their own country songs and to dance a lively reel to an inspiriting air or sing "ship-made" verses of their own. Where a little attention was paid to the need of recreation among men full of animal spirits and suppressed by a hard code there was little danger of mutiny raising its ugly head.

But mutiny was rare and never broke out without good reason. The one at Spithead, where the fleet was in revolt, was managed so judiciously, the demands were so moderate and just, and the behavior of the men so restrained, that they gained their point and immunity was given the offenders. That of the Nore was quite a different matter and was instigated and managed largely by a man named Parker, self-styled "Admiral of the Mutiny." Parker was the type of man whom the sailor always despised and even called "sea-lawyer." His history is brief: he was of smooth and polished address, but a crook who entered the navy to escape a jail sentence. Within eighteen months he had hoisted his rebel flag and entered upon his brief day of power. He strutted the quarter-deck for a time before dangling with some of his luckless mates at the end of a yard-arm.

During these mutinies some of the fine qualities of the sailors show to advantage, while others are more amusing. It seems the self-appointed officers were not above enforcing honors to themselves, and one bo's'n upon refusing to pipe a boatload of what Jackey called "delicates" up the side was triced up and given three dozen of his own cat. In another ship the delegates were told to sheer off and, refusing to do so, the marines were ordered to fire over the heads of those in the boat. This so infuriated the men that they were going to hang the lieutenant of marines, when the captain of the ship, stepping forward, said that his subordinate had but done his duty in carrying out an order that he had given, that he himself was the guilty one if any, and that he was ready to die if need be. Fortunately the men, appreciating so brave an act, refused to punish either.

In another instance of a fleet mutiny the men of a ship sent each day a boat ashore with a message to the wife of the captain to allay the fears of that lady for her husband's safety and at the successful termination of the revolt the men celebrated their victory by a tremendous parade ashore in which the popular com-

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A victory usually meant a jolly day in port.

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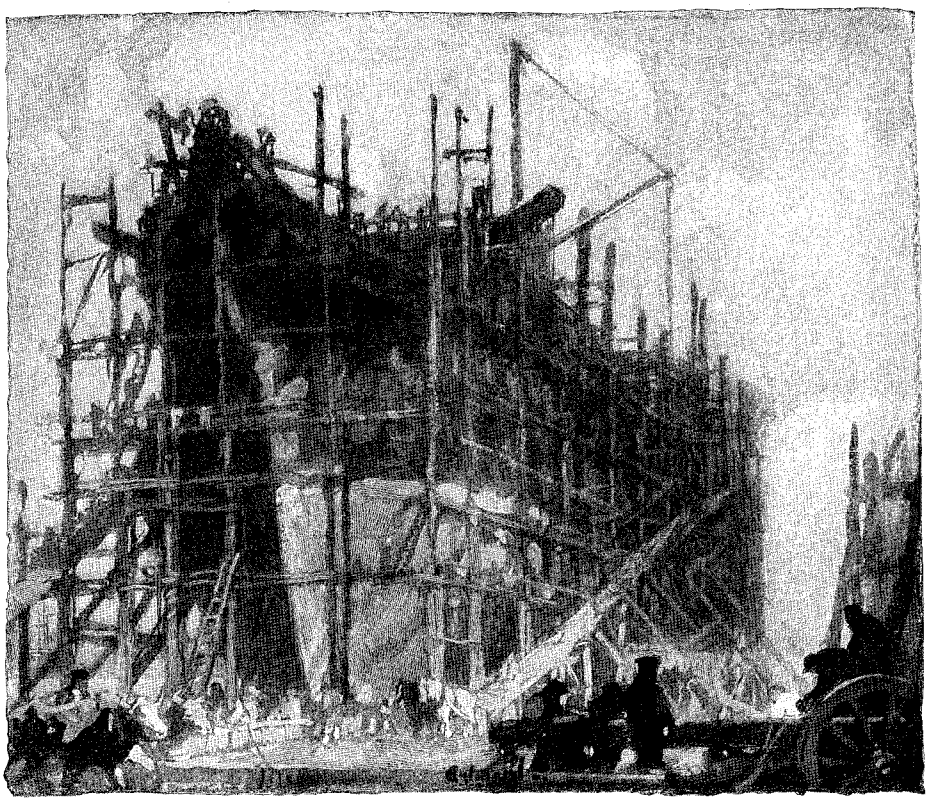

Building a three-decker.

manders were carried on the shoulders of their men or drawn by them in carriages through the streets.

Quite different from these successes was the sordid tale of the *Hermione* and Piggott her captain. He was one of the worst type, and a series of cruelties culminated in the death of two men. During sail exercise one day, to induce extra spryness, he said that he'd flog the last man down off a yard. In the mad scramble to escape that distinction two sailors fell at his feet in broken heaps. He coolly ordered them hove overboard. That night the men rose, murdered their commander, and next day cast their officers adrift in a boat; later sailing the ship into a South American port and turning her over to the Spaniards.

The "press" was a horrible cruelty, but it had the merit of success. When a bounty equal to almost a thousand dollars to-day did not attract men in sufficient numbers the necessity of the times demanded severe measures. One of its many hardships, and one which brought trouble with us later, was the practice of bringing-to a merchant-ship at sea and taking so many men out of her that sometimes the captain did not have enough men to work her home.

Under favorable circumstances this treatment was resented forcibly, and somewhat earlier merchant-ships, being armed, sometimes fought the King's smaller ships successfully. Strangely enough, no steps were taken to punish offenders in this respect, and the captured men who found themselves in unwelcome service bore no grudge against their captors for broken heads. As Commander Robinson puts it: "No bad blood seemed to be engendered by these encounters, as the King's officers were but doing their duty, while conceding the right of the men to resist."

The practice of not allowing the men liberty in a home port led to a disgraceful

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state of affairs. The ship was surrounded by bum-boats and infested with shore people. Jack with a pay-day has always been popular, and with such a pay-day as he often had then, with perhaps three years' wages and several hundred pounds prize-money heaped in a glittering pile in the crown of his tarpaulin hat, he was fair added to the ordinary trials of departure, the ship, surrounded by shore boats that pour a motley throng into her, became pandemonium. The Jews, trying to close out their stock—or worse, trying to realize on unwise credits—added their wails to the clamorous cries of wash-ladies and other bum-boat folk who, with their long bills,

Deserters.

plunder for those who supplied him with delights and comforts he was unable to obtain for himself.

Jew pedlers scented afar a ship to be paid off and flocked in droves with tin watches and all the petty gewgaws and finery dear to a sailor's heart. Although all visitors were searched for liquor and sentries placed in the chains saw to it that none came through the ports, it came aboard somehow in a steady stream. And with the drink came the ladies and with the ladies came trouble. Discipline under the circumstances was impossible. The ship became dirty, the rigging slovenly and neglected, while the shrill cries of the bargainers in the lower deck mingled with the discordant music of the fiddlers and the wildly suggestive stepping of the reels on the forecastle.

All this hilarity came to a head on sailing-day, a day of confusion anyway, when, shrilly demanded payment or coaxingly entreated tipsy Jack, who hoped to settle all "out of the bunt of the fore-topsail." The sailors' wives and sweethearts, lovingly disputing the long accounts run by their swains, added their little mites to the general mêlée, while Jack himself, feeling he was being defrauded, often enough entered the noisy argument with a blow of his fist which sent a Jew sprawling on deck and his wares into the hold to be seen no more. All disputed points were settled, and the combatants parted by the rough hand of the sergeant of marines with his guard, when the word was passed to clear the ship at sunset.

We can picture the actual morning of sailing. The dawning day finds the ship astir with the bustle of departure and the sun's low slant strikes its first warm shaft on great folds of loosened canvas hanging

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in the gear and swaying in the crisp air. On top of the fresh breeze tiny cloudlets come tumbling over the dark-wooded and castellated hill and hover above the sleeping town gray by the water's edge. The ship chafes fretfully at her cable as though anxious to be off.

Floating over the green ruffled surface of the water come the shrill pipe and hoarse bawl of the bo's'n, the thin melody of a fife and with it the rhythmic undertone and steady clank of the capstan-pawls as round and round the marines and waisters go. The ship slowly crawls up on her anchor.

"Short, sir!" roars from the head to the quarter-deck. At the order the panting men rest on the bars. Then along the gear and gun cluttered deck orders fly thick and fast, echoed by the bawling bo's'n and his mates. Like mad hares the men scurry about alow and aloft, when suddenly, as if by magic, the delicate spars and lace-like rigging disappear and the ship is clothed in shimmering canvas billowing in a great mass against the masts and shrouds on yards already trimmed.

Once more the men strain at the capstan, and as the anchor breaks its hold, she pays off, and fills away, the yards are squared, the water gurgles around her forefoot, and through the silent roadstead and its silent ships she glides majestically down to the sea. Only a few fishermen returning with their night's harvest are there to bid farewell and make obeisance as she passes by letting fly their sheets. As the hour is long before colors, this homely sea tribute is unanswered.

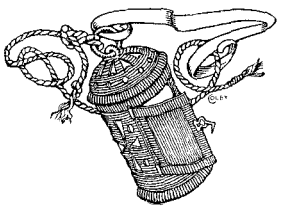
Clear of the head her bluff bows squarely meet the old swell coming up channel and she lifts her gallant beak from dripping cascade that flies to leeward in shimmering spindrift, to flash for a moment in the great billow rolling there, and then join her foaming wake that sparkles in the morning sun.

The ports are thrown open to the sweet land-breeze and through them the green-carpeted white cliffs of his native land seem especially radiant to the homesick, heartsick, or seasick lad in the lower deck, fresh from the pangs of a parting that may last a dozen years. His reveries are rudely disturbed by the bo's'n, for there is much to be done in the way of cleaning ship and removing the traces of a long stay in port.

Off Falmouth she swings into the wind and with her main-yard aback makes her final courtesy to the land of her birth, while the pilot clambers down into his bobbly boat. He stands there for a moment and with his cap in his hand wishes his lordship "a pleasant and successful cruise," a kindness which his lordship acknowledges with a cold nod. Another nod to the lieutenant and he enters his cabin. Once there, removed from the gaze of his subordinates, perhaps he too, as the land comes in range of his cabin windows, gazes back where dwell all he holds most dear.

Off Ushant he opens his orders and lays his course northerly, southerly, westerly—he knows not till then where public business or "private occasion" may lead him. And out on the deepening blue water with him, his fortunes bound with his, goes Jack.

As the day grows old and gilds her flaxen sails the beautiful old ship plunges on in perfect unison with an empurpled sea that lifts her on in an embrace she still seems to keep for wood and hemp and canvas alone. The red sun dips, the shadows creep, the stars steal out, and into the great void of night called the Past the ship gently disappears, and with her goes that "blunt sea-animal" sometimes called Jack.



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THE TORTOISE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

"THERE are only three things worth while—fighting, drinking, and making love." It was Chalmers who said it to me as we came out of the theatre, and were idling along towards the club. We had been seeing a very handsome—almost elegant—melodrama. Very impressionable chap, Chalmers, I thought, for I was quite sure that he had never done any fighting; he was apparently a total abstainer; and he positively ran—as whole-heartedly as a frightened cow—from a petticoat.

"What about work?" I asked, as we turned into the club. Chalmers is a fiend for work: always shut up in his laboratory, dry-nursing an experiment.

"Work is an anodyne—a blooming anodyne." He hunched his shoulders, and his brown coat—the coat of a toilsome recluse, if ever there was one; there's something peculiarly unworldly about brown tweed for a man's wear—creased into lumpier curves than ever.

"It's a mighty slow one. If I wanted a quick effect, I think I'd take to cocaine. Must be exciting, slewing round the corners of Montmartre, dropping your francs into a basket that swings down from God knows where, with the blessed stuff all in it waiting to be inhaled. And all over inside of a year." Thus I to Chalmers, knowing that we were very far from Montmartre. Chalmers, I should say, was magnificently dependable; you were as safe in dropping a lurid suggestion on him as on the shell of an ancient turtle. I rather liked that idea, which struck me just then; in fact, his clothes were much the color of tortoise-shell.

"But I don't want it over. You see . . . I've agreed to hang on." His keen glance at me, more than his words, savored of explanation.

"Oh!" I made the syllable as noncommittal as possible. The lips that are at one moment so fluent in confession will grow stiff with resentment after the hour of confidence is over. For that reason I dislike to have people tell me things: I always expect that they will some day hate me merely because they told.

We sat down at a table, and I ordered a highball. Chalmers fussed for a moment, and then committed himself to a *pâté* sandwich with apollinaris. I didn't think of asking him to join me. We had been trying for five years to get Chalmers to take a drink. For a year there were always bets going on it; but it had been a long time now since any of us had made or lost anything on the chance of Chalmers's potations.

At the same time, my curiosity was aroused. There had never been any mystery about Chalmers. There isn't any about a tortoise, if it comes to that. The beast has been made much of mythologically, I believe; but even in India they only accuse him of holding up the world. No one pretends, so far as I know, that he keeps anything under his shell except himself. But Chalmers didn't seem to be even bearing a burden. He was simply Chalmers. He had come among us, an accredited student of physics, with letters of introduction from German professors and Colonial Dames; he had performed the absolutely necessary conventional duties; he was vaguely related to people that every one knew; he was so obviously a gentleman that no one would ever have thought of affirming it. His holidays were all accounted for—in fact, he usually spent them with one or another of our own group. There wasn't—there isn't now—a single thing about Chalmers that any one could have the instinct to investigate. It had never occurred to any of us that we didn't know as much about Chalmers as we did about the people we had been brought up with. We happened not to have been brought up with him, because he had happened to be brought up abroad. His father had been a consul somewhere.

On this occasion, anyhow, my curiosity

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got the better of my fixed rule. I decided to lead Chalmers on.

"Do you mean to say that your noble industry is nothing but a poor substitute for a drug?"

He smiled quaintly. His green eyes shone under his dark eyelashes. Very taking eyes they were: well set in his head and pleasantly intimate, with a near-sighted brilliancy.

"I didn't say it was a poor substitute. And, anyhow, cocaine might charm away the hours, but only work can charm away the years. I've got into my stride—for eternity, it would seem. And some day, you know, I may, quite incidentally, do something in spectrum analysis that will be significant. I've got all the time in the world."

"Are you so sure?"

"Well—it looks as if I were in for a long wait."

He spoke as unconcernedly as if he had his lease of life locked up in his safe-deposit drawer.

I drank some whiskey, and waited a minute, wondering whether to push his confidence over the edge, send it spinning into an abyss of revelation. Finally, I decided.

"I didn't know that anything but a contract with the devil could make you so sure."

"Oh! it doesn't have to be with the devil." He sipped his virtuous apollinaris. "Did you notice the heroine's sister?" he went on.

I hadn't noticed her much. I had been paying my money to see Maude Lansing act, and my frugal eyes had attached themselves to her exclusively from the first act to the last.

"A vague little blonde thing, wasn't she?"

"Blonde, but not so vague as you'd think. At least, I don't think she'd be vague if you gave her anything to do. She had to be vague to-night, of course. But didn't you see her deliberately subduing herself to the part—holding herself in, so as not to be too pretty, too angry, too subtle, too much in love? She did everything vaguely, I imagine, so as not to hog the stage. But give her a chance and she'd play up. I was always expecting, you know, that she *would* hog the stage. She could have done it. . . . It quite got me going."

"Did you think her better than Maude Lansing?" It was something new, at least, to have him notice a woman so closely.

Chalmers tasted his *pâté* and half-nodded approvingly at it.

"Oh! I don't know anything about that. She is the only woman I have ever seen who looked like the girl I married."

I set down my glass quickly. I had drunk most of the whiskey, and therefore none of it was spilled. Chalmers married! Why—why—we knew all about him, from cradle to laboratory; or, at least, as much as men do know of other men who have no scrapes to be got out of. I looked narrowly at Chalmers. Was it possible that he had been lying low all these years, with the single intention of perpetrating eventually the supreme joke? And if he was merely a humorist of parts, why had he not assembled the crowd? Why had he selected only one of his intimates? His intimates! That was precisely what we were. Yet none of us knew that he had been married. Chalmers himself might easily not have mentioned a dead wife, but no end of people, first and last, had turned up and contributed to Chalmers's biography, and it was odd that none of them should have mentioned his bereavement. Unless——

"No one knows I am married. No one has ever known. If I told you all about it, you'd see why. And I think I shall. That girl started it all up again."

He leaned across the table and laid his hand on my arm. His eyes glinted encouragingly at me. "Cheer up, old man! You're not in for anything sordid. But curious—oh, very, very curious! Yes, I think, without vanity, I may say *very* curious. . . . I meant what I said just now, coming out of the theatre. There aren't but three things worth while—and I mayn't have them. I mayn't fight, because I might get killed before I've a right to; I don't drink, for the sake of the paltry hours that might be subtracted from the sum of my years if I did; and, being married, I naturally can't very well make love. Can I?" He turned on me with such a tone of ingenuous query that I wondered if it was a joke, after all.

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I tried to be cynical. "That depends . . ."

"Oh, no, it doesn't!" It was the old Chalmers who smiled at me—ingratiating, youthful, adventurous, gay. I had often wondered why Chalmers looked adventurous, his habits being, if ever any man's were, regular to the point of monotony. It occurred to me now that perhaps he looked adventurous because he had had his adventure already. In any case, it was very satisfactory to find at last something in his life that matched with the look in his eyes—something that would take the curse off his even temperament and equable ways.

"Very, very curious," he repeated. "And all these years I've wanted to tell somebody, just in case I should drop out suddenly. I've left written instructions, but I should really like some one to understand. It's all rather preposterous."

"It's preposterous that you should suddenly be married."

"Yes—of course. Well: I've got on pretty well, and I'd rather you didn't mention it to any of the others. But if anything should turn up, you can say you knew it all along."

"Fire ahead."

On the strength of the narrative about to come I ordered another highball. Sometimes you want something to fiddle with, something to intervene between you and your friend when it is hard for eyes to meet. But he had promised me that it should be nothing sordid, and when the drink came I set it trustfully to one side—in reserve, as it were. . . .

"Time was when I knocked about the world a bit. My parents were dead, I had no close kin, and there was money enough to do what I wanted to, provided I wanted something modest. I had a great notion, when I came out of Göttingen, of a Wanderjahr. Only I was determined it shouldn't be hackneyed. There was a good deal of Wilhelm Meister in it, all the same, with a strong dash of Heine. I fancied myself, rather, at that time: wanted to be different—like every other young pilgrim. I didn't want the common fate—not I. I hadn't any grievance against the world, because I had a complete faith in the world's giving me what I wanted in the end. But I distinctly remember promising myself to be remarkable. I sha'n't, of course, unless there is something in spectrum analysis. I used to quote Heine to myself:

'Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.'

Of course, I never believed that I should be 'unendlich elend,' but I should have preferred that to anything mediocre. At that age—you know what we're like. The man who would look at the stars by daylight, and tumbled into the well. That's us, to the life.

"I met her in a villa above Ravello. Some charming French people—or at least Monsieur was French, though Madame and the money were American—were keeping guard over her. The American wife had known her somewhere, and was being good to her in her great misfortune. I won't go into explanations of how I came to frequent their villa. They were among the scores of people I had met and known in this or that pleasant, casual way. I used to go up and dine with them; I prolonged the Italian interlude in my Wanderjahr more or less for the sake of doing so. I had notions of going on to Egypt, but there was time enough for that. I stayed on even more because I liked the villa—an old Saracen stronghold on the edge of the Mediterranean, modernized into comfort—than because I liked them, though they were pleasant enough.

"At first I wished the girl were not there. She never talked; she was just a stiff figure, swathed in black up to her throat, sitting day by day almost motionless on a parapet. She was a harsh note. Wherever you were, she was in the middle distance, a black figure looking out to sea. It didn't take many days for her to get on my nerves. She was like a portent. I fancy she got on theirs, too, but they were helpless. I gathered that Madame C. had a good deal of talk with her daily, in hours when they were alone; and before very long she permitted me to share her perplexities. She didn't want to desert her young friend; but the girl seemed to have sunk into a kind of apathy. She thought perhaps a specialist ought to see her. A very American touch, that! Un-

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luckily, the girl had no close kin; there was no one to turn her over to officially.

"Before long I knew the whole story. The young lady's fiancé was a civil engineer, and had been employed by Portuguese interests in East Africa. He had gone into the interior—more or less—on a job for the Nyassa Company: headquarters Mozambique. There was supposed to be money in it, because the Portuguese had been growing ashamed of their colonial reputation, and had been bucking up to some extent. Hence the job with the Nyassa Company. She had wanted to go out with him, but he would not permit it. Quite right, too: Mozambique's no place for a woman—or Lourenço Marques, either. *I* know. Damn their yellow, half-breed souls! . . . She had been waiting for him to finish his job in the interior, and come home to marry her. The date of their marriage, I imagine, had not been very far off.

"Suddenly, letters had ceased to come. There had been a horrid interval of months when there was no word out of Africa for her. Cablegrams were unanswered. The people at the other end must have been very unbusinesslike not to give her some inkling of the reason why they couldn't deliver them. I suppose it was the uncertainty. There he was, up on the verge of Rhodesia or beyond, prospecting, surveying, exploring: it was quite on the cards that he should lose his way, or be infinitely delayed, or fail somehow of his communications with headquarters on the coast. Beastly months for her, anyhow! Then letters did come. . . . I never saw any of them, but I can imagine just the awkward vocabulary of them: a Portuguese head clerk in Mozambique trying to break it to her ornately that her man had died of fever upcountry. Can't you imagine those letters—in quaint, bad English, on thin paper, worn to utter limpness and poverty with being clutched and carried and cried over? I never saw them, but I can. . . .

"Well: I don't need to go into it all. Indeed, there were many details that Madame C. had forgotten, and that she naturally couldn't ask the girl to refresh her memory of for my benefit. What was troubling Madame was the girl's condition. Apparently she had loved the man consumingly; and considered herself virtually dead—entirely negligible, at least, as pitiful and worthless a thing as a child widow in India. But you've noticed, perhaps, that the very humble are sometimes positively overweening about some special thing. The damned worms *won't* turn—any more than if they were elephants in the path! And so it was with her.

"She was determined to go out and fetch his body home. The people in Mozambique had to confess that they didn't know where those sacred remains were. The epidemic had run through the little camp, and, by the time the man himself had keeled over, the few natives that were left hadn't nerve enough to do anything for him. They remembered him, raving with fever and dropping among the corpses. A few, who were not already stricken, got away—probably considering that there was a lively curse on his immediate neighborhood. There had been complete demoralization. A few of them had eventually strayed back, as I said; joining any one who would take them home. Their casual employments delayed them a good deal, and by the time they turned in a report—to use formal language in a case where it is a sore misfit—there was nothing to be done. I didn't get this from Madame C.; I got it from her, later, when she told me everything she knew about it. But I put it in here, which is, after all, where it belongs."

Chalmers stopped—he had been talking steadily—and lighted a cigarette. I took the opportunity to sip a little whiskey. Through his introduction, I had been staring at him fixedly. My own cigarette had burned to ashes in my fingers; when I felt the spark touch them, I dropped the thing, still without looking at it, into the tray. He hunched his shoulders in the speckled brown coat and bent forward, his arms folded on the table. The little movement of his head from side to side was very like a tortoise. . . .

"Well, you see, . . . of course she couldn't go alone, and of course there was no one to see her through a thing like that. I am sure she hadn't money enough to pay any one for going with her. If she had tried to go, she wouldn't have succeeded in doing much except get into the newspapers. She had sense enough to

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realize it, or the C's had sense enough to make her. But if she couldn't do that, she wouldn't do anything else. She simply sat and brooded, looking seaward. She apparently intended, at least, not to let go of her idea. She may have had some notion of mesmerizing the universe with her obsession—just by sitting tight and never for a moment thinking of anything else. There she sat, anyhow, and Madame C. sent out her doves in vain. They all came back from the parapet, drenched with Mediterranean spray. So it went on. The girl might have been watching for some fabulous creature to rise up from the waves and take her to her goal. She would cheerfully have embarked for East Africa on a dolphin, I think. At all events, she wouldn't leave her parapet, she wouldn't leave the villa, she wouldn't descend to the conventional plane. I don't mean that she didn't talk like a sane woman; I mean only that she sat at the heart of her obsession, and that when you came within a few feet of her you knocked up against it, almost tangibly. A queer thing to meet, day after day. . . . It ended by my being distinctly impressed.

"Very like the girl in the play! Just the same blonde vagueness, just the same effect of being cast inevitably for an unimportant, a merely supplementary part. But one is never fooled twice by that sort of thing. I tell you, Maude Lansing will find herself some day doing chambermaid to that girl's heroine. . . . If I was impressed, it was by the *cul-de-sac* she had got herself into. She couldn't go forward, and she wouldn't go back. She sat there, waiting for the world to change. In the end—after Madame C. had wrung her hands for your benefit a few hundred times—you began to damn the world for not changing. It seemed to be up to the perverse elements to stop the regular business of the cosmos and waft her to her goal.

"I could hardly have talked to her about anything but her plight. It was a week or two before I talked to her at all; but in the end I found that if I wanted to continue to come to the villa, I should have to brave that presence on the parapet—domesticate myself in that pervasive and most logical gloom. So I did. She was a positive creature: there wasn't the faintest hint of apology or deprecation in her manner. She would see you on business, and only on business—the business being her tragedy. Don't misunderstand—" (Chalmers frowned a little as he looked at me). "She was neither lachrymose nor hard; she was just infinitely and quite decently preoccupied with her one desire and her helplessness to achieve it. She didn't magnify herself. It isn't magnifying yourself to want a proper funeral for the person you love, is it? She was even grateful for sympathy, though she didn't want a stream of words poured out over her. She—she was an awfully good sort."

Chalmers dug his cigarette-end almost viciously into the tray, and watched the smoke go out. We both watched the smoke go out. . . .

"Before long we had talked together a good deal, especially during the hour before dinner, when the sun and the sea were so miraculous that any other miracle seemed possible. Such easy waters to cross they looked, in the sunset light! You forgot the blistering leagues beyond; you forgot that it took money and men and courage and endurance, and all kinds of things that are hard to come by, to get to the goal she was straining for. I suppose it wouldn't be honest to say that she ever passed her personal fervor on to me—I couldn't in the nature of things care so much about recovering that poor chap's bones as she did—but I did end by wishing with all my heart that I could help. Little by little, it seemed a romantic thing to do—to go out searching for the spot where he had died. Of course, getting the bones themselves, except for extraordinary luck, was all moonshine; but she didn't see that, and her blindness affected me. Finally, my Wanderjahr began to shape itself to new horizons. Why shouldn't I have a try? . . . I dare say I posed a little as a paladin, though not, I hope, to her. Anyhow, I decided to broach it.

"I don't suppose you can understand it—any of it—for the simple reason that I can't describe her. She was the kind of person who sees very clearly the difference between the possible and the impossible; who never attempts anything but the possible; yet who sets every one about

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her itching to attain the impossible. Not 'for her sake,' in the conventional sense; no, not that at all. Simply, she has set before you so clearly the reason why a thing can't be done that you long to confute her, just as you sometimes long to confute fate. She was as convincing and as maddening as a natural law. Each of us, sooner or later, has tried to get the better of some little habit of the universe. You felt like saying: 'Stop looking like that; I'll do it—see if I don't.'

"That was the spirit in which I went to her late one afternoon, on her parahet. The C's had been away all day and were not to return until evening. Madame C. had exasperated me the night before by proposing, quite baldly and kindly, that the girl be decoyed into a sanatorium. The C's couldn't keep her much longer—they were off for Biskra—and it was up to me. I had lain awake half the night, exploring the last recesses of disaster into which my idea might lead me; I had sailed far out on the bright waters all day, perfecting my courage. I could have written as bitter a little allegory about it all as Heine himself. Secretly, in a tawdry corner of my mind, I thought Wilhelm Meister was a poor stick compared to me. But it was honest romance: I was willing to pay."

I finished my whiskey as Chalmers's voice dropped and died down, and he busied himself a little nervously with lighting a pipe. His green eyes had flecks of brown in them. Once more in the speckled brown figure opposite me I saw the tortoise beyond the reach of biology, which upholds the world, which carries the burden of all human flesh and spirit.

"I told her that I was ready to go; that I could scrape together enough money for the expedition without entirely impoverishing myself. My figures hadn't been quite so reassuring as that when I totted them up on a piece of hotel paper at dawn, but at least I had left magnificent margins for everything.

"She smiled—I had never seen her smile before, and at the moment it made her thanks seem profuse—but she shook her head. She was beautifully simple about it. I liked her for that.

"'It wouldn't do. Not that it isn't divinely good of you! But, you see, the point is that—' she stopped.

"'Well?' My heart was beating hard. I had become enamoured of my idea. I no more wanted to be balked than she did.

"'The point has always been that I should go myself.'

"'Then go yourself!'

"'Carrying off all your money? I can't—Don Quixote.' There was nothing playful in her tone; and she had me all the more because there wasn't. She was merely registering facts. Even the 'Don Quixote' was, to her mind, a fact that she was registering. She was splendidly literal.

"'Come with me. I don't propose that you should go alone.'

"She frowned a little; and in that frown I read all the weariness of the hours of past talk with Madame C. Presently she looked up at me, very kindly, a little questioningly, as if for the first time my personality in itself interested her.

"'You know that—even for me—that is impossible.'

"I knew what she meant: that she would have been ready for any abnegation, being, herself, as I have said, negligible; but that the world must be able to pick no flaw in the rites paid to the shade.

"'If you will marry me, it is not impossible.'

"That is what I said—just like that. I had determined that nothing should be an obstacle. She didn't change her posture or her expression by the fraction of a millimetre. She looked silently past me at the ilexes as if she had not heard. But she had heard. I think that at that moment—no, I don't except all that came after—I touched the highest point of my romance. . . . She thought for a moment or two while I waited. I suppose she was considering what in the world to say to that, and deciding that the world would have no right to say anything; that it would be, and legitimately so, between her and me. The dead themselves, of course, can be trusted to understand. It didn't take her long—you see, she was a girl of one idea, and of one idea only.

"'Very well, I will marry you.' The words came as simply from her lips as any others. We didn't at that time, or at any time before our marriage, have any discussion of the extremely—shall I say?—

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individual nature of our relation. That was the one thing we couldn't have talked of. It would have been—you see?—quite impossible for either to imply, by approaching the subject, that the other perhaps didn't understand. I couldn't even be so crass as to say, 'Look here, my dear girl, of course I quite recognize that you don't in any sense belong to me'; or she be so crass as to say in turn, 'I know it.' No. . . . I suppose I have never been so near the summit as I was that evening, after she had 'accepted' me, and we had both silently laid our freedom on the altar of that dead man. Neither of us realized all the inevitable practical results of such a compact. We simply thought we had thrown the ultimate sufficing sop to Cerberus, and that all our lives we should hear him contentedly crunching it. I am quite sure that her mind turned as blank a face to the future as mine. Quite."

His voice rang authoritatively across the table. I said nothing. What could I say? What is the proper greeting when you cross the threshold of such an habitation? I offered him a silence that was at least respectful.

"Well: I won't bore you with too many details. She pulled herself together and said her visit must end. We did not tell the C's. We merely let them get off to Tunis. It would not have been easy for her to explain to Madame C. all the things that we had never condescended to explain to each other. She was a Catholic, by the way. We were married by a parish priest in—no, on second thoughts, I won't even tell you where. The place has kept the secret hitherto. It is better so. I left her at once to make arrangements for the quest. It took some time and a good deal of frenzied journeying to realize on my securities. I gave her a letter of credit, so that she could be in all incidental ways independent of me. That was necessary, because I was to go out to Mozambique first, and she was to follow only when I sent for her. Very soon, you see, I began to realize the practical inconveniences of travelling with a woman who bears your name and who is a total stranger to you. It's damned expensive, for one thing." Chalmers's smile was nearer the authentic gleam of irony than anything I had seen before during the evening.

"Well: I went. I interviewed the proper people; I saw one of the creatures who knew the spot where our man had died. Eventually, I arranged the expedition. Then I cabled for her. She took the *Dunvegan Castle* at Naples. . . . By the time I met her at the steamer she had grown incredible to me. I could more easily have believed her a sharer in some half-forgotten light adventure than my duly registered wife. She was unreal to me, a figure recurring inexplicably in a dream, a memory—of exactly what sort I was not quite sure. My feet lagged along the pier. . . . She soon set all that straight. I had wondered if the sop to Cerberus would require our seeming to kiss. She managed it somehow so that no stage-kiss was necessary. She dissipated the funk into which I had fallen by practical questions and preoccupations; she came upon my fever like a cool breeze off the sea. She had made her point; she had achieved her miracle; and in every incidental way, little and big, she could afford to show what a serviceable soul she was. She was a good thing to have about. There were times when the situation got on my nerves, in Mozambique, before we started. It's such a small hole that we seemed always to be bumping into each other. I couldn't make out her private attitude towards me: I used to wonder if she had any, or if she simply thought of me as a courier in her own class. I was so endlessly occupied with engaging men and beasts, and camping kit and supplies—what was I but a courier? The paladin idea was fading a little; though now and then at night I'd look up at the Southern Cross and let the strangeness of the thing convince me all over again. I don't think I wanted anything so commonplace as gratitude from her; but I did want in her some sense of the strangeness of our alliance, with all the things it left unsaid. Perhaps I wanted her to realize that not every man would have responded so quickly to the call of impersonal romance. I can look back on all that egotism of youth and despise it; but there's something not wholly ignoble in an egotism that wants only good fame with one's self and one's secret collaborator. Anyhow, there were moments when my dedication seemed solemn; just as there were other

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moments when I seemed like an inadequate tenor in a comic opera. I never knew just how she hovered between those two conceptions. We were destined to see each other only by lightning flashes—never once in the clear light of day.

"I can't tell you how I came to hate the Portuguese before we left that mean little hole. You laughed at me once for rending Blakely to shreds over Camoëns. I've read Camoëns in my day and hated him, as if something in me had known beforehand that I was eventually to have good reason to loathe every syllable of that damned language. My stock is southern, too—South Carolina—and you can imagine how I enjoyed seeing, at every turn, the nigger the better man. Portugal ought to be wiped off the map of Africa.

"Well—I got our arrangements made as well as I could. It was lucky I had left handsome margins for everything, because the graft was sickening. They wouldn't let your own approved consignments leave the dock without handing out cash to at least three yellow dogs that called themselves officials. I had hoped to find some sort of female servant for her—I shook at the thought of having her go off on a trip like that without another woman to do things for her that I, in the circumstances, couldn't very well do. But there wasn't a wench of either color or any of the intervening shades that a nice woman could have had about her. She was very plucky about it all. As I say, she had made her great point and didn't care. The morning we started she stuck a gentian in my buttonhole and another in hers—and she smiled. A smile of hers carried very far. And so we started.

"I needn't give you the details of our trip. People write books about that sort of thing: keep diaries of their mishaps, and how Umgalooloo or Ishbosheth or some other valuable assistant stole a bandanna handkerchief and had to be mulcted of a day's pay—all very interesting to somebody, no doubt. To tell the truth, the concrete details maddened me; and we seemed to live wholly in concrete terms of the smallest. I, who had planned for my Wanderjahr a colossal, an almost forbidden, intimacy with Platonic abstractions! I had always rather meant to go in for biology eventually, but I got over that in Africa: we were much too near the lower forms of life. And to this day, as you well know, I can't bear hearing Harry Dawes talk about folk-lore. He's driven me home from the club a good many nights."

I caught my breath. It was almost uncanny, the way Chalmers's little idiosyncrasies were explaining themselves, bit by bit. I felt the cold wind of a deterministic law blowing over my shoulder—as cold as Calvinism. I had always loved temperament and its vagaries. Now I wasn't sure I wanted the light in Chalmers's eyes explained, to the last gleam. Mightn't any of us ever be inexplicable and irresponsible and delightful?

"Of course they had given us maps in Mozambique—not official ones, oh, no! those would have come too high. The Nyassa Company had to pretend to be amiable, but they didn't fork out anything they didn't have to. Small loss the official maps were, I fancy; but those we had weren't much good. It wasn't, however, a difficult journey to make, from that point of view, and the cheerful savage who had abandoned our hero swore he knew where to take us. In eight weeks we reached the spot that he declared to be the scene of the death from fever. I dare say he was right: he knew the villages along the way; he had described the topography, more or less, before we started, and it tallied. We pitched camp and spent three horrible days there. It is needless to say that we might as well have hunted for the poor fellow's bones under the parapet at Ravello. I saw—and if you'll believe me, I positively hadn't seen before—what moonshine it all was. She ought to have been put to bed and made to pray God to make her a good girl before she dragged anybody—even me—out on such a wild-goose chase as that. There wasn't a relic—except certain signs of some one's having cleared ground there before, and one or two indescribable fragments, picked up within a five-hundred-yard radius, that might have been parts of tin cans. Why should there have been? If there had been any plunder, natives would have found and taken it, as they would inevitably have removed and destroyed any corporal vestiges out of sheer

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superstition and hostility. I had learned their little ways, since Ravello. The rank soil in the wet season would have done the rest. I wondered—cruelly, no doubt—whether she had expected him to bury himself with a cairn atop, and a few note-books (locked up in a despatch-box) decorously waiting for her in his grave. On the strength of the savage's positive declaration that at such a distance—two days—from the last village, beyond such a stream, beneath such and such a clump of trees, he had seen the white man fall in the last delirium, she searched the place, as you might say, with a microscope. I thought it extremely likely that the fellow was lying for the sake of our pay, but I had to admit that I couldn't prove it. Certainly, his information was the only thing we could reasonably go on: we couldn't invest all Portuguese East Africa with an army and set them to digging up every square inch of soil in that God-forsaken country. If this clue failed, we could only return. But there was a moment when, in her baffled anguish, I think she could have taken a good close-range shot at the inscrutable nigger who had been with him, and had left him, and could not even bring us to his body. The girl on the stage to-night was like that, though you don't believe it. Vague, indeed! Maude Lansing's a fool if she keeps her on.

"You see"—Chalmers shifted his position and, ever so little, his tone of voice. It was extraordinary how straight he went with his story, considering that he had never told it before. He seemed to have dragged it out from some receptacle, intact, not a thread frayed, in perfect order, ready to spread before me. The pattern was as clear as if it were just off the torturesome loom. He seemed to know it by heart.

"You see"—he went on—"she had been changing steadily, all through that march of ours. You would have said that the tropical sun had forced her growth. She had been a cold, immature thing in Italy—passions dormant and sealed. Now they had worked their way up to the surface, and were just beneath the skin. She *would* have shot the nigger. Before, I suppose, she had lived with ideas only; even *he* must have been chiefly an idea, though a tremendous one. The daily contact with all sorts of unsuspected facts, the hopeless crudeness of the hinterlands most of us never get into, had worked on her. There may be something subtle in the tropics—people talk as if there were. I should say they were no more subtle than the slums. The body demands a hundred things, and it becomes a matter of the utmost moment whether you get them for it or not. You can't achieve subtlety until the body is lulled. That life has complications of its own; but I shouldn't call it subtle. Very far from it. And savages make you feel that it's subtlety enough merely to have a white skin: there's something irrelevant and ignoble in pushing subtlety further. In the end the sun wears you out, I suppose, and makes you want nothing very much; but at first it merely makes it intolerable not to have everything on the very instant. . . . I merely meant to explain that she was a changed creature—a good sport always, but inclined to impatiences, angers, delights, and fervors, that I fancy she had never felt before. Her tongue was loosed; she was lyric about cool water, violent about native trickeries. I don't mean—Heaven forbid!—that she was vulgar. She had a sweet distinction all her own. She was merely real and varied and vital. And I dare say the fundamental formality of our relation was all the subtlety we could stand. It put an edge on everything.

"We were very near the line of Rhodesia, and for various reasons we decided to cross over and come down far enough south through British territory to strike the Zambezi and its boats. If there was any information to be picked up, we should be more likely to find it in that direction than by going back the way we had come, which was utterly barren of clues. I had reason to suppose that the others who had survived the fever had gone on to the Rhodesian villages. We started in the cool of dawn; and I ought to say that there were no backward glances on her part. She was convinced that there was nothing in that precise spot for her; and I think she had hope of finding something in the miles just beyond. I could see that she did not more than half-believe the identifications of the

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negro who had been on the earlier expedition. True, his guttural gibberish did not sound like information; but, after all, he was the only link we had with that supreme and sordid adventure. We pushed on."

Chalmers threw back his head and stretched his arms, but went on presently in a more vibrant, a more intimately reminiscent tone. The club was nearly empty—it was getting on for midnight. I seemed to myself to be quite alone with the tortoise that upheld the world.

"I suppose this is the point in the narrative to say rather a difficult thing—though it ought to be clear that I've no cause or wish to paint myself anything but the mottled color most of us are. I spoke of what the tropics had done to her: fulfilled her in all kinds of ways. We had strange talks by the fire at night; moving on, after the necessary practical discussions, into regions of pure emotion. The emotion was all over the incidents we encountered; we marshalled our acts and made our decisions, and then leaned back and generalized with passion. Whatever Africa had done to her inwardly it had at least taught her to talk. I had never had any particular sense of her being on guard—there *was*, from the very first, something strange and delicate in the flavor of our understanding—but now I had the sense of her being specifically and gloriously off her guard. We seemed to know each other awfully well." Chalmers's face, as he looked down at his pipe-bowl, was curiously boyish, for an instant. He might have been speaking of a playmate in his childhood.

"Put it that I fell in love with her. I don't choose to analyze my feeling more than that. There was everything in it to make me the prey of a passion for her—so long as we hadn't begun, in Mozambique, by hating each other. She was straight, she was fine, she was thoroughly good; she was also, in her unfailing freshness and her astonishing health, infinitely desirable. By the law of every land she was my wife. There wasn't a barrier between us except the frail one built of things that had never been said. Of course, I knew that to her the barrier doubtless looked insuperable. She considered herself the inalienable property of the man whose bones we were fantastically hunting for. Well: can't you see that that very fact was peculiarly constructed to whet my hunger? It was maddening to know that shadows could effectually keep two strong, sinewy creatures apart. Our utter isolation in our adventure flung us upon each other.

'Doch es tritt ein styg'scher Schatten
Nächtlich zwischen mich und ihn.'

"One night she had a bad dream; she moaned and cried out in her sleep, and I had to stand outside her tent and listen while she woke and wept and finally quieted down with little sobs like a child's. I couldn't even go in and lay my hand on her forehead to soothe her."

He shook his head, and over his face crept the shadow of the burdened.

"Well: that was what I was in for, and I knew I was in for it as long as I should desire her. Finally, I only prayed that we might get safely back to Mozambique where I could leave her forever. I knew that before my fever ebbed it would rise in a horrid flood. I wanted her desperately; I should want her more desperately before I got through with it, and I had, for my honor's sake, not to let her know. It's odd how many situations there are in life that make it an insult to tell a woman you love her. But I think you'll agree with me that this is rather an extraordinary case of it.

"All this time I hadn't the faintest inkling of what she felt: whether she knew or what she would have thought of me if she had known. There's something tremendous in the power of ideas. Think of how easy it would have been for me—I won't say to take what I wanted, though against that background it wouldn't have seemed such a preposterous thing to do—to insist on her talking it out with me some night by the fire; how little she could have turned her back on me if I wanted to ask her a question. But I was as tongue-tied as if we had been in a drawing-room, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of chaperonage. And yet sometimes it didn't seem possible, with her face and her speech changing like that week by week, that there shouldn't be some change in it for me.

"I often wondered if she ever had mo-

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ments, as I did, of thinking that that man had never lived. But I could only go on assuming that she gave him every thought she had. I never knew, by the way, what she felt—she never told me. I said, a little while back, that we never saw each other in the clear light of day—only in lightning flashes. In spite of our semblance of intimacy, that was true. For when a man is obsessed with the notion of wanting to make very definite love to a woman, her impersonal conversation is a kind of haze at best. I know that we talked; but I know that, after the fiasco, when we ate our meals, when we rode side by side along those unspeakable trails, when we sat by the fire in the evening, I hardly knew or cared what we talked of. I kept a kind of office in my brain quite tidy for the transaction of business: the rest was just a sort of House of Usher where I wandered, wanting her. By the time we struck the first Rhodesian village I didn't even feel sure I could hold my tongue all the way south and east again. I only prayed to God to deliver me from being an utter and unspeakable brute. That was what my romance had led me to—that I was hanging on to common decency by the eyelids!

"You understand there was added to my most inconvenient and unfitting passion for the girl all the psychology of return from a lost battle-field—if you could in name so dignify that pitiful clearing which was our frustration. Everything was over, and why the devil shouldn't something else begin? That was the refrain my blood kept pounding out. I dare say you don't understand—you live among the civilized and are used to reckoning with shadows. It's different out there on the well-nigh uninhabited veldt. A platitude, I know. Funny how people despise platitudes, when they're usually the truest things going! A thing has to be pretty true before it gets to be a platitude at all. Humph!

"We struck into northeastern Rhodesia—days and days over the veldt; and after the rains it was blooming like the rose. Gladiolus everywhere—'white man's country, past disputing.' No 'baked karroo' there. Pretty starkly uninhabited, though. Of course we were hundreds of miles north of the mines and the other activities on the edge of the Transvaal. Mashonaland, it would really be more properly called; and it describes it better, sounds wilder—as it was. We were heading west across the tail of Nyassa, and then south—to the Zambezi or the railroad, it didn't much matter which. That man was as lost to us, every corporal vestige of him, as if his ashes had been scattered like Wycliffe's. But there on the rampart above Ravello both she and I had felt that the search was imperative: I no less than she. We were both pretty young."

His head dropped on his breast for a moment. He looked as if he felt his burden. I suppose the tortoise sometimes wonders why. . . .

"Then one afternoon we dropped into the heart of a storm—tropical thunder, tropical lightning, skies blacker than you've ever seen, a wind that churned the heavens into a pot of inky broth. I had been wondering for days what we should do when we struck something besides the eternal huddled villages of the natives with their tobacco-plots and mealie-fields, their stupid curiosities, their impudent demands for gifts—something more like a house, people you could count people, with a touch of white in their complexions. Strange coincidence, that it was by the real lightning-flash that I, for the only time in my life, saw her clear; strange, too, that the revelation should have come on the heels of our first approach to anything like civilization. It was only the plantation of a man who had made his little pile by trading in Kimberley, and had trekked up to the edge of the wilderness to live there in peace with his aged wife, and his cattle, and the things that without too much trouble he could coax out of the good-humored soil. His establishment was the first earnest of European activities seething somewhat to the southward; the first reminder of Europe that we had had since leaving the last Portuguese outpost on the way to the Nyassa. The trip had not been hard, as such trips go: we had run into no wars; no famine or drought or disease had visited us. We had been in luck; for I was a shocking amateur, and anything like a real expedition I could not have managed, of course. Yet, even so, I had been straining my eyes for the sight of a white man; for some

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form of life that more nearly suited my definition of 'colonial.'

"And so we stumbled into his compound at eight in the evening, after endless floundering about in the storm. We had had to dismount from our donkeys and lead the frightened beasts by the bridle. Eventually we could discard them for horses or ox-carts, but for a little while still we might need them, and we clung to them, though the temptation was to let them go—with a kick."

Chalmers hesitated. "Why do I find it so confoundedly hard to come at? I'm not writing a diary of accidents and self-congratulations like the explorer fellows. The only point in the whole thing is just what I can't manage to bring out!" He mused for a moment. "The whole place white with hail after the storm . . . thick on the thatch of the big, rambling house . . . the veranda eaves dripping . . . then the rain stopping, and a miraculous silence after the tumult . . . no light anywhere except long, low continual flashes on the horizon at the edge of the veldt—and then she came out, dressed in something of the poor old vrouw's that hung about her lovely, slim figure like a carnival joke. I was wondering thickly where I should spend the night. I had introduced her as my wife, of course . . . and they had muttered something about the other room's being in use. The good old souls had gone off to bed with the ceasing of the storm, after our little caravan was housed down in the farm niggers' quarters. But naturally I couldn't have explained to them, anyhow. . . . The lightning was about as regular as a guttering candle set in a draught—but about a thousand candle-power when it did come. And by one apocalyptic flash, I saw her face. She didn't say anything; she merely laid her hand on my shoulder. And I, who had been bursting with the wish to talk, to tell her, to lay my head on her knees and weep, out of pure self-pity and desire—all those cublike emotions—didn't say anything, either. I only saw—in that one flash—the working of her lips, the prophetic brilliancy of her eyes. We turned and went into the house without a word. She wanted me, too: that was what it came to. Other things being equal, the utter isolation of a man and a woman must do one of two things—must put a burning fire or the polar ice between them. I knew what it had done to me; I hadn't been able to guess what it had done to her. I had rather been betting on the polar ice."

Chalmers ruffled both hands through his hair and leaned back from the table. His mouth took on a legal twist. "It's the only thing I blame myself for—bar all the egotism that youth has to slough, and that I think I sloughed forever before I reached the damned coast. I ought to have known that half her impulse was the mere clinging of the frightened child, and the other half the strangeness of our journey, which made us both feel that all laws had ceased to work and that all signs had failed. I ought to have reflected, to have put her off, to have made sure, before I ever took her into my arms. And yet I'm glad I didn't—though I'm ashamed of being glad. Even then, you know, I didn't envisage the rest of life. I still thought, as for months I had thought, that there could be no conventional future for that adventure. When my curious Wanderjahr was over, I expected to die. And I wanted to have some other face than the barren visage of Romance—the painted hussy!—press itself to mine before I went out. I got it; and I'm not yet over being glad, though it has made a coil that grows tighter rather than looser with the years."

I made no answer. There was nothing to say. He had not got to the end, and until the end what was there for me to do but light another weary cigarette and summon all the sympathy I could to my non-committal eyes? On the face of it, it was merely an extraordinary situation, in which if a man were once caught he could do little—a new and singular kind of hard-luck story. But, as he told it, with those tones, those inflections, those stresses, he certainly did not seem to be painting himself *en beau*. I looked at the patient figure opposite me—Chalmers always seemed pre-eminently patient—and, for very perplexity, held my tongue.

"The next morning I got breakfast early, and went to see about my men and beasts. I was a little afraid of finding the men drunk, but they weren't—only full-fed and lazy and half-mutinous. The

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guide who had led us to the historic spot had vanished—deserted in the night, with half his pay owing him. No one in that black crew could explain. We had had desertions before, and I should have considered us well enough off simply with one coast nigger the less, if he hadn't been my interpreter as well. There were very few things I could say to the others without him, and though we were out of the woods we were by no means done with our retinue. I strode back to the house in a fine rage. I think I minded the inconvenience most, since it would be the inconvenience that would most affect her. Frankly, you see, I couldn't suppose she felt, any longer, a special concern with that particular black sample of human disloyalty.

"When I entered the house, I saw her at once. Her back was turned to me, and she was talking with a man I had not hitherto seen—evidently some inmate of the house whom we had not encountered the previous evening. The other room had been in use, I reflected in a flash. He was stretched on a ramshackle sofa, with some sort of animal skin thrown over him. He—but I won't describe him. I know every feature of his face, though I saw him, all told, not more than five minutes, and have never seen him since. I have a notion"—Chalmers's voice grew very precise, and his mouth looked more legal than ever—"that when he wasn't pulled down with a long illness and protracted suffering he would be very good-looking. As it was, he was unhealthy white, like the wrong kind of ghost. One arm was quite limp.

"At the instant I didn't place him—naturally! But as soon as she turned her face to me, I did. Only one thing could have induced that look of horror—horror in every strained feature, like the mask of some one who had seen the Medusa. I started to her, but stopped almost before I started; for I saw immediately that I was the Gorgon. It was for me that her face had changed; God knows what, two minutes before, her face had been saying to that half-lifeless form. It was about *me* that she felt like that. Since, with all the years to work it out in, I've seen why; but just at the moment I was overwhelmed. She sat down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. I heard the man babbling tragic and insignificant details. I can't say I listened, but before I could pull myself together and leave I caught mention of fever, accident, loss of memory, broken limbs, miraculous co-operation of fate for good and evil alike—the whole mad history, I suppose, from his side, of the past year. I have sometimes wished I had caught it more clearly, but just at the moment I could take in nothing except the insulting fact that this was the man whose grave we had not found. That was what her face had told me in that horrid instant. I never saw her face again. It was still bowed on her hands when I went out of the door.

"I don't know how I got off—I don't remember. I suppose I had the maniac's speed. If I hadn't been beside myself, I think I could recall more of what I did. The patriarchal creature under whose roof it had all happened helped me. I think I gave him a good many directions about the negroes and the kit. Or I may have paid them off myself. I honestly don't know. I know that I left nearly all of my money with him, and started off on horseback alone. I had a dull sense that I was causing her some practical difficulties, but I also had a very vivid sense that she would kill herself if she had to encounter me again. She had looked at me as if I were a monster from the mud. And the night before, on the veranda, in the lightning . . ."

Chalmers stopped and looked at me. The brilliancy had gone out of his eyes. He said nothing more.

"Well?" I asked finally.

"'Well?'" There came a wide shrug of the shoulders, a loosening of the lips. "I got back somehow. I seemed to be riding, day and night, straight to hell. But eventually I got to Salisbury and took a train to Beira. It was immensely steadying to take a train. I think any more of the veldt would have driven me quite definitely mad." He stopped; then, in a moment, jerked out: "That's all."

"Do you mean that you've never heard anything more?"

"Never a word. But I know that, eventually, she drew out every penny of her letter of credit. She had hardly dipped into it when we left Europe."

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"Good God!" I don't know why I should have sat stolidly through the rest and have been bowled over by that one detail, but I was. It made the woman extraordinarily real.

"And of course she knows several places where a letter would reach me, if she ever had reason to write," he went on. "Perhaps you see now why I have to hang on. By holding my tongue I've been grub-staking them in Arcadia, you might say—but, damn it, I know so little about it! The time might come . . ."

"Why haven't you divorced her long since?"

His face hardened. "Didn't I mention that she was a Catholic? We were married by the most orthodox *padre* imaginable. There's no divorce for her. She's the kind to chuck heaven, perhaps, but not her church. And unfortunately"—he spoke very slowly and meditatively—"our marriage, you see, just missed being the kind that can be annulled. 'Unfortunately,' I say, but, even now, I'm glad—damned glad. It's quite on the cards, you know, that some day some priest may send her back to me. I might divorce; she couldn't. So it seems decent for me not to."

"Well, of all the . . ." I got no further. The whole Laokoönesque group had now completed itself before me.

Chalmers leaned back and whistled a bar or two from *Rigoletto*. Then, "Never marry a Catholic, old man!" he said in his lightest voice. But immediately he bent forward and laid his hand on mine. "You do see why I have to hang on, don't you?"

I merely compressed my lips tightly that no word should come.

"After all," he said, turning his head away, "I should like a chance to get back at Romance, some day. And the time may come—what with spectrum analysis and all."

I shook my head. "You love the woman still, Chalmers."

"Not I." His headshake was more vehement than mine. "But I want to be on deck if anything should turn up. I want to see it through. At least—I can't quite see that I've the right to go out."

I sighed. Chalmers had always gone his own way; and certainly in this greatest matter he would be tenacious, if ever. He seemed for the moment to have forgotten me, and sat once more, his arms folded on the table, his shoulders hunched, as beneath a burden, in the speckled brown coat, his head moving slightly from side to side—again fantastically like the tortoise that bears up the world. I didn't quite know what to do with him.

Then a charitable impulse came to me. The bar, I knew, didn't close until one. I ordered up a bottle of brandy. When it came, I poured out enough to set the brain of any abstemious man humming. Chalmers was still staring in front of him at the table. I wanted him to sleep that night at any cost. Pursuing my impulse, I pushed the glass across to him. "Here: you'd better take this," I said. He reached out his hand mechanically, and mechanically drank. I waited. The stuff had no visible effect on him. Five minutes later I repeated the dose. As before, he obeyed me with a mechanical, an almost mesmerized, implicitness. Then I took him home in a cab, and put him to bed. I never told, myself, but it leaked out—he had such a bad hang-over—and I was much and enviously congratulated. You see, we had all tried, for five years, to get Chalmers to take a drink.

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MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

I—AT THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

1876–77

I WAS married in Paris in November, 1874, at the French Protestant Chapel of the rue Taitbout, by Monsieur Bersier, one of the ablest and most eloquent pastors of the Protestant church. We had just established ourselves in Paris, after having lived seven years in Rome. We had a vague idea of going back to America, and Paris seemed a first step in that direction—was nearer New York than Rome. I knew very little of France—we had never lived there—merely stayed a few weeks in the spring and autumn, coming and going from Italy. My husband was a deputy, named to the National Assembly in Bordeaux in 1871, by his Department—the Aisne. He had some difficulty in getting to Bordeaux. Communications and transports were not easy, as the Germans were still in the country, and, what was more important, he hadn't any money—couldn't correspond with his banker, in Paris—(he was living in the country). However, a sufficient amount was found in the country, and he was able to make his journey. When I married, the Assembly was sitting at Versailles. Monsieur Thiers, the first President of the Republic, had been overthrown in May, 1873—the Maréchal de MacMahon named in his place. W.* had had a short ministry (public instruction) under Monsieur Thiers, but he was so convinced that it would not last that he never even went to the ministry—saw his directors in his own rooms. I was plunged at once into absolutely new surroundings. W.'s personal friends were principally Orleanists and the literary element of Paris—his colleagues at the Institute. The first houses I was taken to in Paris were the Ségurs, Remusats, Lasteyries, Casimir Périers, Gallieras, d'Haussonville, Léon Say, and some of the Protestant families—Pour-

*"W.," here and throughout these articles, refers to Madame Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

**Mary Alsop King Waddington is a daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia College in the city of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1864 she went abroad with her father and his family, residing in Italy several years. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Waddington.

M. William Henry Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalized French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated in England, first at Rugby and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took first classic honors, entitling him to the chancellor's medal. He rowed in the Cambridge boat in the university race of 1849. Soon after leaving the university M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative for the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became minister of public instruction, which office he resigned in May, 1877. In December of that year he accepted the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs.

M. Waddington was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin, 1878. In the winter of 1879–80 he refused the offer of the London embassy and paid a visit to Italy, where he was received by the Pope and the King. In 1883 he accepted the London embassy and remained ten years in England. M. Waddington died in 1894.

Madame Waddington is the author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," "Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," and "Château and Country Life in France," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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talès, André Bartholdi, Mallet, etc. It was such an entirely different world from any I had been accustomed to that it took me some time to feel at home in my new "milieu." Political feeling was very strong—all sorts of fresh, young elements coming to the front. The Franco-German war was just over—the French very sore and bitter after their defeat. There was a strong underlying feeling of violent animosity to the Emperor, who had lost them two of their fairest provinces, and a passionate desire for the "revanche." The feeling was very bitter between the two branches of the Royalist party, Legitimists and Orleanists. One night at a party in the Faubourg St. Germain, I saw a well-known fashionable woman of the extreme Legitimist party turn her back on the Comtesse de Paris. The receptions and visits were not always easy nor pleasant, even though I was a stranger and had no ties with any former government. I remember one of my first visits to a well-known Legitimist countess in the Faubourg St. Germain; I went on her reception day, a thing all young women are most particular about in Paris. I found her with a circle of ladies sitting around her, none of whom I knew. They were all very civil, only I was astonished at the way the mistress of the house mentioned my name every time she spoke to me: "Madame Waddington, êtes-vous allée à l'Opéra hier soir," "Madame Waddington, vous montez à cheval tous les matins, je crois," "Monsieur Waddington va tous les vendredis à l'Institut, il me semble," etc. I was rather surprised and said to W. when I got home, "How curious it is, that way of saying one's name all the time; I suppose it is an old-fashioned French custom. Madame de B. must have said 'Waddington' twenty times during my rather short visit." He was much amused. "Don't you know why? So that all the people might know who you were and not say awful things about the 'infecte gouvernement' and the Republic, 'which no gentleman could serve.'"

Monsieur Thiers.

The position of the German embassy in Paris was very difficult, and unfortunately their first ambassador after the war, Count Arnim, didn't understand (perhaps didn't care to) how difficult it was for a high-spirited nation, which until then had always ranked as a great military power, to accept her humiliation and be just to the victorious adversary. Arnim was an unfortunate appointment—not at all the man for such a delicate situation. We had known him in Rome in the old days of Pio Nono's reign, where he had a great position as Prussian minister to the Vatican. He and the Countess Arnim received a great deal, and their beautiful rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the top of the Capitol Hill (the two great statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses looking as if they were guarding the entrance) were a brilliant centre for all the Roman and diplomatic world. He was a thorough man of the world, could make himself charming when he chose, but he never had a pleasant manner, was curt, arrogant, with a very strong sense of his own superiority. From the first moment he came to Paris as ambassador, he put people's backs up. They never liked him, never trusted him; whenever he had an unpleasant communication to make, he exaggerated the unpleasantness, never at-

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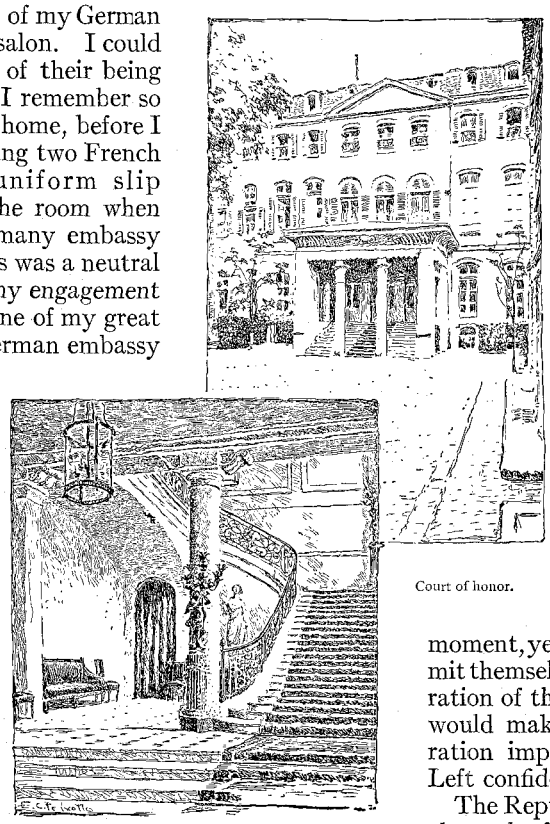
tenuated, and there is so much in the way things are said. The French were very hard upon him when he got into trouble, and certainly his own government was merciless to him.

One of my first small difficulties after becoming a Frenchwoman was to eliminate some of my German friends from my salon. I could not run the risk of their being treated rudely. I remember so well one night at home, before I was married, seeing two French officers not in uniform slip quietly out of the room when one of the Germany embassy came in, yet ours was a neutral house. When my engagement was announced one of my great friends at the German embassy (Count Arco) said to me: "This is the end, I suppose, of our friendship; I can never go to see you when you are the wife of a French deputy." "Oh, yes, you can still come; not quite so often perhaps, but I can't give up my friends." However, we drifted apart without knowing why exactly. It is curious how long that hostile feeling toward Germany has lasted in France.



Court of honor.

Grand staircase.

Palace of the German embassy.

The sittings of the assembly were very interesting in that wonderful year when everything was being discussed. All public interest of course was centred in Versailles, where the National Assembly was trying to establish some sort of stable government. There were endless discussions and speeches and very violent language in the chambers. Gambetta made some bitter attacks on the Royalists, accusing them of "mauvaise foi" and want of patriotism. The Bonapartist leaders tried to persuade themselves and their friends that they still had a hold on the country and that a "plébiscite" would bring back in triumph their prince. The Legitimists, hoping against hope that the Comte de Chambord would still be the savior of the country, made passionate appeals to the old feeling of loyalty in the nation, and the "centre droit," representing the Orleanists, nervous, hesitating, knowing the position perfectly, ardently desiring a constitutional monarchy, but feeling that it was not possible at that moment, yet unwilling to commit themselves to a final declaration of the Republic, which would make a royalist restoration impossible. All the Left confident, determined.

The Republic was voted on the 30th of January, 1875, by a majority of one vote, if majority it could be called, but the great step had been taken, and the struggle began instantly between the moderate conservative Republicans and the more advanced Left. W. came home late that day. Some of his friends came in after dinner and the talk was most interesting. I was so new to it all that most of the names of the rank and file were unknown to me, and the appreciations of the votes and the anecdotes and side-lights on the voters said nothing to me. Looking back after all these years, it seems to me that the moderate royalists ("centre droit") threw away a splendid chance. They could not stop the Republican wave (nothing could) but they might have controlled it and di-

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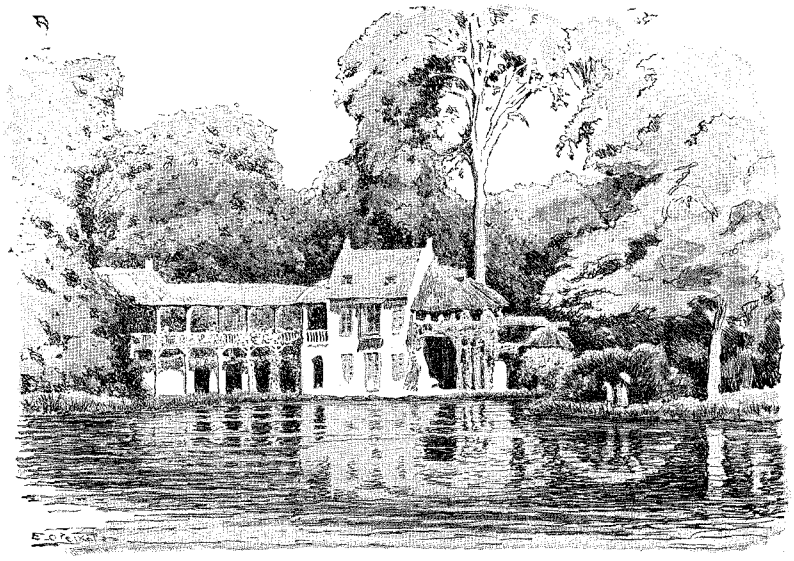

Marie Antoinette's cottage at the Little Trianon, Versailles.

rected it instead of standing aloof and throwing the power into the hands of the Left. We heard the well-known sayings very often those days: "La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas" and "La République sans Républicains," attributed to M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon. The National Assembly struggled on to the end of the year, making a constitution, a parliament with two houses, senate and chamber of deputies, with many discussions and contradictions, and hopes and illusions.

I went often to Versailles, driving out when the weather was fine. I liked the stormy sittings best. Some orator would say something that displeased the public, and in a moment there would be the greatest uproar, protestations and accusations from all sides, some of the extreme Left getting up, gesticulating wildly, and shaking their fists at the speaker—the Right generally calm and sarcastic, requesting the speaker to repeat his monstrous statements—the "huissiers" dressed in black with silver chains, walking up and down in front of the tribune, calling out at intervals: "Silence, messieurs, s'il vous plaît," —the President ringing his bell violently to call the house to order, and nobody paying the slightest attention,—the orator sometimes standing quite still with folded arms waiting until the storm should abate, sometimes dominating the hall and hurling abuse at his adversaries. W. was always perfectly quiet; his voice was low, not very strong, and he could not speak if there were an uproar. When he was interrupted in a speech he used to stand perfectly still with folded arms, waiting for a few minutes' silence. The deputies would call out: "Allez! allez!" interspersed with a few lively criticisms on what he was saying to them; he was perfectly unmoved, merely replied: "I will go on with pleasure as soon as you will be quiet enough for me to be heard." Frenchmen generally have such a wonderful facility of speech, and such a pitiless logic in discussing a question, that the debates were often very interesting. The public was interesting too. A great many women of all classes followed the sittings—several Egerias (not generally in their first youth) of well-known political men sitting prominently in the President's box, or in the front row of the journalists' box, following the discussions with great interest and sending down little slips of paper to their friends below—members' wives and friends who enjoyed spending an hour or two listening to the speeches—newspaper

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correspondents, literary ladies, diplomatists. It was very difficult to get places, particularly when some well-known orators were announced to speak upon an important question. We didn't always know beforehand, and I remember some dull afternoons with one or two members making long speeches about purely local matters, which didn't interest any one. We looked down upon an almost empty hall on those occasions. A great many of the members had gone out and were talking in the lobbies; those who remained were talking in groups, writing letters, walking about the hall, quite unconscious apparently of the speaker at the tribune. I couldn't understand how the man could go on talking to empty benches, but W. told me he was quite indifferent to the attention of his colleagues,—his speech was for his electors and would appear the next day in the *Journal Officiel*. I remember one man talked for hours about "allumettes chimiques."

Marshal MacMahon.

Léon Say was a delightful speaker, so easy, always finding exactly the word he wanted. It hardly seemed a speech when he was at the tribune, more like a "causerie," though he told very plain truths sometimes to the "peuple souverain." He was essentially French, or rather Parisian, knew everybody, and was "au courant" of all that went on politically and socially, and had a certain "blague," that eminently French quality which is very difficult to explain. He was a hard worker, and told me once that what rested him most after a long day was to go to a small boulevard theatre or to read a rather lively yellow-backed novel.

In March, 1876, W. was made, for the second time, "Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts," with M. Dufaure Président du Conseil, Duc Décazes at the foreign office, and Léon Say at the finances. His nomination was a surprise to us. We didn't expect it at all. There had been so many discussions, so many names put forward. It seemed impossible to come to an understanding and form a cabinet which would be equally acceptable to the marshal and to the chambers. I came in rather late one afternoon while the negotiations were going on, and was told by the servants that M. Léon Say was waiting in W.'s library to see him. W. came a few minutes afterward, and the two gentlemen remained a long time talking. They stopped in the drawing-room on their way to the door, and Say said to me: "Eh bien, madame, je vous apporte une portefeuille et des félicitations." "Before I accept the felicitations, I would like to know which portfolio." Of course when he said, "Public instruction," I was pleased, as I knew it was the only one W. cared for. My brother-in-law, Richard Waddington, now senator of the Seine Inférieure, and one or two friends came to see us in the evening, and the gentlemen talked late into the night discussing programmes, possibilities, etc. All the next day the conferences went on, and when the new cabinet was presented to the marshal, he received them

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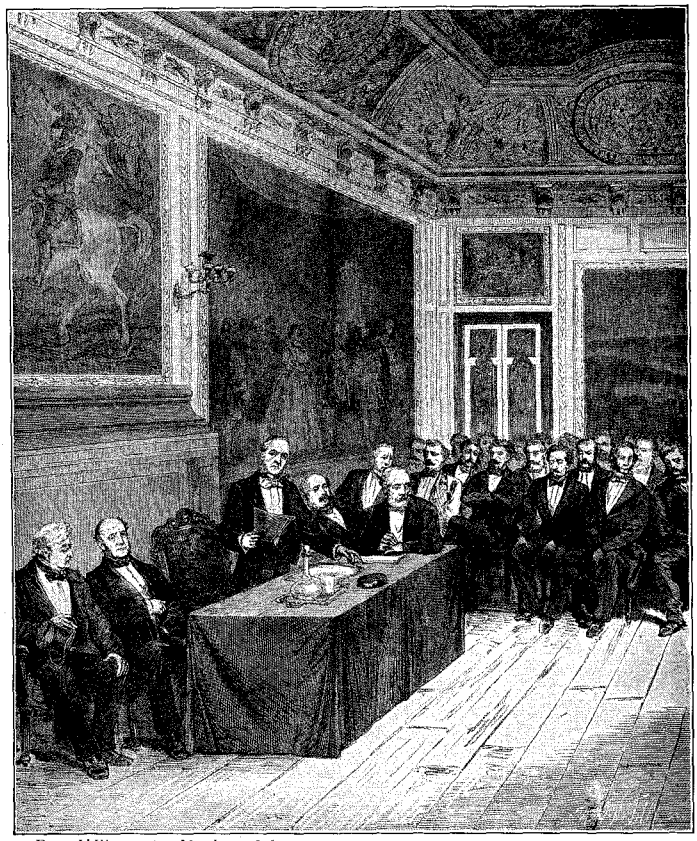
graciously if not warmly. W. said both Dufaure and Décazes were quite wonderful, realizing the state of affairs exactly, and knowing the temper of the house, which



From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1876.

Meeting of officers of the National Assembly, and of delegates of the new Chambers, in the salon of Hercules, palace of Versailles.

was getting more advanced every day and more difficult to manage. W. at once convoked all the officials and staff of the ministry. He made very few changes, merely taking the young Count de Lasteyrie, now Marquis de Lasteyrie, grandnephew of the Marquis de Lafayette, son of M. Jules de Lasteyrie, a senator and devoted friend of the Orléans family, as his chef de cabinet. Two or three days after the new cabinet was announced, W. took me to the Elysée to pay my official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon. She received us up-stairs in a pretty salon looking out on the garden. She was very civil, not a particularly gracious manner—gave me the impression of a very energetic, practical woman—what most Frenchwomen are. I was very much struck with her writing-table, which looked most businesslike. It was covered with quantities of letters, papers, cards, circulars of all kinds—she attended to all household matters herself. I always heard (though she did not tell me) that she read every letter that was addressed to her, and she must have had hundreds of begging letters. She was very charitable, much interested in all good works, and very kind to all artists. Whenever a letter came asking for money, she had the case investigated, and if the story were true, gave practical help at once. I was dismayed at first with the number of letters received from all over France asking my intercession with the minister on every possible subject from a "monument historique" to be restored, to a pension given to an old schoolmaster no longer able to work, with a large family to

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support. It was perfectly impossible for me to answer them. Being a foreigner and never having lived in France, I didn't really know anything about the various questions. W. was too busy to attend to such small matters, so I consulted M. de L., chef de cabinet, and we agreed that I should send all the correspondence which was not strictly personal, to him, and he would have it examined in the "bureau." The first few weeks of W.'s ministry were very trying to me—I went to see so many people,—so many people came to see me,—all strangers with whom I had nothing in common. Such dreary conversations, never getting beyond the most ordinary commonplace phrases,—such an absolutely different world from any I had ever lived in. It is very difficult at first for any woman who marries a foreigner to make her life in her new country. There must be so many things that are different—better perhaps sometimes—but not what one has been accustomed to,—and I think more difficult in France than in any other country. French people are set in their ways, and there is so little sympathy with anything that is not French. I was struck with that absence of sympathy at some of the first dinners I went to. The talk was exclusively French, almost Parisian, very personal, with stories and allusions to people and things I knew nothing about. No one dreamed of talking to me about my past life—or America, or any of my early associations—yet I was a stranger—one would have thought they might have taken a little more trouble to find some topics of general interest. Even now, after all these years, the difference of nationality counts. Sometimes when I am discussing with very intimate friends some question and I find that I cannot understand their views and they cannot understand mine, they always come back to the real difficulty: "Ecoutez, chère amie, vous êtes d'une autre race." I rather complained to W. after the first three or four dinners—it seemed to me bad manners, but he said no, I was the wife of a French political man, and every one took for granted I was interested in the conversation—certainly no one intended any rudeness. The first big dinner I went to that year was at the Elysée—the regular official dinner for the Diplomatic Corps and the government. I had Baron von Zuylen, the Dutch minister, one of our great friends, on one side of me, Léon Renault, préfet de police, on the other. Léon Renault was very interesting, very clever—an excellent préfet de police. Some of his stories were most amusing. The dinner was very good (always were in the marshal's time), not long and mercifully not too hot. Sometimes the heat was terrible in those crowded rooms. There were quite a number of people in the evening—the music of the garde républicaine playing, and a buffet in the dining-room which was always crowded. We never stayed very late, as W. always had papers to sign when we got home. Sometimes when there was a great press of work his "signatures" kept him two hours. I don't think the marshal enjoyed the receptions very much. Like most soldiers he was an early riser, and the late hours and constant talking tired him.

Count Harry von Arnim.

I liked our dinners and receptions at the ministry. All the intelligence of France passed through our rooms. People generally came early—by ten o'clock the rooms were quite full. Every one was an-

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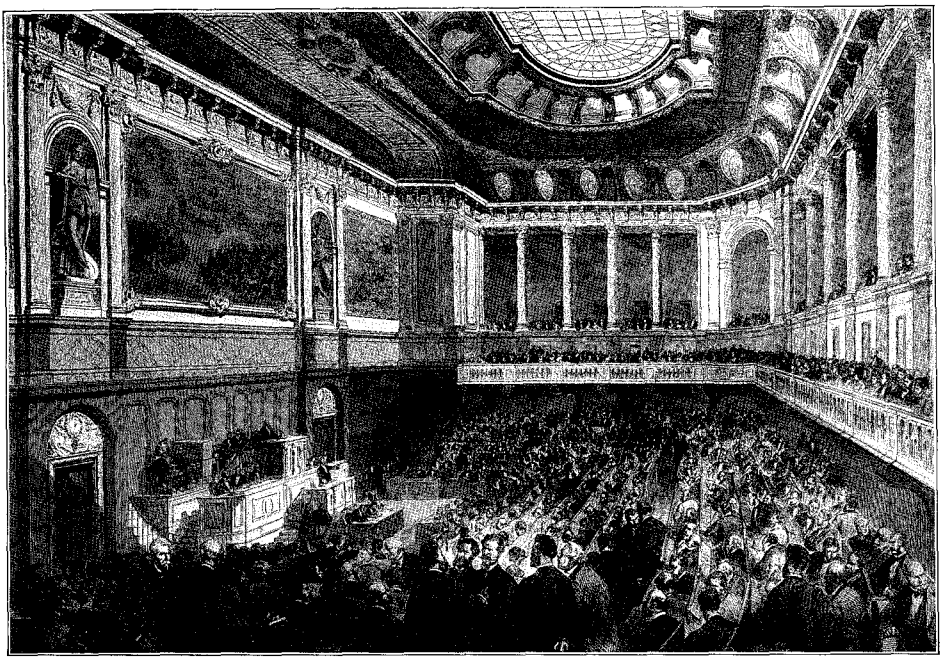

From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1876.

Sitting of the National Assembly at the palace of Versailles.

nounced, and it was most interesting to hear the names of all the celebrities in every branch of art and science. It was only a fleeting impression, as the guests merely spoke to me at the door and passed on. In those days, hardly any one shook hands unless they were fairly intimate—the men never. They made me low bows some distance off and rarely stopped to exchange a few words with me. Some of the women, not many, shook hands. It was a fatiguing evening, as I stood so long, and a procession of strangers passed before me. The receptions finished early—every one had gone by eleven o'clock except a few loiterers at the buffet. There are always a certain number of people at the big official receptions whose principal object in coming seems to be to make a comfortable meal. The servants always told me there was nothing left after a big party. There were no invitations—the reception was announced in the papers, so any one who felt they had the slightest claim upon the minister appeared at the party. Some of the dresses were funny, but there was nothing eccentric—no women in hats, carrying babies in their arms, such as one used to see in the old days in America at the President's reception at the White House, Washington—some very simple black silk dresses hardly low—and of course a great many pretty women very well dressed. Some of my American friends often came with true American curiosity, wanting to see a phase of French life which was quite novel to them.

W. remained two years at the instruction publique, and my life became at once very interesting, very full. We didn't live at the ministry—it was not really necessary. All the work was over before dinner, except the "signatures," which W. could do just as well in his library at home. We went over and inspected the "Hôtel du Ministère" in the rue de Grenelle before we made our final decision, but it was not really tempting. There were fine reception-rooms and a pretty garden, but the living-rooms were small, not numerous, and decidedly gloomy. Of course I saw much less of W. He never came home to breakfast, except on Sunday, as it was too far from the rue de Grenelle to the Étoile. It was before the days of telephones, so whenever an important communication was to be made

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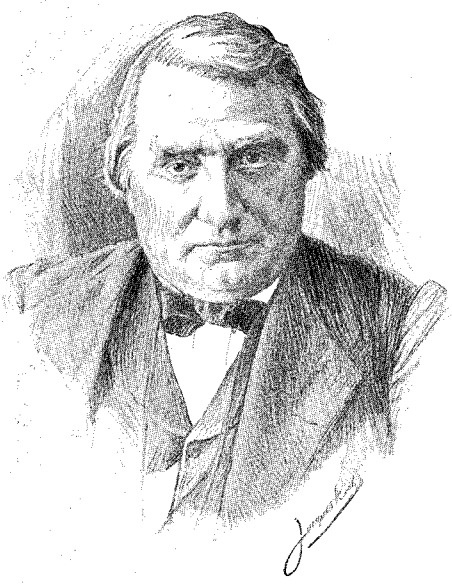

Ernest Renan.

to him when he was at home in the evening, a dragoon galloped up with his little black bag from which he extracted his papers. It made quite an excitement in our quiet street the first time he arrived after ten o'clock. We just managed our morning ride, and then there were often people waiting to speak to W. before we started, and always when he came back. There was a great amount of patronage attached to his ministry, nominations to all the universities, lycées, schools, etc., and, what was most agreeable to me, boxes at all the government theatres,—the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, Français, Odéon, and Conservatoire. Every Monday morning we received the list for the week, and, after making our own selection, distributed them to the official world generally, —sometimes to our own personal friends. The boxes of the Français, Opéra, and Conservatoire were much appreciated.

I went very regularly to the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Conservatoire, where all classical music was splendidly given. They confined themselves generally to the strictly classic, but were beginning to play a little Schumann that year. Some of the faces of the regular habitués became most familiar to me. There were three or four old men with gray hair, sitting on the front row of the balcony (most uncomfortable seats) who followed every note of the music, turning around and frowning at any unfortunate person in a box who dropped a fan or an opera-glass. It was funny to hear the hum of satisfaction when any well-known movement of Beethoven or Mozart was attacked. The orchestra was perfect, at its best I think in the "scherzos" which they took in beautiful style—so light and sure. I liked the instrumental part much better than the singing. French voices, the women's particularly, are thin, as a rule. I think

J. L. Gérôme.

they sacrifice too much to the "diction," —don't bring out the voices enough—but the style and training are perfect of their kind.

The Conservatoire is quite as much a social feature as a school of music. It was the thing to do on Sunday afternoon. No invitation was more appreciated, as it was almost impossible to have places unless one were invited by a friend. All the boxes and seats (the hall is small) belong to subscribers and have done so for one or two generations. Many marriages are made there. There are very few theatres in Paris to which girls can be taken, but the Opéra Comique and the Conservatoire are very favorite resorts. When a marriage is pending the young lady, very

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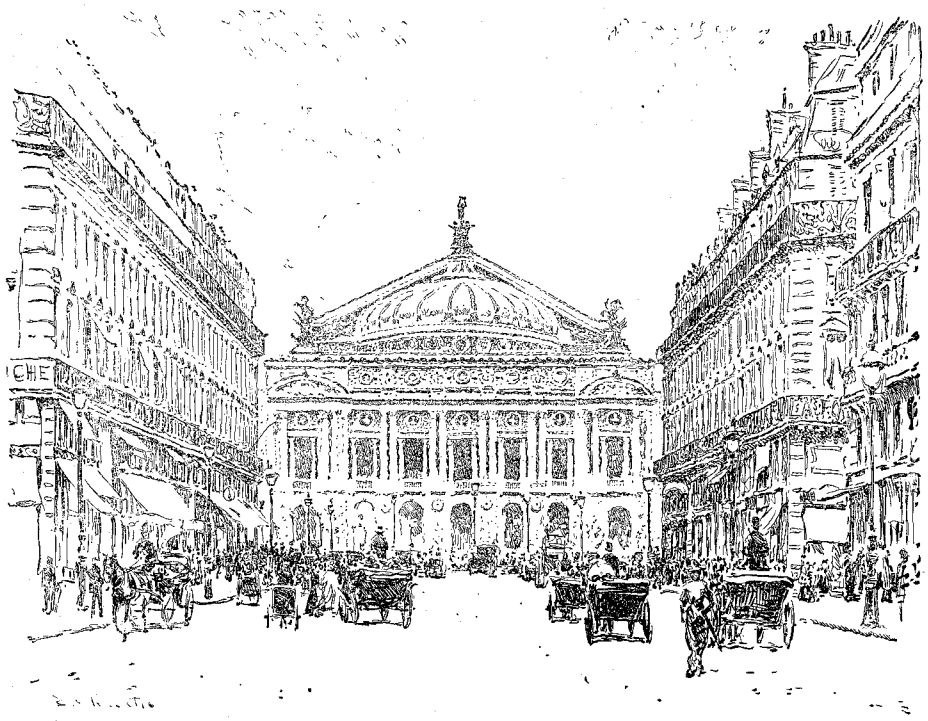
well dressed (always in the simplest "tenue de jeune fille") is taken to the Conservatoire or the Opéra Comique by her father and mother, and very often her grandmother. She sits in front of the box and the young man in the stalls, where he can study his future wife without committing himself. The difference of dress between the "jeune fille" and the "jeune femme" is very strongly marked in France. The French girl never wears lace or jewels or feathers or heavy material of any kind, quite unlike her English or American contemporaries, who wear what they like. The wedding-dress is classic, a simple, very long dress of white satin, and generally a tulle veil over the face. When there is a handsome lace veil in the family, the bride sometimes wears it, but no lace on her dress. The first thing the young married woman does is to wear a very long velvet dress with feathers in her hair.

I think on the whole the arranged marriages turn out as well as any others. They are generally made by people of the same "monde," accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes as nearly alike as possible. Everything is calculated. The young couple usually spend the summer with parents or parents-in-law, in the château, and I know some cases where there are curious details about the number of lamps that can be lighted in the rooms of the young couple, and the use of the carriage on certain days. I am speaking of course of purely French marriages. To my American idea it seemed very strange to me when I first came to Europe, but a long residence in a foreign country certainly modifies one's impressions. Years ago, when we were living in Rome, four sisters, before any of us were married, a charming Frenchwoman, Duchesse de B., who came often to the house, was very worried about this family of girls, all very happy at home and contented with their lives. It was quite true we danced and hunted and made a great deal of music, without ever troubling our-



The Paris opera-house.

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Léon Say.

selves about the future. The duchesse couldn't understand it, used often to talk to mother very seriously. She came one day with a proposal of marriage—a charming man, a Frenchman, not too young, with a good fortune, a title, and a château had seen Madame King's daughters in the ballroom and hunting-field, and would very much like to be presented and make his "cour." "Which one?" we naturally asked, but the answer was vague. It sounded so curiously impersonal that we could hardly take it seriously. However, we suggested that the young man should come and each one of the four would show off her particular talent. One would play and one would sing (rather like the song in the children's book, "one could dance and one could sing, and one could play the violin"), and the third, the polyglot of the family, could speak several languages. We were rather puzzled as to what my eldest sister could do, as she was not very sociable and never spoke to strangers if she could help it, so we decided she must be very well dressed and preside at the tea-table behind an old-fashioned silver urn that we always used —looking like a stately "maîtresse de maison" receiving her guests. We confided all these plans to the duchesse, but she was quite put out with us, wouldn't bring the young man nor tell us his name. We never knew who he was. Since I have been a Frenchwoman ("devant la loi")—I think all Americans remain American no matter where they marry, —I have interested myself three or four times in made marriages, which have generally turned out well. There were very few Americans married in France all those years, now there are legions of all kinds. I don't remember any in the official parliamentary world I lived in the first years

Jules Simon.

of my marriage—nor English either. It was absolutely French, and rather "borné" French. Very few of the people, the women especially, had any knowledge or experience of foreign countries, and didn't care to have,—France was enough for them.

W. was very happy at the "Ministère de l'Instruction Publique,"—all the educational questions interested him so much and the "tournées en province" and visits to the big schools and universities,—some of them, in the south of France particularly, singularly wanting in the most elementary details of hygiene and cleanliness, and it was very difficult to make the necessary changes, giving more light, air, and space. Routine is a powerful factor

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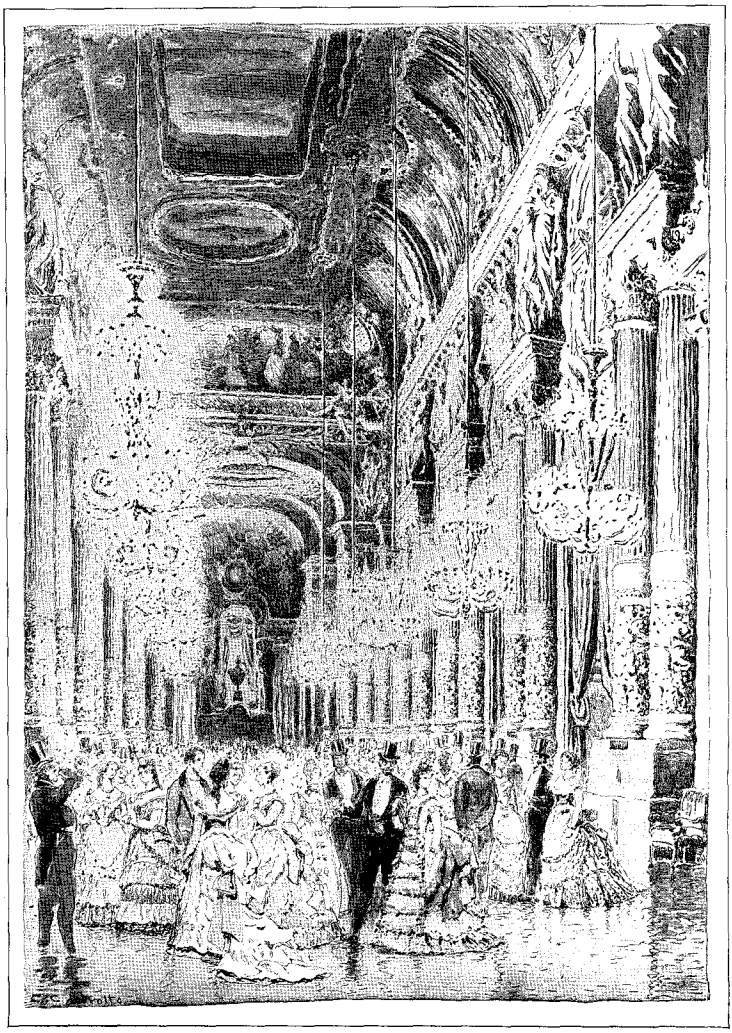
in this very conservative country, where so many things exist simply because they have always existed. Some of his letters from Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Montpel-



The foyer of the opera.

lier were most interesting. As a rule he was very well received and got on very well, strangely enough, with the clergy, particularly the "haut clergé," bishops and cardinals. His being a Protestant was rather a help to him; he could take an impartial view of things.

At Bordeaux he stayed at the Préfecture, where he was very comfortable, but the days were fatiguing. He said he hadn't worked so hard for years. He started at nine in the morning, visiting schools and universities, came home to breakfast at twelve, and immediately after had a small reception, rectors, professors, and people connected with the schools he wanted to talk to, at three started again seeing more schools and going conscientiously over the buildings from basement to garret,—then visits to the cardinal, archbishop, general commanding, etc.—a big dinner and reception in the evening,

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the cardinal present in his red robes, his coadjutor in purple, the officers in uniform, and all the people connected in any way with the university, who were pleased to see their chief. There was a total absence of Bonapartist senators and deputies (which was not surprising, as W. had always been in violent opposition to the Empire), who were rather numerous in these parts. W. was really quite exhausted when he got back to Paris—said it was absolute luxury to sit quietly and read in his library, and not talk. It wasn't a luxury that he enjoyed very much, for whenever he was in the house there was always some one talking to him in his study and others waiting in the drawing-room. Every minute of the day he was occupied. People were always coming to ask for something for themselves or some members of their family, always candidates for the Institute, anxiously inquiring what their chances were, and if he had recommended them to his friends. It is striking even in this country of functionaries (I think there are more small public employees in France than in any other country) how many applicants there were always for the most insignificant places—a Frenchman loves a cap with gold braid and gilt buttons on his coat.

Theodor Mommsen.
From a painting by Franz von Lenbach.

All the winter of '76, which saw the end of the National Assembly and the beginning of a new régime, was an eventful one in parliamentary circles. I don't know if the country generally was very much ex-

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cited about a new constitution and a change of government. I don't think the country in France (the small farmers and peasants) are ever much excited about the form of government. As long as the crops are good and there is no war to take away their sons and able-bodied men, they don't care, often don't know, whether a king or an emperor is reigning over them. They say there are some far-off villages half-hidden in the forests and mountains who still believe that a king and a Bourbon is reigning in France. Something had to be decided; the "provisoire" could no longer continue; the country could not go on without a settled government. All the arguments and negotiations of that period have been so often told, that I will not go into any details. The two centres, "Centre Droit" and "Centre Gauche," had everything in their hands as the great moderating elements of the assembly, but the conflicting claims of the various parties, Legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist, and advanced Left, made the question a very difficult one.

W. as a member of the "Comité des Trente" was very much occupied and preoccupied. He came back generally very late from Versailles, and, when he did dine at home, either went out again after dinner to some of the numerous meetings at different houses or had people at home. I think the great majority of deputies were honestly trying to do what they thought best for the country, and when one remembers the names and personalities on both sides—MacMahon, Broglie, d'Auddifret-Pasquier, Buffet, Dufaure and Thiers, Casimir Périer, Léon Say, Jules Simon, Jules Ferry, Freycinet, and many others, it is impossible to think that any of those men were animated by any spirit other than love of the country and an ardent desire to see some stable government restored which would enable France to take her place again among the great powers. Unfortunately the difference of opinion as to the form of government made things very difficult. Some of the young deputies, just fresh from the war and smarting under a sense of humiliation, were very violent in their abuse of any Royalist and particularly Bonapartist restoration.

My first big dinner at the ministry of public instruction rather intimidated me. We were fifty people—I the only lady. I went over to the ministry in the afternoon to see the table, which was very well arranged with quantities of flowers, beautiful Sèvres china, not much silver—there is very little left in France, it having all been melted at the time of the Revolution. The official dinners are always well done in Paris. I suppose the traditions of the Empire have been handed down. We arrived a few minutes before eight, all the staff and directors already there, and by ten minutes after eight every one had arrived. I sat between Gérôme, the painter, and Renan, two very different men but each quite charming,—Gérôme tall, slight, animated, talking very easily about everything. He told me who a great many of the people were, with a little commentary on their profession and career which was very useful to me, as I knew so few of them. Renan was short, stout, with a very large head, almost unprepossessing-looking, but with a great charm of manner and the most delightful smile and voice imaginable. He often dined with us in our own house, "en petit comité," and was always charming. He was one of those happy mortals (there are not many) who made every subject they discuss interesting.

After that first experience, I liked the big men's dinners very much. There was no general conversation; I talked exclusively to my two neighbors, but as they were always distinguished in some branch of art, science, or literature, the talk was brilliant, and I found the hour our dinner lasted a very short one. W. was very particular about not having long dinners. Later, at the ministry of foreign affairs, where we sometimes had eighty guests, the dinner was never over an hour. I never remained the whole evening at the men's dinners. As soon as they dispersed to talk and smoke, I came away, leaving W. to entertain his guests. We often had big receptions with music and "comédie." At one of our first big parties we had several of the Orléans family. I was rather nervous, as I had never received royalty,—in fact I had never spoken to a royal prince or princess. I had lived a great deal in Rome, as a girl, during the last days of Pie Neuf, and I was never in Paris during the Empire. When we went back to Rome

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one winter, after the accession of King Victor Emmanuel, I found myself for the first time in a room with royalties, the Prince and Princesse de Piemont. I remember quite well being so surprised by seeing two of the Roman men we knew very well come backward into the ball-room where we were sitting. I thought they must be anticipating the Mardi Gras and were masquerading a little, didn't realize that every one was standing. I remained sitting for a moment (much to the horror of one of the English secretaries who was with us and who thought we were going to make a spread-eagle American demonstration and remain sitting when royalty appeared). However, by some sort of instinct, we rose too (perhaps to see what was going on), just as the princes passed. Princess Marguerite looked charming, dressed in white, with her splendid pearls and beautiful fair hair.

When it was decided that we should ask the Orléans princes to our party, I thought I would go to see the Duc Décazes, the foreign minister, a charming man and charming colleague, to get some precise information about my part of the entertainment. He couldn't think what I wanted when I invaded his cabinet, and was much amused when I stated my case.

"There is nothing unusual in receiving the princes at a ministry. You must do as you have always done."

"But that is just the question, I have *never done*. I have never in my life exchanged a word with a royal personage."

"It is not possible!"

"It is absolutely true; I have never lived anywhere where there was a court."

When he saw that I was in earnest he was as nice as possible, told me *exactly* what I wanted to know,—that I need not say "Altesse royale" every time I spoke, merely occasionally, as they all like it,—that I must speak in the third person, "Madame veut-elle," "Monseigneur veut-il me permettre," etc., also that I must always be at the door when a princess arrived and conduct her myself to her seat.

"But if I am at one end of the long enfilade of rooms taking the Comtesse de Paris to her seat and another Princess (Joinville or Chartres) should arrive; what has to be done?"

"Your husband must always be at the door with his chef de cabinet, who will replace him while he takes the Princess to her place."

The Marquise de L., a charming old lady with white hair, beautiful blue eyes, and pink cheeks, a great friend of the Orléans family, went with me when I made my round of visits to thank the royal ladies for accepting our invitation. We found no one but the Princesse Marguerite, daughter of the Duc de Nemours, who was living at Neuilly. I had all my instructions from the marquise, how many courtesies to make, how to address her, and above all not to speak until the Princess spoke to me. We were shown into a pretty drawing-room, opening on a garden, where the Princess was waiting, standing at one end of the room. Madame de L. named me, I made my courtesies, the Princess shook hands, and then we remained standing, facing each other. She didn't say anything. I stood perfectly straight and quiet, waiting. She changed color, moved her hands nervously, was evidently overcome with shyness, but didn't utter a sound. It seemed very long, was really a few seconds only, but I was getting rather nervous when suddenly a child ran across the garden. That broke the ice and she asked me the classic royal question, "Avez-vous des enfants, madame?" I had only one, and he was rather small, but still his nurse, his teeth, and his food carried me on for a little while and after that we had some general conversation, but I can't say the visit was really interesting. As long as I was in public life I regretted that I had but the one child,—children and nurseries and schoolrooms were always an unfailing topic of conversation. Frenchwomen of all classes take much more interest in the details of their nurseries and the education and bringing-up of their children than we Anglo-Saxons do. I know several mammas who followed all the course of their sons' studies when they were preparing their baccalauréat, even to writing the compositions. The head nurse (English) who takes entire charge of her nursery, who doesn't like any interference, and brings the children to their mother at stated hours, doesn't exist in France.

Our party was very brilliant, all sorts of notabilities of all kinds, and the leading

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Paris artists from the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, and the Français. As soon as the performance was over W. told me I must go and thank the artists; he could not leave his princes. I started off to the last of the long suite of salons where they were all assembled. Comte de L., W.'s chef de cabinet, went with me, and we were preceded by a huissier with sword and chain, who piloted us through the crowd. I felt very shy when I arrived in the green room. All the artists were drawn up in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other, all eyes of course fixed upon madame la ministresse. Madame Carvalho, Sarah Bernhardt, and Croizette were standing at the head of the long line of women; Faure, Talazac, Delaunay, Coquelin, on the other side. I went first all along the line of women, then came back by the men. I realized instantly after the first word of thanks and interest how easy it is for princes, or any one in high places, to give pleasure. They all responded so smilingly and naturally to everything I said. After the first two or three words I didn't mind at all, and found myself discussing acoustics, the difficulty of playing any well-known part without costumes, scenery, etc., the inconvenience of having the public so near, quite easily. We often had music and recitations at our parties, and that was always a great pleasure to me. I remember so well one evening when we had the chorus of the Conservatoire and they sang quite beautifully the old "Plaisirs d'Amour" of our childhood. It had a great success and they were obliged to repeat it. W. made one great innovation in the dress of the ladies of the Conservatoire chorus. They were always dressed in white, which was very well for the young, slight figures, but was less happy for a stout middle-aged lady. So after much discussion it was decided to adopt black as the official dress and I must say it was an enormous improvement.

All sorts of interesting people came to see us at the instruction publique,—among others the late Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro de Bragance, who spent some months in Paris that year with his daughter, the young Comtesse d'Eu. He was a tall, good-looking man, with a charming easy manner, very cultivated and very keen about everything—art, literature, politics. His gentlemen said he had the energy of a man of twenty-five, and he was well over middle age when he was in Paris. They were quite exhausted sometimes after a long day of visits and sightseeing with him. He was an early riser. One of the first rendezvous he gave W. was at nine o'clock in the morning, which greatly disturbed that gentleman's habits. He was never an early riser, worked always very late (said his best despatches were written after midnight), and didn't care about beginning his day too early. Another interesting personality was Mommsen, the German historian and savant. He was a picturesque-looking old man with keen blue eyes and a quantity of white hair. I don't think anything modern interested him very much. He was an old man when I first saw him, and looked even older than his age. He and W. used to plunge into very long, learned discussions over antiquities and medals. W. said the hours with Mommsen rested him, such a change from the "shop" talk always mixed with politics in France.

We often had political breakfasts at home (more breakfasts than dinners). Our Aisne deputies and senators were not very "mondains," didn't care much to dine out. They were pleasant enough when they talked about subjects that interested them. Henri Martin, senator of the Aisne, was an old-fashioned Republican, absolutely convinced that no other government would ever succeed in France, but he was moderate. St. Vallier, also a senator from the Aisne, was nervous and easily discouraged when things didn't go smoothly, but he too thought the Republic was the only possible government now, whatever his preferences might have been formerly.

W.'s ministry came to an end on the famous 16th of May, 1877, when Marshal MacMahon suddenly took matters in his own hands and dismissed his cabinet presided over by M. Jules Simon. Things had not been going smoothly for some time, could not between two men of such absolute difference of origin, habits, and ideas. Still the famous letter written by the marshal to Jules Simon was a thunderclap. I was walking about the Champs-

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Elysées and Faubourg St. Honoré on the morning of the 16th of May, and saw all the carriages, our own included, waiting at the ministry of the interior, where the "conseil" was sitting. I went home to breakfast, thought W. was later than usual, but never dreamed of what was happening. When he finally appeared, quite composed and smiling, with his news: "We are out of office; the marshal has sent us all about our business," I could hardly believe it, even when he told me all the details. I had known for a long time that things were not going well, but there were always so much friction and such opposing elements in the cabinet that I had not attached much importance to the accounts of stormy sittings and thought things would settle down. W. said the marshal was very civil to him, but it was evident that he could not stand Jules Simon any longer and the various measures that he felt were impending. We had many visitors after breakfast, all much excited, wondering what the next step would be,—if the "chambres" would be dissolved, the marshal trying to impose a cabinet of the Right or perhaps form another moderate liberal cabinet without Jules Simon, but retaining some of his ministers. It was my reception afternoon, and while I was sitting quietly in my drawing-room talking to some of my friends, making plans for the summer, quite pleased to have W. to myself again, the butler hurried into the room telling me that la Maréchale de MacMahon was on the stairs, coming to make me a visit. I was very much surprised, as she never came to see me. We met very rarely, except on official occasions, and she made no secret of her dislike to the official republican ladies (but she was always absolutely correct if not enthusiastic). I had just time to get to the head of the stairs to receive her. She was very amiable, a little embarrassed, took a cup of tea,—said the marshal was very sorry to part with W., he had never had any trouble or disagreement with him of any kind, but that it was impossible to go on with a cabinet when neither party had any confidence in the other. I quite agreed, said it was the fortunes of war; I hoped the marshal would find another premier who would be more sympathetic with him, and then we talked of other things. My friends were quite amused. One of them, Marquise de T., knew the Maréchale quite well, and said she was going to ask her if she was obliged to make "visites de condoléance" to the wives of all the fallen ministers. W. was rather astonished when I told him who had come to tea with me, and thought the conversation must have been difficult. I told him, not at all, once the necessary phrases about the departing ministers were over. The piano was open, music littered about; she was fond of music and she admired very much a portrait of father as a boy in the Harrow dress, asked who it was and what the dress was. She was a perfect woman of the world, and no one was uncomfortable.

LIVE THY LIFE

By Florence Earle Coates

Live thy life gallantly and undismayed:
Whatever harms may hide within the shade,
Be thou of *fear*, my spirit! more afraid.

In earthly pathways evil springeth rife;
But dread not thou, too much, or pain or strife
That plunge thee to the greater depths of life!

What though the storm-cloud holds the bolt that sears?
The eagle of the crag, that nothing fears,
Still, still is young after a hundred years!

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POLITICIANS AND THE SENSE OF HUMOR

By Henry S. Pritchett

OUR age is that of the expert. The politician—if that term is used in the true sense—is the most important expert whose services a free people can make use of, for the politician is selected to organize and conduct the government of a State or a nation in such way as to conserve its safety, its peace, and its progress. Have we in America any politicians who are entitled to be considered real experts? What are the qualities which are essential to the expert practice of this profession, for politics is, or at least it ought to be in a democracy, the noblest and most honored of all professions?

As a people we stand face to face to-day with these questions. And when these are answered, when the essential qualities which the expert must possess are agreed upon, there still remains the hardest question of all: Where can the American find politicians so qualified?

There have been many attempts in the political journals to answer these questions during these late months, and in these piping times nearly all journals are political in the party sense. The weeklies, with few exceptions, have been swept bodily into the sea of personal politics, and many of the monthlies are dragging their anchors.

The trouble about the answers to these questions that one finds in these excellent publications lies in the personal form in which they are given. They are like the patent-medicine advice to the man who thinks he has many diseases. All is comprehended in the simple formula—take me!

There has been only one thing in which all these authorities have agreed, and that is that, whatever the qualities of the great politician are, Lincoln had them. There are more different kinds of politicians to-day who describe themselves as the simon-pure followers of Abraham Lincoln than have ever appeared at one time in all our previous history. And the interesting part about all this is that they are generally quite honest and serious in their belief. It is altogether wrong to conclude that all these excellent gentlemen are insincere. On the contrary, when a gentleman with political aspirations gets fairly started on a warm campaign, it is the easiest thing in the world to make himself believe that he is not only treading Lincoln's path, but that he is on a hot trail. This is, of course, made easier for the politician when sympathetic and admiring friends burn the right incense under his nose. It is a rare man that could resist the suggestion that he alone can save the country after a few hundred patriots have assured him of the fact.

And all this brings us back to the original question: Are there any fundamental qualities which a politician must have and without which he cannot serve the public in a high place? What are the indispensables? Or, to accept the verdict of the campaigners, what prime qualities did Lincoln have which have made him pre-eminent among politicians?

Expressed in its lowest terms, a man must have two qualities if the people are to trust him as a political leader—he must have moral purpose and he must be able to think straight.

There is a simple law in mechanics which expresses the momentum of a moving body as equivalent to the mass multiplied into the velocity. The efficiency of a man in political leadership can be expressed in some such way—it is pretty nearly equal to his moral purpose multiplied into his ability to think straight. It would be difficult to say whether nations have suffered more at the hands of politicians who were morally weak, but had clear heads, or from those who meant well morally, but failed to think straight. A dishonest mind will do as much harm in politics as a dishonest heart. There was never a time when straight thinking was more necessary to our political life. There

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was never a time when high moral purpose was more essential. No man ought to be taken for high public leadership who has not both. Efficiency in politics cannot be expressed in lower terms.

Now, the difficulty does not come in finding men who have this combination of character and intellect. The world is fairly supplied with such men, and (contrary to a certain popular fallacy) there is a fair proportion of such men in public life in America. I have been at one time or another thrown into close contact with a university faculty, a denominational association of Christian ministers, and the Congress of the United States. From my experience I would say that the last-named body was morally and intellectually about on the same plane as the other two. The difficulty does not come in getting moral men or intelligent men into public life, or even men who are both moral and intelligent, although it would be far from my thought to intimate for a moment that all the men who become prominent in public life have either the one or the other of these fundamental qualities. The difficulty is that even these fundamental qualities are not alone sufficient to guide a politician in the highest places of authority. Even when yoked together in one human soul they may be led into strange paths unless quickened by another great humanizing quality, a wholesome sense of humor.

It is not entirely simple to define what is implied in a true sense of humor. Very naturally we have come to think of it as a certain facility in joking, because the ability to joke nearly always accompanies the possession of a true sense of humor. Then, too, we all possess that rudimentary quality of humor which enables us to enjoy a joke, at least on our companion. A much smaller proportion are able to appreciate, even though we do not enjoy, the joke on ourselves. All this is one of the common characteristics which go with a sense of humor. Not always. Some of the greatest jokers have been the least humorous of men, and some men who do not joke at all have the sense of humor in its finest form. Perhaps it can be best described as that faculty of imagination so humane and sympathetic in its nature that it can perceive at the same time serious and jocose things. It can feel the pathos of a scene on life's stage and yet have an eye at the same time for the incongruities of the actors. It is imagination—but imagination endowed by a friendly human spirit. It is the feel of kinship with the universal human soul.

Now, the reason why this sort of humane imagination is so necessary to the successful practice of politics lies in two facts. First of all, the politician more than any other man has to do with all sorts and conditions of men. The sense of humor will take off the friction of his many-sided human contact. It will temper sternness with mercy, ridicule with good nature, abuse with the soft answer. It answers the bitter question of the pharisee with a parable and the yellow-journal lie with a good story. It is the best lubricator for the machinery of civilized society. It is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin by lighting up the good motives as well as the bad. Yet, after all, these are external relations. Moral purpose and clear thinking—and we are assuming always that our politician has both—can be trusted in the long run to find the right path in these relations, even if they lead through some unnecessary stony places. But the point at which these two indispensables fail to serve the politician is in the preservation of a true perspective of himself. When once a man has risen to high political station, when his hands have felt the thrill which comes with the handling of the reins of power, his real test comes, for then the subtle voice of praise comes day by day to his ear. As his power and influence grow, those about him reflect back to him more and more the things he likes to hear. More and more the circle of those who talk to him is made up of such reflectors. The process ministers to the growth of that universal human egotism which springs up only too easily in the noblest human soul. It disturbs the whole perspective of human relations. In all ages it has been the undoing of the wisest politicians. Good and true men rise to eminence and are sterilized by its poison. Neither good morals nor high intelligence is proof against it. For the salvation of the political leader in high place from the blight of the all-devouring human egotism a wholesome sense

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of humor is the saving grace. It is the only antitoxin which can deal with the microbe of egotism.

No man can appreciate, unless he has watched the process day by day, the constant stream of influence brought to bear on a President, a governor, a man high in party control, by the steady ministry of praise, for it is praise, not criticism, which sterilizes character and intellect. No other influence which a ruler has to face is so subtle and so difficult to resist. It is the strong man's greatest danger.

And the politicians are right about Lincoln. He is pre-eminently the greatest of our political leaders. But we accord him this praise not on the ground of a larger moral purpose and a clearer intellect than the other leaders of his day. Other men there were in the great political drama in which his part lay whose devotion was as great as his. There were those who stated the case for freedom as clearly. But the difference is this: All these leaders—honored as they are and as they deserve to be—lost their perspective at one time or another. Lincoln never did. He never took himself too seriously. He never harbored the notion that he was indispensable to the country's progress. He never deceived himself into thinking that the whole American people were passing by when only a brass band was coming up the street. Above every other political leader of his time he had the saving grace of a humane imagination, a true sense of humor. It was out of the true sense of perspective which this combination of qualities brought that he was able to realize clearly two truths which were vital to the politics of his own day and which are equally important to our own: first, that waiting is sometimes the highest form of action; and, second, that patience is oftentimes the finest expression of courage. It requires something more than good morals and high thinking to wait and to be patient. It is possible only to him who has a human perspective, to him whose morals and intellect are vitalized by a humane imagination. And this endowment comes rarely except to him who rises directly out of the common people. Humanity renews itself by its own children. It is rarely saved from without. One cannot imagine Shakespeare or Lincoln born to the purple.

In the tradition now fast gathering about the name of Lincoln we are prone to think of his story-telling as a minor element in his character, useful indeed, but, after all, trivial as compared with his moral and intellectual qualities. To do this is to confuse the external mark of humor with the deeper underlying spirit. Lincoln's stories had the same relation to his political arguments which the parables of Christ had to his preaching. Both arose out of that imagination which visualized in a true perspective humanity and human relations. As we recede farther from Lincoln's day, it will be no small loss to the lesson of his life to future generations if we strip him of the quality which made his other great qualities effective, the quality which makes him intensely human.

Two good stories have recently come to me—the one about Lincoln, the other related by him—which illustrate the moral quality of the man, in the one case, and his keen appreciation of human reactions, in the other.

The first was told me by one of the few men now living who knew Lincoln well, and relates to that period in his life when he was practising law in Springfield, but thinking day by day over the problems of the country's future. For some years before the Lincoln-Douglas debates it was the custom of Senator Douglas to come to Springfield from time to time and speak on political questions. Even at that date it was Lincoln's habit to reply to these speeches.

On the occasion to which I refer Senator Douglas had made one of his most brilliant efforts. His audience was carried away with enthusiasm. Nevertheless, at the end of the meeting a friend of Mr. Lincoln announced that one week later, from the same platform, he would undertake to reply to the arguments of Senator Douglas.

The next morning, at an early hour, the man who told me the story (he was then a boy of eighteen) was sweeping out the store in which he was employed when Mr. Lincoln came along on the way to his office. In his usual kindly way he stopped to have a word with the boy, whom he

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knew well, and the talk turned naturally on the speech of the night before. "Mr. Lincoln," said the boy, in his enthusiasm, "do you think you can reply to Senator Douglas's speech? Why, Mr. Lincoln, Senator Douglas is the greatest man in the United States, and that speech was the finest speech that was ever made." "My boy," said Lincoln, "that wasn't a great speech and Senator Douglas isn't a great man, and the reasons are these: three times in that speech Senator Douglas made a false statement, and he knew in each case that the statement was false. Some time or other, even in politics, falsehoods catch up with the men who start them."

One can well imagine that it was under the stress of those days that Lincoln hammered out the phrase which has become part of the currency of political discussions: "You can fool part of the people all the time, you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

The other story belongs to the darkest period of the Civil War. It was at the time when the emancipation of the negroes was under heated discussion. Lincoln was being pressed by the radicals on the one hand, demanding immediate emancipation, and by the border statesmen on the other, who insisted that such action would throw their States into the arms of the Confederacy. Not every American, even at this day, appreciates the service of the border States to the Union. Missouri sent nearly as many men to the Union army as Massachusetts!

During this period the President received one day a visit from a delegation of border-State representatives, who urged their case with passionate earnestness. They had entered this war, they said, to save the Union, not to free the negro, and they insisted that an emancipation of the slaves would alienate their States from the Union cause.

Lincoln, grave and troubled, listened to their story, the deep lines in his face testifying to the anxiety under which he labored. He replied to their statements and in calm and sympathetic tone assured them that as a border-State man he could understand their point of view. But he insisted it was the duty of the border States to help save the Union either with or without slavery, and that his own duty compelled him to look at the matter from other points of view. He argued that large weight must be given to the opinions of the men in the great States of New England and New York. "I have just had a visit this morning," he added, "from Senator Sumner, Senator Wade, and Mr. Stephens, the leaders of the Senate and the House, who assure me that unless the abolition of slavery is made clear these great States will refuse further troops and money for the war. And, what is more, they are coming back at one o'clock to get my answer." And then, as a smile broke over his care-worn face, he continued: "My situation reminds me of an incident in my own short experience in school." And here followed a delightful description of a primitive Indiana or Kentucky field school, with its one room, its split puncheons for seats, and its modest equipment for teaching. "There were few books among the pioneer families of those days," continued the President; "the one book which every family possessed was the Bible, and it was commonly used as a school reader. The class stood up in line before the teacher and, beginning with some chapter, each scholar in turn read a verse. The boys very soon learned to count the number standing in line, and then from the numbered verses to prepare themselves on the verses coming to them on the second reading, and by this means to make a better showing. On one occasion we read that chapter which tells the story of the Hebrew children and their adventures in the fiery furnace. It so happened that the verse containing the three hard names—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—came to a boy larger than the others, but backward and shy. He made sorry work of the names of the three Hebrew children, but finally floundered through, to the relief of everybody, and the reading continued. His turn to read had almost come round again when, to the astonishment of teacher and pupils, he burst out into sobs. 'Why, Sammy,' inquired the teacher, 'what is the matter?' 'Well,' sobbed Sammy, digging his fists into his eyes and glancing sidelong at his book, 'them three blamed fools is coming round to me again.'" And with this the

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conference ended, leaving the matter *in statu quo*, which was exactly what the story was intended to accomplish. The emancipation proclamation was at that moment lying in the President's desk waiting a victory of the Union arms to furnish a fit occasion for its announcement. Antietam set it free.

If Charles Sumner could have told a story like that, he never would have inflicted upon his country the frightful wrong of an immediate enfranchisement of a whole race of slaves—a wrong which has worked misery and injustice to both races. And yet no politician of his day had a finer moral purpose, a keener intellect, or a better knowledge of history.

The American who has to choose to-day the men who are to govern in State and nation may well be hopeful if he can find politicians who possess the indispensable qualities of morals and brains. These protect a man against all foes except himself. For the highest leadership there must still be sought one who has also the gift of imagination in its kindliest human form. Where shall we turn for such a leader?

THE GENIUSES OF LUTTON'S HILL

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGUS MACDONALL

THE city of Lutton's Hill was normal in most regards, but sadly deficient in one. It had some hundred thousand inhabitants, four department stores, ten banks, twelve churches, a country club, and a packing-house; occasionally it had an investigation—in all of which institutions it could fairly hold up its head with Reading Village and Parsons Hollow, the former of which could boast but eight banks and the latter of which had not even one single club. But Lutton's Hill had only two men of genius, in which particular it fell wofully short of the average—or healthfully above it, according to the point of view; for, in the opinion of the ten bank presidents, the twelve clergymen, and the owner of the packing-house, with ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight people left to work for a living, the commercial future of Lutton's Hill was exceedingly rosy. So Lutton's Hill waxed fat and grew prosperous and, for the most part, completely forgot its geniuses, with which the latter were indeed entirely content.

To spend, then, no more on the banks and churches, the geniuses of Lutton's Hill were Anson MacFarland and George F. Connor, both of whom were geniuses because each had been born with a single soul. There is no other test of the genius than this. The head of the National Bank of Lutton was by very good way of being a genius, as he had a talent for investments which was little short of uncanny. But yet he was not a genius, for he also played a good game of golf. The strenuous young rector of Saint George and The Dragon's might also have been a genius, for his sermons were almost inspired and his work in the settlements marvellous. And yet he was not, for the simple reason that he also could sing.

But Anson MacFarland and George F. Connor were not of such mould. The former could do not one single thing in this world but wring strange melodies out of the English language and the latter could simply balance himself on a ladder.

The city of Lutton's Hill was, in a way, proud of its geniuses, but the world was delighted and the seeming deficiency in enthusiasm on the part of the city was not due to obtuseness but rather to long familiarity with the geniuses' quieter selves. For whereas Anson MacFarland was known to the world at large as "Byram Smith" and George F. Connor as "Wilmot the Wizard," the city of Lutton's Hill

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knew them chiefly by their given names, and failed, without other reminders, to connect them with "Smith" and the "Wizard."

Anson MacFarland did not wear his hair long or affect a soft tie, while George F. Connor did not run to diamonds. They were each about medium height, each had red hair, and each was a little bit shy. Anson MacFarland owned one hundred and twenty-five shares in the packing-house, and George F. Connor owned a saloon. They were, moreover, the best of friends.

Gold runs in veins, and orchids no doubt grow in bunches. So it was with Lutton's Hill and its geniuses. They were both born at No. 126 Grove Street on a plot about thirty feet front, and with that the lode was exhausted. You could have dug to unimaginable depths at Nos. 124 and 128—even at 127, directly across the street—and discovered not one single genius, not even a talent. MacFarland was born on the lot because his father owned it; Connor was born there because his father was MacFarland Senior's utility man.

The rise of Anson MacFarland was normal. As a boy he refused to spell. He would not and could not dance. He loathed mathematics, and he broke the piano. He was the butt of the town in baseball and tag, and he made himself sick in weeding the garden. But every minute he read. He read before breakfast, he read during playtime, and he read half the night by filling the cracks in the door. He stood in the exact equator of his class in college and worked for three years on the *Record* newspaper. He was a good reporter and a hard-working one. He could make a city item melodious and he learned to be careful of dates. He saved a half of his income because he had no wish to spend it. And then, one summer, he deliberately took a vacation and wrote "The Rose and the Lily."

He did it in exactly thirty-one days, and in eight months more it was being read in four languages. It was one of those stories that succeeded simply because it sang. It spoke the language of the universe. The scene was laid in New Orleans and Anson had never been south of Richmond, but yet it was true because he assumed that the soul of New Orleans was the same as the soul of New York. There was not one bit of realism in it, and not one scrap of the "local color" which he was supposed to absorb at reporting, but yet it was greater than realism because it contained the emotions which are truer than facts. It was immensely popular because it was also immensely great.

Then Anson MacFarland, under the name of "Byram Smith," wrote other books and others and others. He made a fortune and put a part in the packing-house, because it might just as well be there as anywhere else and his main desire was to write.

His method of working was simple. At seven o'clock each evening he took his hat and stick and ate at Lutton's best restaurant, wisely and according to season. He ended with three cigars and a glass of chartreuse and sat for an hour in the sound of the orchestra. He then walked up the darkened and echoing streets to the Atropos Club and sat until twelve reading the weeklies and looking at pictures. He never played cards because the ace of spades did not interest him. He then went over to the back room of the "Wilmot the Wizard" café, had one glass of beer and one cheese sandwich, and then went silently home.

He had a room in the top of the house which contained a bed, a typewriter, and the toys of his childhood which still remained because no one had ever taken the trouble to move them. They meant to him nothing, however, nor did the bed, for that matter. His principal joy in the room was a huge easy chair over which a light hung suspended—but which had not been so fixed until he had ruined his eyes by not moving the chair—and which he still regarded as a miracle of mechanical convenience.

Home, then, he would return and into his chair he would sink with a volume of Dickens or Thackeray or Stevenson, and opening the volume at random would read till its rhythm had caught him. Then he would take off his collar, pull at his pipe, and gaze off into shadows, the music still throbbing within him. His shirt would go next and then his trousers and shoes; and when he was clad in a crumpled bathrobe he would relight his

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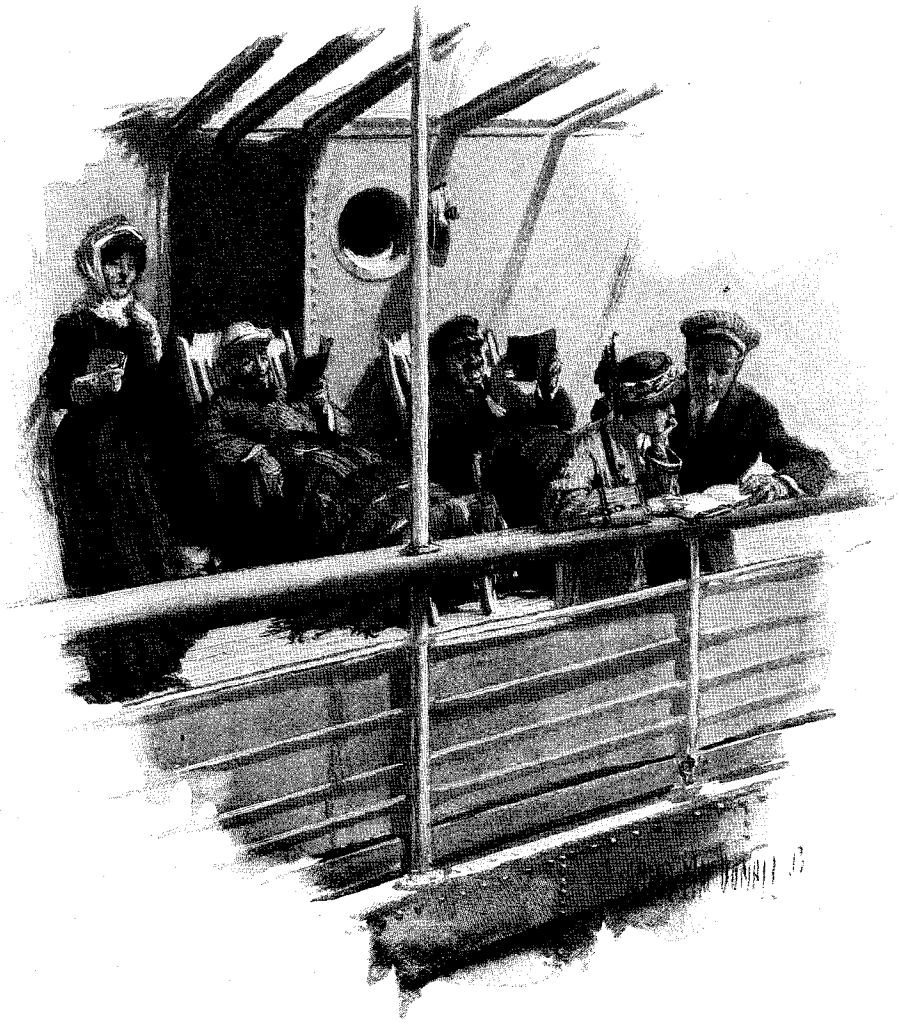
pipe, open the writing-machine, and begin like this:

"Up from the gate rose a tall row of lindens, ending, in importance, at the foot of



In eight months more it was being read in four languages.—Page 82.

the lawn, but stretching on, in a few slender trunks, clear to the steps of the house."

At two o'clock he would refill his pipe, and at four he would go to bed.

The rise of George F. Connor had been as direct. He had stayed in school for exactly three years and had spent the rest of his boyhood in loafing. He was useless with horses, he forgot his errands, he couldn't swim. His single passion in life, from the cradle, was balance. He would stand for hours with a stick on his nose, and if he lifted a chair he would carry one leg in the flat of his palm. To walk on the rail of a trestle was for him an absolute heaven and he frightened the city for days by striding the edge of the cupola. At the age of sixteen he became a painter, simply for the fascination of the heights, and lost every job in the city because he spent complete hours in walking up ladders supported only at the bottom. He then went

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to work in the theatre, largely because of the juggling, and made his own start at a picnic park in an act containing a ladder, a chair, and a table.

He made enough money that summer to allow him to loaf in the winter and during this season at home he made a terrific discovery. He had formerly made his ascents by holding the ladder away from his body until its angle balanced his weight, but during this winter he found that by swaying the ladder from side to side until each leg was rising and falling in cadence, he could acquire a lateral motion which would overcome the natural one and allow him to stay aloft indefinitely. After that he used no other trick and during an act lasting twenty whole minutes there were not ten consecutive seconds when the expectant house did not ring with the tap, tap, tap of the wooden stilts. It was really the Iliad of ladders.

From there his rise had been steady. He went from one circuit to another and improved his act because his heart and his soul and his mind were bent on nothing but balance. He abandoned all other juggling and specialized simply on this. The curtain would rise on a scene containing a picturesque drop, and not less than a dozen ladders of every description. Then out would come George in a sailor suit, and bow with a set, unchangeable smile. Then seizing rapidly the smallest ladder he would run swiftly to the top, stretch out his hands, stand erect, and at once would begin the tap, tap, tap of his lateral motion. He would then make a few set jokes, would make a few feints of falling, and then go stamping away. Next he would run up a larger ladder, then finally the largest of all. On this he would stand for a moment and then begin to undress, becoming first a fireman, then an aviator, and finally a silk-clad acrobat. He would eat a meal at the top of his ladder, swallowing cotton beer with great comic gusto. He would then go up a ladder two steps at a time and finally, with proper effect, make ready his regular climax.

In preparation for this two stage-hands brought out a ladder pompously strengthened with steel. All three would examine it carefully and then the Wizard, with a tiny hammer, would tap it for flaws. A stage-hand would next place the ladder on a kitchen table, the Wizard would wipe his hands on a handkerchief, toss the cloth to the other assistant, run up the ladder, and immediately begin his tap-tapping. Slowly, carefully, he would work to the edge of the table and then the music would suddenly stop. For an instant the Wizard would stand looking down, then the ladder would sway in ominous fashion, and only by heroic efforts would he be able to recover himself. A nervous woman in the audience would gasp and George would again wipe his hands. One more false start would he make and then, ladder and all, would he jump from the table, the orchestra sound with a crash, and tap, tap, tap would he go, now smiling and still on his ladder, to hop to the stage, and go bounding away, kissing his hand to the house.

This act he did in every State in the Union, and he was the only man who ever did it at all. He did it in London and Rome and Berlin and Vienna. He did it in Hongkong and the Philippines. He did it in strange, unheard-of cities in Russia, and the more uncouth were his houses the more, it would seem, did they like him. He could pack a hall every night where men would not listen to Melba. And every minute he walked and every minute he ate he was thinking of ladders and ladders.

Between Byram Smith and Wilmot the Wizard existed a friendship as strong as that which in boyish days had existed between Anson MacFarland and George F. Connor, for, aside from the fact that their lives were astoundingly similar, each was a lonely figure in the busy circles of Lutton's Hill. Neither had any real friends and they both knew the pleasures and pains of publicity. Both had seen the whole world; both had thought much and said little. Neither worked in the daytime, and neither became himself till the lamps were lit. Both were away a great deal, but during two months in the summer both were at home and they spent every evening together.

During the winter Anson MacFarland was usually touring in Europe, where he wandered over strange cities in much the pathetic way that he wandered the streets of his home. George F. Connor was on the road from the first of September to the last

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of June, but by the first of July he was always in Lutton to rest and refurbish his act, and look after the interests of the Wizard café. Behind the café itself he had a storehouse with a miniature stage, where he practised his tricks and invented new ones for acts to come—a queer museum of a place, walls covered with antique posters of earlier days, shelves filled with trunks of abandoned costumes, corners crowded with broken paraphernalia, whitewash smeared with memoranda of forgotten calculations, mantels decorated with yellowed photographs signed by jug-

During this season at home he made a terrific discovery.—Page 84.

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glers and dancers and singers and fat women, and a great loft filled at one end with the painted sets that he used for romantic background.

This was known as his studio, and here in midsummer Anson would occasionally find him tapping away and perfecting with infinite pains a feat which already seemed quite perfection. More often, however, he would be seated alone in the little back room of the bar, a ginger-ale bottle before him and looking, like Anson himself, off into the shadows. Here they met at the first of July and here they parted the first of September—both without ceremony.

"Her face—I saw it once and she owned me."

They never wrote to each other, and had they met in another place it is doubtful whether they would even have eaten together. Neither showed more than a scant polite interest in the other one's art, and had one of them died the other might not have gone to the funeral. It was, in a way, the singleness of the soul of each that drove these two exiles together, but more than that was the desolation of Lutton's Hill.

It was on a late June night one year that the heavy shade of the trees reminded Anson that summer had come and, the memories of the season aroused, he made his way instinctively toward the Wizard café. He had not been there in eight months, for, that winter, he had broken his rule and had written "The Outcast" in Europe. The place seemed unusually bright and he noticed another new waiter. In the little back room, however, all was the same, and there at his table sat George.

"Hello, George," said Byram Smith.

"Hello, Anse," said Wilmot the Wizard, and both went back to the shadows.

"Where you been?" asked the Wizard, after a silence during which his own mind went tap-tapping.

"Europe," said Byram Smith, and his thoughts went at once to Granada.

"Good winter?" asked the author of "The Outcast."

"It took in the West," said Connor; "but I've got to get some new stunts."

And then, the beer having come, they both leaned back and stopped talking.

It might have been twelve o'clock when Anson aroused himself slowly.

"George," he said, relighting his pipe, "it's funny you've never been married."

The Wizard stirred and began to look moody.

"I expected to be—this winter."

And then he told his tale quietly. There was no introduction, no simpering effusiveness; he was simply stating the facts of life. Once or twice he tapped the table in a little rhythm with his thin, pale hands.

"We were playing down in New Jersey," he said, "and she was a girl in a musical act. She had a fine voice, and as for her face—I saw it once and she owned me. She made a hit with a topical song, and before I had known her a month she went on to Broadway. Her name was Helen DeLeske."

He said it with the open frankness of limelight and MacFarland nodded. He knew of her well.

"She soon made good in her show, stayed in the city, and I switched my contracts to get a long run in New York. I think she loved me. She said she did, and we planned to be married this month.

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I bought a house on Long Island, and I gave her a motor-car."

The Wizard paused for a moment and his mind may have been in that run in New York or it may have been back in those early days in New Jersey, for his fingers were beating their reminiscent tattoo.

MacFarland pulled at his pipe. He too was no waster of words.

"And then it was broken?" he asked.

Connor ceased his tap-tapping.

"She was chosen," he said, "to play the lead in 'The Starling,' and after she sang her first song, the first night, there was nothing to it. I had the rooms and I had the wine for a supper that I was to give her that night. I meant—I meant when we were going home—to settle it for once and for all. I was going to ask her to marry me that very night—and I think that she might have done it—" His

"I jumped as if I'd been shot. It was absolutely uncanny."—Page 88.

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voice ran out and MacFarland looked up expectantly.

"She didn't come?"

"She didn't come," said George F. Connor; "she had married the man who was backing the show."

The bartender came around with the keys and stood waiting for Connor to speak.

"I'll close it," said Wilmot the Wizard. "Anything more?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Anson MacFarland, and the white coat went quietly out.

"If it hadn't been for a woman," said the other man, very slowly, "I wouldn't have been here to-night—or perhaps that's the reason I am."

He arranged his sentences as instinctively as Connor had beat his tattoo, and he found himself hampered in getting justly the sound of his words.

"Have you ever been in Granada?"

The Wizard nodded. He had played there a week in the open air of the Alameda. MacFarland went on.

"She was not dragged into the room; she just sank back."—Page 91.

"I landed there in October, and the air was as soft and as balmy as June. I used to sit in the promenade when the band was playing and watch the people strolling listlessly back and forth. And then I would go to one of the marble-topped, open-air tables and watch the absurd little scenery-like buildings, with their tottering walls, and the leaves of the palms, and see overhead the sky, that heavy, unreal, velvety purple that seemed as if you could touch it and as if it were soft, while the night was so still you could light a match out of doors and it would burn straight up in the air."

Wilmot the Wizard nodded. That at least he had seen.

"And one night I saw my perfect ideal of a girl. She was sitting on a bench in the promenade with a man and a woman, and she had a mantilla over her head. She looked—well, never mind what she looked like. I saw her once and I knew. I was thinking that she must be some Spanish beauty, when suddenly she threw back her head and said:

"'It's all very wonderful, but just the same I'd give it twice to see an American man.'

"I jumped as if I'd been shot. It was absolutely uncanny. I had pictured her as a cloistered Granadine beauty, and when she spoke in that clear American voice it was exactly as if the words had come from a babe in its cradle—or from a dog.

"As for me, I don't know what happened. I don't know how long I sat there, but the next thing I knew I was standing before her and saying, 'I'm glad, for I'm one.'

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Connor still looked at the shadows, beating his endless tattoo.—Page 91.

"And then I woke up, for the girl began laughing—laughing just as she talked, but the older woman looked as if she'd been struck. As for the man, he stared me over from head to foot and then he began to laugh too. As soon as he spoke I saw that he was a Yankee, but his wife, the older woman, was Spanish. All the time she said nothing but looked with a steady glare, and all the time I knew that she knew what we were saying."

MacFarland had finished smoking and Connor seemed almost asleep.

"But as for that," mused the former, "all that we said was quite harmless. The man asked how long I had been in the country and the girl asked me about New York. The Spanish mother was not going to let it last long, however, and after several attempts she hurried them all away.

"Nevertheless, the man gave me his card, and two days after I met him. In the mean time the consul told me something about him. He was an American, it seems, who went to Cuba during the ten years' war, his wife belonging to a Granadine family which had made a big fortune in Cuba, and after the American trouble they all went back to Granada to live—except one year that they spent over here. But the mother was the head of the house and she hated everything Yankee. I got some letters from the consul telling them more or less who I was, and after that I called every day, with the daughter and the father giving me a welcome, and the mother doing all but driving me out of the house.

"So time went on and I learned more thoroughly what I had known that very first night. I stayed through November and December until it became as crisp as it does in the States in the early fall. And then one night when I went, the mother alone was waiting to see me. She told me that her daughter had gone with her husband to France and she told me, more, that Amalia was going to marry her

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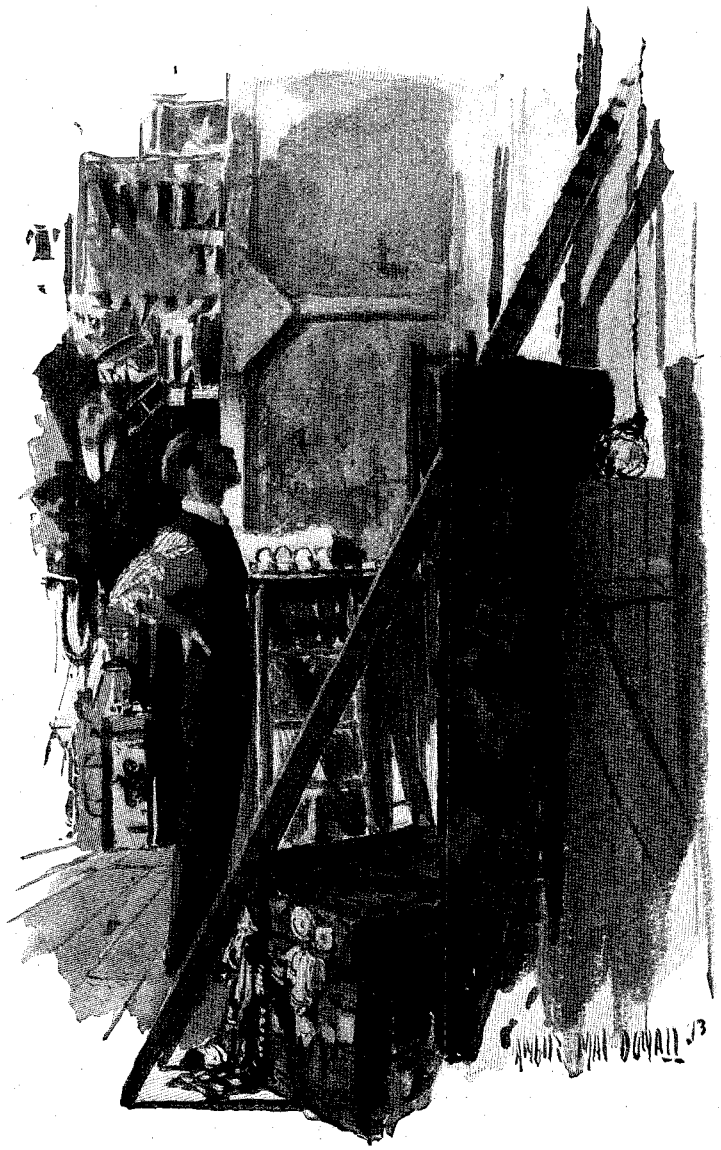
cousin, an officer of the Hussars of Pavia stationed up in Madrid.

"I thought at first she was lying, but then I found it was true—all true except that the daughter had not gone to France. The next day a *mozo* came from the consul's office and brought me a letter, unsigned, telling me to be under the windows of her room that night, between the hours of one and two.

"You know what those Spanish houses are like—built close up to the walk and plain as a prison on the outside with even gratings over the windows. I got there, however, at one, but there was a light in the house and I went into the shadow of a wall. It was nearly half past before the light went out, and almost two before I heard a shutter open.



Set it up like his drop, stood off, surveyed it, then arranged it again.—Page 91.

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"And then I saw her standing there in the upper window, dressed in white, her hair in a braid down her back. She beckoned to me and held out her arms, and I crowded close to the wall, but even at that I could not hear what she said. And then, without any warning, the window closed. She was not dragged into the room; she just sank back, and the shutters swung half-together. I thought for a moment that I heard her crying, but I listened harder and I could hear nothing at all. She married her cousin next day."

MacFarland sat for a moment biting the end of his pipe, while Connor still looked at the shadows, beating his endless tattoo. A moment later they rose.

"Good night, George."

"Good night, Anse," and they went.

But Connor found himself restless. The buzz of the evening ran in his mind and he wanted to think. He wandered into his studio and turned up the lights encased in their cages like those of a stage. He turned to a table and slowly dragged it around. His eyes wandered over the faded posters hung on the walls and then his thoughts began coming. He drew out an old piece of scenery and set it up like his drop, stood off, surveyed it, then arranged it again. Then he picked up his oldest and trustiest ladder, poised it a moment, ran up the rungs, and again began his tap-tap.

And MacFarland wandered up through the streets and sat in his easy chair. He turned up the light and filled his pipe and opened the pages of "Bleak House." And he too dropped into his thoughts, and there came his usual rhythm. His collar went off and his shirt. He gathered the folds of his robe and opened the writing-machine. He stopped just once to refill his pipe and then he began.

And now, if ever by chance you go to the music-halls of London or Berlin or Paris, you may see a clever American who goes by the name of Wilmot the Wizard. You will see a stage with a picturesque drop and many ladders. A man clad as a sailor will come running out and bow with a little set smile. Then for an instant he will poise a ladder, will run lightly up it and begin a steady tap-tap. Then he will run up a larger ladder and then up the largest of all, and then, as the climax of the whole affair, the stage will grow suddenly dark. You will hear a curtain rolling mysteriously, the lights will go on, and before you will stand the walls of a mediæval castle—a scene in the streets of Italy or possibly Spain. There will come a toll of cathedral bells, solemn and sweet, and then a song in a woman's voice. Clearer and clearer will come the tones until the woman herself appears, all clad in white, her hair hanging over her shoulders. And then from the wings will come a strolling troubadour fingering a light guitar while the orchestra serenades softly. The player will see the woman and lift up his head while she will reach out her arms to greet him. But the door and the lower windows will all be grated and so he will not be able to reach her.

But, quite conveniently, in the streets of Cadiz, he will find a ladder, sturdily strengthened with steel. Will the solid walls of the castle hold it? Never fear, for this troubadour scorns the use of a wall. Square in the middle of the street he raises it, the higher end resting on nothing but air. Then up it he goes and begins a little tap-tap. Across the streets walks the ladder mysteriously, the troubadour still thrumming gayly the guitar. Close to the window he goes, then closer, but still never touching the stones. There is a moment of anxious silence and the orchestra stops, while the troubadour drops the guitar, which is caught very neatly by a stage-hand who, most fortunately, happens to be walking the streets of Cadiz at that hour. The ladder begins to sway, the woman reaches her arms. He grasps her, he holds her, she swings, then slowly down the balancing ladder he creeps, the woman still in his arms. They leap together down to the stage, the lights go up, the orchestra blares and off they go, kissing their hands to the house.

And again, if you should chance to be in Vienna or Paris or Rome, and are not above pirated editions, you may happen to pick up the latest volume of Byram Smith's, which every one is sure to be reading. It is called "The Fall of the Star," and begins: "She was a prima donna and he was a tumbling gymnast."

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CHARITY

By Mabel Wood Martin

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

FATE, in the shape of an old acquaintance, tempted Farmingham off his island. On the lone, apple-green bit of land starting up aghast out of an empty sea, he had kept watch, for the benefit of a scientific society, upon the tides.

One forgets in time-keeping like this, with one's finger upon the pulse of the earth, that there are days. It was out of this existence, impersonal and unaffected by human events as the years that pass unnoticed over the Almighty's head, that he emerged quite accidentally to the remembrance that he was a man.

Klamer, of the Marine Corps, enticed him north for a taste of life, and it seems to be generally agreed that he got it before he was through.

He had not, however, been long gone before he acknowledged to a disappointment, of much the same nature as that which overtakes the long-absent member of a family when, the glamour of his return vanished, he beholds his kin going indifferently upon their way. Like all exiles, Farmingham expected of a busy and forgetful world too much. Very secretly he had pictured his return as a renaissance, and himself as transformed by some inextinguishable experience, some breathless excerpt from life.

To while away a vacation that must, however his interest had departed out of man and things, be endured, he took his instruments to the beach. There Farmingham, whose cosmos was rather of the water than of the land, became interested in the manœuvres of a really magical swimmer out in the surf.

The creature fairly danced among the waves, disporting itself like a lonely mid-sea fish.

Farmingham waited curiously one day for the water wizard to come ashore. In a lyric of movement, on the glittering shield of the water, the body rose and fell. Not till it was upon its feet in the sand did Farmingham astoundedly perceive that the swimmer was not a man. He gasped and, stammering an apology, took to his heels.

A laugh back of him caught him short He turned to behold the wet pixy-like face of the swimmer sparkling at him. No doubt Farmingham's classics bore upon him at that moment, recalling a certain fabled incident of the island of Cyprus. Certainly he had never seen any living creature come out of the sea so superbly as this.

As he stood gaping, she flung a cap from her head and let loose before his astonished gaze a glittering shower of hair. He elaborated his foolish explanation while the girl, showing the small close-set teeth of a child, continued to laugh.

She agreed with him nonchalantly as to the remarkable character of her swimming and took occasion irrelevantly to remark that she meant to go down sometime in a diver's costume to discover what was at the bottom of the sea—"For you," looking at him penetratingly, "of course, know."

Farmingham showed himself at this divination plainly surprised, but the lady, commencing to wring out her short skirts, thereby arousing in Farmingham the unhallowed sensation of intruding upon the laundering of a sprite, uncannily explained: "You're Mr. Farmingham of that English geographical society, visiting Mr. Klamer on our street. I know every one hereabout, native or white. I am Chat Pierce. Do you mind," sweeping the horizon with an anxious glance, "looking to see if my carriage is anywhere about?"

Farmingham made a reconnoissance whose reported unsuccess elicited an impatient exclamation from Miss Pierce.

Her clothes, so she informed him, were in the missing carriage, and the driver, a bibulous person it appeared, had been given explicit instructions to return within an hour. A much longer time had elapsed and Miss Pierce, expressing an utter dis-

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

He elaborated his foolish explanation while the girl . . continued to laugh.—Page 92.

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belief that the recreant Jehu would be seen within twenty-four hours, fell into thought, as a result of which she announced: "I'll go home in your carriage with you."

Farmingham blinked very hard and cast at her costume so openly a deprecating glance that she was moved reassuringly to declare: "It's all right. I'll sit well back; we can put up the top and," with a happy insouciance, "you can lend me your coat."

It was in vain that Farmingham, wrought up to an uncommon pitch of eloquence, volunteered a number of inspired counter suggestions. Miss Pierce showed herself very clearly out of sympathy with them all.

With a reluctance, therefore, with which he might have torn himself from his skin, he removed the coat; and Miss Pierce, tossing it on, beat toward the carriage an elated black-stockinged retreat. Farmingham, had he been in any less dour a mood, must have appreciated the entertaining stream of conversation which she kept up to the moment when, with discomfiture, he delivered her at her own gate.

"Who is the person called Chat Pierce?" he demanded, coming in upon Klamer dozing comfortably upon the front porch.

The marine officer, upon the inquiry, came immediately bolt upright. "Captain Pierce's daughter, Charity, so named in appeal against the judgment of the world by a dying mother, who had incurred it, I am told."

"The world has a quarrel with her then —what is it?"

"It's hard to define. I should put it that Charity—we call her Chat—goes through life simply ignoring all known laws. Current report has it that her mother was the same."

"Does she happen often to break them?" Farmingham asked.

"Sometimes—sometimes not. It depends upon your definition of the laws—there are others besides the decalogue—and how close they come to her course. An errant planet, untethered by gravitation, hurling itself blindly through an ordered universe, bodes ill to all it shall meet.

"I have, in this sense, encountered the lady only indirectly—a few weeks ago, when she was about to be married to Westlake, of the corps, a knight of a man who had contrived to care for her inordinately. He and I, as best man, waited nearly an hour in the vestry of a church, crowded with people, for a bride who never appeared, and who, in her wedding garments, is said to have declared to six thwarted and interceding bridesmaids that she had experienced all the anticipation and excitement of the Supreme Romance without entailing any of its bonds.

"Westlake took it desperately, of course; he's that kind. We had to rush him away on leave as fast as we could. The lady—how did it affect her? Not at all; nothing that I have yet heard of ever does."

Farmingham saw the girl pass the house often thereafter, swinging off alone with a song toward the sea. Occasionally he encountered her on the beach. While she studied his instruments, he studied her, with no marked success. Indeed, she eluded analysis always, up to the last, the day of days, when she dropped so irrevocably out of her world.

Her relations with that world, Farmingham learned, were unique. For her offences, she passed regularly through periods of general disfavor, light-heartedly termed, by herself, quarantine, when the light of the public countenance was withdrawn and she went, with the best of spirits, it must be admitted, her vagrant way alone.

Chat had about her, however, too much of irresistible human cheer to suffer permanently her deserts. She might be dangerous, as had been only too truly proven, but she was healthy and happy; and her career after all, so it was reasoned, was nobody's concern but her own.

Certainly her father had never made it his. Desirous of marrying again, and deterred by a notorious responsibility which all sane women feared, he waited for the moment when the problem should pass into another's hands.

But it was to those who had known the girl always that Farmingham listened most intently. Out of their knowledge they prophesied direly. Chat, they averred, trailed disaster in her wake. Sometime or other she, being she, must encounter catastrophe. How else could it end, when, in a world where we have all, for fear of overlapping one another's lives, to keep to our own little plots, Chat rode cross-country, joyously leaping life barriers like hurdles?

Only once of herself did the girl choose to speak. It was after their companionship

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had endured for some time. They were on the beach with the ocean rolling before them in monotonous song.

"I know I'm bad!" she exclaimed ruefully; "not the plain kind of bad that you can spot with one eye, but an intricate evil of my own. I used to try to choose, truly I did, which way to go; but I seemed to come out always at the wrong end, just the same. Now"—she punctuated the air with an oscillating forefinger—"I just say—'my—mother—says—to—take—this—one.'

"I'm a trivial thing, everybody says"—she picked up a withered sand flower and laid it before her—"like this. Sometime I'll shrivel up just so, waste weed on the shore; while you"—she glanced up at him with an eerie thoughtfulness—"all the oceans of the earth could roll over you and you'd stand. Something or other must have arranged it all that way."

Farmingham turned his face quickly away to hide what was in it.

A light touch fell on his arm. "Tell me about the island!" the girl urged. While he described his existence there, she sat very still, looking out at sea. Two or three times she exclaimed: "What a wonderful life!"

"But no people," he said, "to play Punch and Judy with—through whose lives you can run helter-skelter."

Farmingham no longer pretended to deny, even to himself, how deeply he was involved. Even the deadly parallel of Westlake's fate, as conscientiously pointed out by Klamer, failed longer to arouse him. In sleepless hours at night he recalled the warnings, the fatality so universally attached to Chat; and in his dreams he had always the vision of a single sand flower withered and blown to the winds.

Stupidly, confusedly, he confronted the most tremendous of human problems, groping for the reason of it all, questioning savagely the secrets of God. That it should all have been so hopeless, so removed from the first from human intervention, maddened him. For nothing, he understood—he cherished no illusions of Chat—could alter her, not all the powers and prayers of man. Had she been merely bad instead of blind——!

Yet it was for her and not for himself he most rebelled. Never once to her did he attach a shadow of blame, thus reasoning sublimely above the rest. In these blackest moments of his life he cursed those who, coming before her, had by their viciously careless lives destroyed before ever she was born her moral sight—robbed her of her human heritage of choice.

At the end of all this struggle, he decided upon the one thing possible to him—to go. Through it all Chat, almost constantly at his side, had passed, untouched, unseeing. For her there was no to-morrow with its forthcoming—there never would be.

He announced his departure quite simply to Chat, whom he found digging for clams on the beach. With Klamer's brutal prediction in mind—that five minutes after he was gone he would have vanished forever out of her thought—he perhaps scarcely expected her to consider his few broken words, so little—so horribly little—could it matter to her. But she did. Dropping her spade suddenly, she gazed up at him with the most singular look and exclaimed: "Oh, why do you do that?"

But when, overmastered, he was about to reply, the impulse died out of her face like a light in the dark. "Your work needs you, I suppose. How glad I am I have nothing whatever to do! But I shall miss you, truly I shall—they're still quarantining me, you know."

Farmingham stood a moment as if turned to stone. Then a devilish desire came over him to laugh, to throw back his head and shout at the visible workings of a universe in which things like this could happen.

It was another diabolical impulse that prompted him to turn, after he had left, to behold Chat, a golden figure of a sprite on the still stretches of the sand, bent interestedly to her task. Had Klamer been anywhere about, Farmingham would, for his monstrous prescience, have broken his head.

His boat did not sail until nearly midnight. The beach had always been their common meeting-ground. There is no other way to account for his final visit to the scene of his torment.

And it was only chance, of course, that Chat was in the surf. The thing she undertook that night had long been simmering in her brain. That she should have chosen that time to fulfil it— But here again, as at all points of this human narrative, it is idle to speculate.

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Farmingham knew instantly by divination that it was she. He crouched down on the sand to watch her—a last picture to carry away—Chat safe and happy in the sea she loved.

He did not notice on his face an occasional wet drop, nor the rising wind. He perceived nothing but a single dark form borne by the waves.

It was only when the roughening sea precluded his view that he awoke to the realization of how far she had gone. Why, he wondered dully, still not fully awake to what was happening, did they let her go out this way alone? But who in all this mad world could be inveighed against as *they?* Whose concern in heaven or earth had she ever been?

He could see her no longer. The water was rising swiftly. She could never get back. He knew that now. She had gone, as she had been always so plainly destined to go, beyond her depth.

He started to run furiously down the beach toward the boat-house, a prey to the most terrible thoughts. This, then, was the answer to the problem. This neglected and irresponsible life, which the world had shifted from its shoulders, was being disposed of out there at last.

The inexorable law was exacting fulfilment. Annihilation was the fate of all futile life.

He launched a boat in the rain-splashed sea. Rowing desperately, he scanned the water for a sign of Chat. Only upon her extraordinary powers as a swimmer could there now rest a chance. He saw himself through the fearful years ploughing endless oceans till he should come—to her.

In the midst of the writhing waves there appeared once or twice what seemed to be the shifting outline of a form. Straining the boat after it, he saw that it was Chat.

It is at this point in the fate of the two that speculative after-opinion rises to its height. Klamer says Farmingham did the thing foolishly sublime: that if it had been he, he would have taken the only safe way—that there never could be any question as to Chat's destiny; it was written in the stars from the first—while the others quote the certain disaster of interfering in the manifest arrangements of the high gods.

No one will ever know, of course, just what in those naked moments were Farmingham's thoughts. Facing his problem—as complex and cruel a one perhaps as man has ever been set to solve—Klamer's elucidation no doubt came to him as an overpowering temptation. The years must have rolled before him in that instant with every variation of the hell they could produce, and he must have abandoned himself forever and chosen his course.

Chat was all but gone when he reached her. Getting her into the boat was a terrific task. As she dropped exhausted into the bottom of it, her lips closed over a few disjointed words: "I—never—would—have—reached it."

In a flash of memory, Farmingham understood what she had meant—a wild wager that she could swim to the transport lying in the rough waters some distance beyond. It was for this, an idle bet, that she had risked her life. And it was always to be so—in this existence: high stakes played for trifles, and trifles magnified to deadly import.

It was hours before Chat awoke to a lucid conception of life. When she did so, it was to one so startling as to cause her to wonder for a moment if she had not after all been drowned and projected into another world.

Terror rising within her, she struggled to her feet. All around her was a black expanse of sea. Thunder-clouds lay against the horizon, with here and there a single unearthly gleam of light. The wind almost beat her down to the deck of this strange steamer that was going—where? Like a child, she let forth a frightened cry, when over the storm a voice spoke:

"You are with me."

Farmingham stood before her, and for a speechless moment Chat stared at the black shadow of his form. Then in a burst of comprehension she cried: "You've stolen me!"

The wind, tearing about them, flung their garments into strange shapes. The lightning revealed their faces to each other—tense and white.

"Listen," Farmingham exhorted, "with all there is in you, and try—this once—to understand.

"Back there in the bay to-night I saved your life. In a few minutes, had I not come, you would have sunk; neither to yourself nor to any other would you again have brought harm—and it came to me,

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when I saw you down there in the water, to make it the end for us both.

"But there was all *your* life unlived before you. In saving you I have become responsible for it as long as I shall live. For all that you shall do or be I, and I only, am answerable to the last.

"At Malambat where the boat stops a priest will marry us.

"I may have seized on your life to my destruction. There is no one who can say this will not be so. You may scatter in your path the broken potsherds of my existence, but yourself—*you shall not destroy.*"

The girl clung to him, trembling. "I understand!" she sobbed wildly. "You are taking me to the island, where we will be safe and alone—safe where I can't hurt anybody—not myself, and not—O God—not you!"

THE TRAGIC TEN DAYS OF MADERO*

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM MEXICO

By Alice Day McLaren

MEXICO CITY, March 30, 1910.

Yesterday on the train we met Francisco I. Madero and his wife returning from a political tour in the State of Sonora. A political tour in Mexico! It sounds like a farce, does it not? And yet he has been lecturing in various parts of the Republic, and Don Porfirio has not yet put a stop to it. Mr. Madero has also written a book setting forth political conditions in this country, the publication of which has not been suppressed, and he is now in the city for the purpose of organizing a party which intends to hold a convention to nominate an opposition candidate to run against the present President. What I cannot make out is why the latter is letting the matter go on so far. He must know about it, and he is either "lying low" to make the blow more crushing when it falls, or he considers the matter too unimportant to notice, or, which does not seem likely, he feels that public opinion has grown too strong for him to take any radical action. I had never met Mr. Madero before, but Will has known him for years. He is a small, almost timid-looking man, and until you hear him speak you would not believe that he had the courage to attempt such a foolhardy undertaking. He is full of his subject and assures us that the movement is far more general than we realize. Doña Sara seemed to me to be fearful of results and very much worried. She looked at her husband with anxious eyes, shook her head, and said: "Que Panchito tan entusiasmado!" (What an enthusiast Panchito is!) She, perhaps, does not share his extreme enthusiasm, but she sympathizes with his ideas and accompanies him on all his tours. She seems to have a vague notion that she affords him some protection. He knows he may be shot some day, for during our talk he said to Will: "I have put all my property into money; I am prepared to sacrifice that money and my life if necessary; I have no children, and, if the worst happens, Sara will have my life insurance." He may be pursuing a will o' the wisp, but he is doing it in deadly earnest.

April 28, 1910.

We have had a most interesting week. Last Tuesday Lucy came to spend a few days with me, as her husband was called to the Isthmus on business. Tuesday evening we were in the library before dinner when R. L., a business associate of Will's, was announced, and asked to speak to him alone. I supposed it was a matter of business and was very much surprised a few minutes later when José came and told me that the Señores wished to speak to me. They told me that the

*The Mexicans call the ten days of the conflict in Mexico City (February 9 to 18, 1913) *La Decena Trágica.* The extracts here given include such passages from letters of the preceding three years as help to the understanding of the crisis.

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Convention of the new political party was about to be held and that Don Porfirio had ordered the arrest of the leader, Francisco I. Madero (of whom I wrote you last month) on a fictitious charge of cutting rubber-plants on a strip of land in litigation; that if he could evade arrest until after the Convention he would give himself up. Neither Will nor R. L. have any special interest in politics, but Mr. Madero is a relative of the latter, and they wanted to know if I had any objection to hiding him in our house until the storm blew over.

Object! Why I was thrilled all over. Do you remember our old black "Stories of the Civil War"? There was a tale in that of a girl who was bleaching linen on the grass when a rebel spy came by and begged her help. When, a few minutes later, the Federals came up and asked if a man had just passed there, she answered "No," and calmly continued to sprinkle linen, under which, I need hardly add, the fugitive was hidden. I felt just like that heroine, though I may as well say at once that I did not have an opportunity to sprinkle linen on top of Mr. Madero. Lucy was the only difficulty, so it was arranged that I was to tell her that a business friend of Will's, a Mr. "Gonzalez," had arrived unexpectedly, and was to be our guest for a few days, and Will came in shortly after with the stranger. We did not see a great deal of Mr. "Gonzalez" except at meals, as he worked most of the time in his room. He is an interesting talker and has travelled almost everywhere, and has made a very deep study of history and politics, and especially of the political and economic status of the Mexican Indian. We really enjoyed his visit and, while nothing thrilling occurred, there were one or two amusing incidents. As it happened, we had asked some people to dinner on Saturday night, and under the circumstances it seemed wise for Mr. "Gonzalez" not to appear. We explained this to Lucy by saying that he had some letters and telegrams that he felt he must get off that evening. Unluckily, just as we were all assembled in the little reception-room opposite the stairs, the President sent for Mr. Madero for a conference, and R. L., who had arranged the meeting and who was the only person who knew where the fugitive was, came for him. It was a hard moment, but Will went out, closing the doors behind him; Mr. Madero passed quickly down the stairs, and Will came back looking distinctly guilty. I had talked as much as possible during his absence, but Edith B., who is very observant, asked: "Why so mysterious, Don Guillermo?" Will muttered something about a household hitch and I breathed again. After dinner we went into the library, which is on the corner, and I chanced to look out of the window. There, under the arc light, were four mounted policemen in addition to our regular foot gendarme. My inward comment was, "Oh, waiting to arrest him when he comes back!" but, feeling still more like the aforementioned heroine, I opened the French window wide and called to the girls to come and look at the glorious night. Perhaps the gathering of those policemen was a mere coincidence, for Mr. Madero was in his room when we went up-stairs. The next morning Lucy said to me: "What a strange man your friend Mr. Gonzalez is! I saw him go out at six o'clock this morning in a high hat and frock coat." It was true. Something took place at that conference, and the charge against him was withdrawn; and he went first to see his mother and then to the Convention to make a speech of acceptance of the nomination which was offered him. Thus closes our little part in the political life of Mexico. Please don't mention this to any one, as it might cause gossip. I write to you because I know how interested you are in all that affects our life here.

NEW YORK, June, 1910.

We saw Don Francisco Madero the other day, the father of "Panchito." He tells us that the latter has been put in jail in San Luis Potosi on the charge of sedition. Our help last Spring did not do any good after all, but of course this was to be expected. The President will probably keep him in prison until after election and then release him. Don Francisco tells us that Doña Sara is in San Luis Potosi and takes all his food to the cell herself to avoid any chance of foul play. Poor little woman, what a life!

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MEXICO CITY, August 26, 1910.

I wish you were going to be here for the Centennial Celebration, which is to last during the entire month of September. I have never seen such preparations in my life. Statues and buildings in process of construction are being hurried to completion, arches are being erected, all public and many private buildings are being illuminated and decorated, and the main streets are simply a mass of flags and lights. Houses have been rented and sumptuously furnished as residences for the special embassies and each has its carriages with men in livery. They say that the big *patio* of the National Palace has been floored and roofed for the President's Ball and several other entertainments. All sorts of *fiestas* have been planned for both rich and poor, something for every day. They are spending money like water to glorify the present régime, and if I were a Socialist I should be enraged. I am not, however, and intend to enjoy it all thoroughly. One thing struck me especially. Most of the scaffolding around the new National Theatre has been taken down and a temporary lawn planted around it. It is a magnificent structure, but at the same time it is such a monument of the ostentation of the controlling group. Pour money in as they will, they have been unable to finish it, but they have shammed it over for this event. Besides, why do they need a National Theatre with their poor unhoused and uneducated—but I am talking like a Socialist again. . . .

P.S.—Francisco I. Madero was let out on bail, which he forfeited by hurrying into the United States. Nothing is being said about it and probably it is not important. Besides it would not do to cast a gloom over Don Porfirio's Celebration.

October 8, 1910.

E. S. I. arrived a few days ago on his first visit to Mexico. It is too bad that he did not get here in time to see some of the Centennial, for the Capital has never been so gay. The only thing he saw was the Apotheosis to the dead heroes night before last. In a way it was quite impressive. It was held in the same *patio* as the President's Ball except that they had erected a great tomb in the centre of it reaching nearly to the top of the building. Steps led up to the pillar itself and on each corner of the base was burning a great urn of incense. This, combined with several thousand people, made the air almost unbearable, and the programme itself was deadly. Orations and poems and patriotic anthems. The audience, diplomatic and unofficial alike, fidgeted and yawned behind their hands until the final number, which was worth going for. The President himself, in spite of his eighty-odd years, erect as any of his guard, walked briskly up the steps of the tomb, made a short address in a clear, strong voice, hung a wreath on the great pillar, and descended amid thunderous clapping and wild playing of the National Hymn. He seemed anything but old and broken, and this Centennial seems to be the climax of his wonderful material achievements. I cannot believe that there is much intriguing that he had not got his "iron finger" on. That brings me to what I started to write. Yesterday Will gave a lunch for E. S. I. at the Jockey Club. Among the guests were Don Francisco Madero, Sr., and his second son Gustavo, Mr. Creel, the Minister of Foreign Relations, and a prominent foreign diplomat. To-day what do you think happened? Gustavo Madero was arrested on the charge of suborning an officer of the Mexican Army and Don Francisco, Sr., fearing arrest on some charge or other, is here at our house under the name of Mr. Lopez. For the second time I have a refugee. It is becoming a habit. I had no idea last Spring that the situation would become so complicated. I wonder what E. S. I. thinks of Mexican political methods in comparison with our own, in which he has had so much experience. The luncheon of yesterday is rendered rather grotesque in view of to-day's happenings, and Will told his guest, the foreign diplomat, this afternoon that he hoped the matter would not cause him any embarrassment. The latter answered, "It is all right for me. The Minister of Foreign Relations was there too"—which was a point we had not considered.

November 8, 1910.

I hope you have not been bothered about the so-called anti-American riots,

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due, it is said, to the lynching in Texas. They really have not amounted to much and consisted chiefly of half-grown boys, students perhaps, who have marched the streets shouting, "Death to the Gringo," and breaking a few windows of American shops. The whole thing is a farce. The rioters do not seem to deny that the Mexican murdered the woman or to resent the lynching to any extent. They emphasize the manner of lynching, which is said to be burning at the stake. If true, it is shocking, of course, but American mobs are known to have done the same to their own people. In fact, it is not clear that the man was not an American citizen, after all, although Mexican born. Every one seems to think that the outbreak is due to political conditions here, rather than to any real anti-American feelings. There is undoubtedly an undercurrent of unrest throughout the Republic.

February 12, 1911.

E. S. I. is here again and the first thing he did was to ask about all that had happened since his last visit, and especially about Mr. Lopez. We told him about helping the Madero family out of town and how they are practically exiles in San Antonio. He is leaving to-morrow for El Paso homeward-bound, and in view of the rumors of trouble in the North he asked Secretary D. of the Embassy, as a joke, "If I am caught by rebels will you send out a rescuing party?" and Mr. D. laughingly assured him he would.

February 25, 1911.

The joke about being caught turned out to be true. E. S. I. was in the first train held up by Orozco and his men. A track has been run here through the city streets from the Arsenal to the National Station, and soldiers and munitions are being sent north. Hostilities are really begun. It seems impossible, with the taste of the Centennial still in our mouths. Don Porfirio went a step too far when he put Madero in jail, or, perhaps I would better say, when he let him out again. Public opinion evidently was smouldering, and recent events have fanned it into flames. We received a very interesting letter from E. S. I. telling of his slow trip north with the troop train, and how he and a nurse from the railroad hospital took care of the sick and wounded as best they could with the facilities at hand. He seems to have had ample opportunity to study the men and to have taken pleasure in doing so. He writes: "I feel that the Mexican Government has no idea of the seriousness of this uprising. These men are calm, sane, but determined, and should be met squarely."

April 15, 1911.

Things have become so serious, and every one feels that the country would suffer so terribly by a long civil war, that R. L. has been "orally" authorized by the President to go, in company with Sr. ——, confidential adviser of the latter, to Corpus Christi, Texas, to treat with his refractory relative.

May 4, 1911.

Will has received a discouraged letter from R. L. from Monterey. His peace mission has failed. Mr. Madero would not hear of any condition whatsoever other than the resignation of General Diaz, and that, evidently, was not included in the instructions given the emissaries. He writes that persecutions are being practised against the non-belligerent members of the Madero family as a lever to force Francisco I. to drop the fight. Bills of the Banco de Nuevo Leon, a Madero-controlled bank, have been repudiated in Federal offices, loans have been called, extensions refused, and countless other acts committed, which, if continued, will prove disastrous to men doing business on as large a scale as the Madero brothers. R. L. ends his letter thus tragically: "The whole family faces ruin, myself along with it. The best thing you can do is to save yourself by severing all connection with me."

May 8, 1911.

We went to dine with a diplomatic friend and his wife the other night, and at about half-past nine, while we were calmly playing bridge, the *maître d'hôtel* came hurriedly in and said rapidly in French, "They are fighting in Piedad." "How do you know?" "The peasants passing have told me." Without a word, without as much as going to the veranda where

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a battle in Piedad could not only be heard but almost seen, our host walked to the telephone, called up a certain newspaper correspondent who is a warm friend of his, and said, "There is a battle being fought in Piedad." Meanwhile we had gone to the veranda and strained eyes and ears in the direction of the supposed disturbance. Absolute quiet prevailed. In about twenty minutes the newspaper correspondent arrived, stating that he had been to Piedad in an automobile and that the little village was fast asleep. I write you this because the question arises at once, "Are the man's despatches to his home Government as frenzied as this?" This is a small matter but it might happen equally well in a large one.

May 16, 1911.

Don ——— Madero, one of the most active business members of the family, came to Will to-day to ask him to go to the President of the National Railways to see about securing a special train for him to go, in company with Don Francisco Madero, Senior, and R. L., to treat once more with the rebel "Jefe." The matter was easily arranged and they are to start at once for the north.

June 1, 1911.

It does not seem possible, but the peace mission was successful, not only bringing about a settlement, but bringing it about on the rebel's terms. Don Porfirio has given up the fight and last Thursday went out of the back door of his down-town house, and with his family boarded a train for Vera Cruz, taking the first steamer for Europe. Mr. de la Barra, who was formerly Mexican Ambassador in Washington, is to be Provisional President, and elections are to be held in the fall. Our little Mr. "Gonzalez" of a year ago has pulled Don Porfirio off the throne. There has been a good deal in the papers about riots in the City on the day he left, but, knowing the unreliability of many of the reports, I hope you did not let them alarm you. We were not in the centre of town at all, as it was a religious holiday and all the offices and shops were closed, but we lunched at the French Legation, which is much nearer the Centre than our own house. After lunch we were playing bridge when one of the so-called mobs came by, and we dropped our cards to watch it. It consisted, for the most part, of ragged boys, big and little, carrying banners and sticks, and beating on tin cans, much like a boys' parade in our own country. Just in front of the Legation they met a milk-cart, legitimate prey, of course. They stopped it, jeered the driver, took out a few empty tins which they placed on the curb, and went on amid the expletives of the outraged milkman. How the most hectic of reporters could write that up as "mobs of angry men with death in their eyes" is hard to understand.

July 10, 1911.

Last Sunday Will gave a stag lunch here at the house, and I ate in the pantry with the cat and listened as well as I could to the talk in the dining-room. It was difficult amid the clatter. The reason for the lunch was that a number of Will's "official" friends wished to meet Mr. Francisco I. Madero "unofficially," to get to know him before he really becomes official, as he undoubtedly will at the next election. Later in the afternoon I went in to greet him, and it was the first time I had seen him since he was our hidden guest. I have never seen such a modest man in my life. He flushed all over when I congratulated him, and insisted that it was not due to him at all but to an absolute cry from the Mexican people. Perhaps he is right in a way, but it is perfectly clear that very few of them have acted with the good faith and selflessness of their leader and spokesman. It is almost more than human, and sooner or later his ideals are going to receive a shock, I fear. In fact, the failure to hold Zapata has been one. The day after the luncheon one of the Mexican papers came out with a notice of it, ending up, "In this same house Mr. Madero was hidden over a year ago when he was evading arrest in order to hold the Convention of the new party." Will was very much annoyed and spoke to him apologizing for the notice, saying that he had no idea how it got into the paper and that he had never mentioned his visit to us in 1910 to any one and was at a loss to know how the secret got out. Mr. Madero looked at

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him as naïve as a child and said, "Why, I told them; I did not know that you would object."

September 1, 1911.

We have spent most of the week attending the Convention that has nominated Francisco I. Madero for President, and it has been most interesting. We were fortunate enough to have a box, which we occupied during nearly every session. There must have been in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred delegates from all parts of the Republic, and it was perfectly remarkable to see the intelligence and sanity with which those men, without any previous political experience, carried through that Convention. We have heard so much about the country "not being ready for democracy." Perhaps not, but a much larger percentage of it is ready than many people believe. E. S. I. is here again, strangely enough. He seems to be here for all our political excitements. He says that this Convention was held with as much despatch and probably more order than similar events in our own country. The only point that has come up for discussion in this campaign has been the nomination for vice-president. It seems Mr. Madero indicated that a man named Pino Suarez, who is comparatively unknown around the Capital, would be more desirable to him for vice-president than Dr. Vasquez Gomez, who seemed the logical candidate for the position, or than either of the other two aspirants. Dr. Vasquez Gomez was very prominent during the Revolution, and many of Mr. Madero's supporters think he has made a political blunder in disregarding this fact. Judging by his stand on the peace conditions I do not believe he is given to compromise of any sort.

November 15, 1911.

Inauguration Day has come and gone, and our obscure little refugee of a year and a half ago is President of the Republic of Mexico. There was a parade and a reception at the National Palace to celebrate the Inauguration. There were thousands of people on the streets and the greatest order prevailed, although I am told that the crowd did not compare either in numbers or enthusiasm with the one on the day of Mr. Madero's arrival in the city from the North in June. I still regret having missed that. Two things I noticed which I never saw or heard during Don Porfirio's time. One was that a great percentage of the populace removed their hats when the flag passed; the other that groups of people sang the National Hymn in the street. Rumor has it that General Diaz forbade both these demonstrations, as it stirred up enthusiasm for the "patria" rather than loyalty to himself. This is merely a story, of course, but perhaps now that restraint is removed patriotism will flourish better. The difficulty will be to direct it properly, and to do that the lower classes must be taught a few first principles. They are so wofully ignorant and so hopelessly apathetic. Some amusing things happened in connection with the reception. We did not go, but I heard about them afterward. It appears that through some mismanagement of the arrangements the diplomatic guests were badly squeezed by the pressing forward of the crowd in their eagerness to get a look at the new President. Now I come to think of it, that is not a trait peculiar to the Mexican. At any rate, it caused a great deal of unpleasant comment among the Diplomats, who perhaps felt that their dignity had not been properly respected. Our friends have taken to calling us "Maderistas" on account of the interest we have shown in this whole affair, and also on account of both business and friendly relations with the family, which date back some fifteen years. A day or two after the jostling episode one of the Ministers asked me with the most scornful upcurling of mustaches: "And *now* what does your hussband sink of hiss fren' Madero?" I was playing cards and did not look up, but answered pleasantly enough: "Oh! he does not seem to think that pinching the Diplomats a little affects the fundamental welfare of the country." I could not see his face, but I know he was furious, for he left abruptly. The same day at tea-time I saw Eleanor A., whose husband, you remember, is —— Minister. I asked her what he thought of it and she said in her harum-scarum way: "Oh! Hans is so fat he did not mind the jostling, and he took

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some cakes in his pocket to eat during the ceremony, so he did not suffer at all. But," she said laughing, "some Mexicans saw him and remarked in Spanish: 'Look! the foreign pig eats!' " I thought—"So, there was injured dignity on both sides."

April 5, 1912.

President Taft's message for "Americans who find conditions intolerable in Mexico" to leave the country has caused a panic. In San Antonio the baggageman who checked my trunk to Mexico was surprised when he heard where I was going, and remarked: "Pretty nervy, ain't it?" As a matter of fact, the tide was all the other way, and I passed train-load after train-load of women and children going to Texas and various other places to wait until conditions grow better. Indeed, they do not seem to have improved much, especially in the interior points from which the greater part of the refugees come. Brigandage apparently has spread, although the bands do not make much pretence of being organized or of a political nature. The Government Officials whom I have seen are possessed of a happy optimism and reiterate that "in thirty days everything will be settled." Perhaps their measures are more active than they appear to a lay eye. Almost all foreigners are dismal, heaving sighs and predicting the exact date on which Orozco, Zapata, or "cualquier otro jefe" (some chief or other) will enter the city to give his men a half-day's loot. Many of the colonies have talked of arming themselves and some measures have been taken. Our own colony has had a shipment of second-hand army rifles sent in and goodness knows how many thousand rounds of ammunition, which they offer for sale to Americans for a moderate sum. We have not invested in one and our sole arm is a thirty-thirty Winchester rifle and seven cartridges, the latter a gift from Paul V., who thinks we ought not to be entirely without protection in case of riot. Some of the colonies have appointed concentration houses, armed and provisioned, and each colonist has been told where to go and what to take, a blanket, two candles, and a bag of beans being part of the equipment, if I remember rightly. So much has been said about the Capital being entered that Will and I have begun to mock, and every time a few firecrackers are discharged we look at each other and say: "They are taking the City." The chances of such an event are very remote, to say the least.

September 16, 1912.

Last night we went to the National Palace to hear and see the "grito" which I think I have already described to you, but I do not remember. Risking repetition, it is the commemoration of the cry of Independence led by the Priest Hidalgo in 1810. He rang a bell at midnight on September 15th of that year calling to the people to strike a blow for Independence. The cry was taken up by them and the result was freedom from Spanish rule. The same little bell now hangs in the National Palace, and it is the custom to repeat the ceremony on the same date and at the same hour ever since. I heard the story that two years ago, when the Centennial was being celebrated, some rebellious person muffled the bell. Nothing was said at the time and the story has probably just sprung up of itself. To go on about last night, first there was a reception with a concert, Bonci, who is here with an opera company, being among the artists. At midnight every one went out on the balconies, the bell was rung by the President, and cannon were fired in front of the Cathedral, which by the way was illuminated and was a beautiful sight with its great old towers and dome. The wiring on the Cathedral, and on the Palace as well, is a relic of the Centennial, and the *plaza* was as light as day. And there was the sight we really came to see, the mass of people in the *plaza*. There they were, thousands of them packed together with their faces turned upward toward the bell; all you could see were faces, faces, faces, with the light shining on them, those of the men framed by the brims of their big *sombreros* and those of the women by their *rebozos*. They were so solemn that I was oppressed by them. There was a feeble cheer at the moment of the "grito," but the light was on, not in, those gloomy upturned countenances. A few minutes later I said to Will that it looked as if the President had failed to convince them, but he is more optimistic than I and reminded me that an Indian crowd is al-

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ways apathetic. I had the feeling that the President should have harangued them. It was such an opportune moment, just after ringing the Independence bell, to tell them what he was doing and hoped to do for them, and to ask for their support, and for patience a little bit longer. It appears that my idea was too fantastical, yet it did not seem right to go off and drink champagne with that lump of hopelessness outside. Handbills, calculated to stir up enthusiasm, were passed around among the crowd stating that Orozco had been routed, I do not know how many guns captured, and Orozco, Sr., taken prisoner. There was no apparent rejoicing, and no doubt the average laborer is tired of hearing about military triumphs.

November 30, 1912.

Thanksgiving has come and gone and we celebrated with the proverbial turkey with all its accoutrements. Speaking of this, the Mexican Government has cause for Thanksgiving, for they have successfully put down a revolt in Vera Cruz led by Felix Diaz, an ex-general in the Mexican Army and a nephew of Don Porfirio. He is a graduate of the Chapultepec Military Academy, and has a good deal of influence in the Army. He caused a defection among the troops and there was quite a row in Vera Cruz, but it has been put down and Felix Diaz is in prison down there. I don't know what they intend to do with him. The putting down of this rather formidable uprising will help the present Government very much and is a distinct show of strength. After the quelling of this disturbance others are less likely to break out. One thing must be said for Felix Diaz, and that is that he resigned from the Army before attempting to cause trouble for the Government, and there is an element of decency in that.

February 10, 1913, 9 P. M. Monday.

Our joke about "taking the City" begins to assume rather a grim aspect, as you know before this in our home newspapers. The first rumor we had of any trouble was on Saturday evening when Will came home from the office. Some one had told him that there was a whisper around town of a proposed defection of troops in San Angel, one of our little suburbs, but that the Government was forewarned and had taken the necessary precautions. We thought little about the matter and I was full of the tennis tournament which I had been attending that afternoon. As I wrote you, there are four players down from the United States, Miss Mary Brown, last year's woman champion, being the bright and particular star of the tournament. The Reforma Club was gay with spectators and nothing could have looked less like impending trouble. In fact, I made an engagement with Mr. and Miss S. to play a match on Sunday morning. We had a dinner on Saturday evening and the subject of politics was scarcely touched upon, which is rare in these days. Yesterday morning about eight o'clock I heard the servants talking in excited tones and slamming doors and windows, and I got up to expostulate with them for disturbing our Sunday-morning snooze, and Gabriela, with a nervous giggle, said: "Señorita, there is shooting in the Centre. Who knows what it may be?" We had heard a few explosions but we took them to be fireworks, of which the Indian is very fond. We decided not to try to sleep any more and got up and dressed in our tennis clothes, supposing that the trouble would be settled by the time we were ready to go out. While we were dressing, a bullet thumped against the concrete side of the house, and I went down to hunt for it as soon as I was dressed. You know Will's father and mother went through a revolution in Colombia way back in the early sixties and some of the flattened bullets that hit their house are still treasured in the family. I thought it would be so interesting for us to repeat the experience more than fifty years later, but hunt as I would I could not find the bullet, although I could see where it had struck. The shooting continued in a desultory manner during breakfast and at nine-fifteen Mr. S. telephoned that he supposed the tennis game was off. I replied that we were ready to go and I am sure he thought me mad, because their house is down near the Centre and he knew the situation was bad and we did not. He told me that he considered it very unsafe to be on the streets,

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but Will and I disregarded this and started for the Reforma Club on foot. Of course there were no trams, as they all start from just in front of the National Palace, which appeared to be the seat of the disturbance. We walked from here directly to the Paseo and on our way met a mounted soldier leading two riderless horses. We stopped him and asked the state of things in the Centre and he answered with the single word "Grave." When we questioned him further his answers were so evasive that we could not tell to which party he belonged or whether he was a deserter, so we walked on. On the Paseo we passed the mounted Park Guard on their way to the National Palace. There were, perhaps, forty of them and their horses broke into a gallop just as we reached them. They looked very martial indeed. A number of riderless horses, still saddled and fully accoutred, came running by, terrified. It made me shudder to think where their riders must be. There was no one at the Club when we got there, but a couple of members drifted in later. Meanwhile the firing continued, mostly with small arms, although some cannon were discharged in the course of the morning. We remained at the Club until five o'clock, with the exception of one "excursion" to the Café Chapultepec, which we found closed, and to the guard-house at the foot of the entrance to the Castle where we asked the cadet on patrol for news. He was very careful in his statements, but admitted that the President had ridden out early with his guard and some of the Chapultepec cadets, and said that they had had no more reports. Doña Sara, he said, was still at the Castle. At half past one we telephoned to a Mexican friend who was in a position to know some of the facts and learned the following: the cadets from the Military College at Tlalpam, who are called the Aspirantes, with certain other troops, marched into the City on Saturday night and took the National Palace, and early yesterday morning they liberated General Reyes and ex-Brigadier General Felix Diaz, who were both in prison for armed rebellion. This was all in accordance with a plot which must have been brewing for some time. Meanwhile Minister of War Garcia Peña and Gustavo Madero, hearing of a disturbance, hurried to the National Palace and were at once taken prisoners by those left in charge. The news, however, had spread and a Federal General recaptured the Palace before the main body of revolutionists returned with Generals Reyes and Diaz. When the former, at the head of his troops, arrived at the Palace expecting his people to be in possession, he was greeted with a volley from the Federals and was killed, as well as hundreds of on-lookers who went to see the excitement. The President, by this time, had been notified of the trouble and rode down the main street accompanied by his guard and some of the Chapultepec cadets; forced his way into the Palace where his Cabinet joined him soon after. General Diaz, seeing that the plot was forestalled, in company with General Mondragon, who, they say, is a very able soldier, took possession of the Citadel, where practically all the arms and ammunition are kept. We did not hear details of how it happened that this place, the most important of all, fell so easily into the hands of the insurgents.

As I have said, we started for home about five o'clock and for some hours previous to this the firing had been straggling. The streets were deserted out where we were, presenting a contrast to the usual Sunday crowd. We had just reached the Paseo when the sharpest battle of the day began and I wanted to crouch in a swampy ditch near by or else run back to the Club. I knew the battle was some distance away, but I remembered the time B. discharged that German Army rifle by mistake and how easily it went through two walls, making a groove through a window-seat cushion on its way and, after all that, knocked a white spot on the stone terrace outside. Will thought it would be worse to be caught away from home when night came than to take the risk of a spent bullet, so we plodded on. As we got in toward our colony we met several neighbors who had heard various rumors, all more or less confirming what I have written. Will was awfully bothered by a report that R. L. had been shot, but he telephoned his father's house and found it to be untrue. The firing ceased as night fell, so we had a good sleep.

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We had been asked to lunch at the Austrian Legation to-day, but this morning, when we still heard a little firing, we were not sure that we were wanted. We decided to walk over there, a block only, and find out, but just as we started a note came from Mr. P. saying he still expected us. Simultaneously my French teacher came, and, while I was not in the humor to struggle through an hour's French, I was very much interested in what he had to tell me. He is a strange man and especially interested in military tactics, and had spent the night looking around the Citadel and estimating its strength and the possibility of taking it. His idea is that it is a very good position, hard to get at on account of the houses huddled about it and the lack of straight avenues toward it. He does not know how many men Diaz has, or how well they are provisioned. When he left, he gave me another thirty-thirty cartridge that he happened to have in his pocket. That makes eight that we have now. Will was chafing to go to the office, but one of his partners telephoned him that it would not be safe. At lunch there was gossip of all sorts, but as there was no firing we hoped that some kind of settlement was being negotiated. Some said that Diaz had only a handful of men and almost no provisions, and could not possibly hold out. A Secretary of one of the Legations, however, said that he had been personally into the Citadel for an interview with General Diaz, and that he had twenty-five hundred men and ample provisions for a long siege. Will asked him how the President was fixed and he answered, "Oh, I don't know anything about that!" It struck us as very strange that a Secretary to a Diplomat would know all about the Insurgent forces and nothing about the Government position, but perhaps it is not significant. Among other things we heard that the parents and sisters of the President have taken refuge in the Japanese Legation, just across the open square from the Austrian Legation; also that the Federal forces are to storm the Citadel to-morrow morning. Paul V. and two other friends came home with us after lunch and we have been playing cards. The firing began again this afternoon, and they left between five and six in order to get home before dark. Every one seems more apprehensive of mobs than of bullets.

Tuesday evening.

This letter is assuming the aspect of a journal, but I want to write down things as they happen. This morning at daybreak the fighting began in earnest and continued for nine solid hours, cannon booming, Mausers popping, and, worst of all, that dreadful tap-tap-tap of the rapid-fire guns, like the explosions from a big motor-cycle. Our house is less than a mile from the Citadel, and yet we seem to be out of the line of fire. Other houses all around us have been hit with small bullets, although no shells have come so far. To-day things began to look serious for a long siege, so I held a consultation with my cook, and we have laid in whatever supplies we could find: two sacks of charcoal, wood, lard, beans, rice, flour, condensed milk, meat, and, in fact, anything available. My servants are splendid, and have gone foraging around in the lee of adobe walls, pale as it is possible for them to be, bent on getting food for us. The Señores must be fed, no matter what happens to them. There is a great deal of genuine devotion in the Mexican Indian and it is getting full sway now.

This afternoon, during a lull in the firing, we went to the Japanese Legation to offer to do anything we could for the President's family. We found them in good spirits and they told us that advices from the Palace reported the battle going distinctly in favor of the Government, that they had left their house at the request of the President, who was worried for their safety, and not because they anticipated any danger, and that Generals Blanquet and Angeles were expected soon with reinforcements for the Government. Being still restless, we went around the square, keeping close to the walls, and went to see the von H.'s. They were well closed up, as a number of houses had been hit on their street. We have asked them to lunch to-morrow.

Wednesday evening.

There was no fighting last night, but it began early this morning, and the cannon sounded much closer, and we soon found out the reason. The artillery of General

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Angeles had arrived and had taken a stand in front of the National Station in Cuauhtemoc Circle. The von H.'s did not come to lunch, as the shooting was much more general and walking on the streets was quite unsafe. In fact, we heard over the telephone that several Americans had been accidentally shot on the streets, a number wounded in their own houses, and one woman killed while cooking dinner. Most of the time we have remained in a little back room I call my "study," where I am writing now, and where three brick walls intervene between us and the street, but when the firing lessens we cannot seem to keep from sallying forth. I know this would call down a scolding from you, but you will not get this letter until after the thing is all settled. We heard on one of our excursions to the street that there had been a meeting of all the Diplomats, and that they had decided to give the conflicting parties until Friday morning to come to an agreement, and, if they failed to do so, two thousand American Marines would be landed in Vera Cruz and come at once to the City. We did not give much credence to that, because it was too awful to think about, and toward five o'clock we went to the Austrian Legation to ask Mr. P. what reports he had. He said that there was no change whatever in the situation, but what he was most concerned about at the moment was that the battery of General Angeles was firing shells into the houses on Cuauhtemoc Circle, and that some of them had been badly shattered; that the Belgian Legation had been hit by flying bullets from exploding shells and that the Minister and his family had left, and that he, Mr. P., was going at once to bring away the J.'s (who also live on that Circle) in an automobile. The J.'s are friends of ours as well, and as I knew Mr. P. had his house full of Austrians I told him to bring them to us. At about seven they arrived, with a couple of suit-cases—Madam J. almost hysterical from the strain, poor woman; Mr. J. looking haggard from worry; little Jean, aged four, crying with fright; and the eyes of his nurse, Mathilde, almost popping from her head. Jean was soon quieted with a bath and a glass of milk and bed, poor little chap. We all had dinner, and the comparative quiet out here, after what she had been through to-day, had a soothing effect on Madam J. and she also has gone to bed. The two men are discussing the situation, but it is really bedtime for every one. There are no street lights to-night, but fortunately there is a glorious moon, which will make it harder for the omnipresent sneak thief. We still have lights in the house and, curiously enough, telephone connection as well. I have three oil lamps and a can of kerosene in the store-room, and a supply of candles, so we will not be left in utter darkness if our electric lights should go.

Thursday evening.

The fighting has gone on pretty steadily, with no new developments as far as we know. At ten o'clock a Greek friend of ours, who spent last night with Paul V. in the J.'s' house, came to see us, with the news that a Shrapnel shell had come through the front wall at eight o'clock this morning, exploded in the drawing-room, and practically wrecked it. He and Paul V. had been at the telephone not five metres away, but fortunately the bullets were stopped by the thick walls. He had the empty three-inch Shrapnel in his pocket. The day has passed much like the others, with all sorts of rumors going about. One was to the effect that Mr. de la Barra was going, after a conference with the Diplomatic Corps, to arrange the matter with the President and Felix Diaz, it being understood that the former was to resign, hostilities were to cease, and a compromise provisional president (presumably Mr. de la Barra himself) would step in until order was completely restored, when elections would be held, etc.

This afternoon Will joined a patrol corps of the colony. A number of foreigners have organized to patrol the streets during the night in case there should be rioting or thieving. There is one of the concentration houses that I scorned last year on the corner. Will's hours are from ten to twelve and he is out now, walking up and down the block, armed only with his stick. I have on my blanket coat and hang out of the window for five minutes and then come back and write for five minutes, and try not to be nervous, although my hands are wet and like lumps of ice. I don't think there is much danger,

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but there are shots now and then from sharp-shooters. At nine-thirty, before Will went out, George L. telephoned, asking me to take some refugees. I told him I had five grown-ups and one child, four servants, and the niece of one of them, a child of nine, and was saving my one spare bed for another friend (Paul V., whose neighborhood was becoming less and less safe) but that I would take two. He was terribly severe with me then. "Look a' here, Mrs. Mac," he said, "this is no time to think of your own convenience. There are people over here without a roof to shelter them or a bite to eat and you ought to be willing to put yourself out a little." I was humbled sufficiently and asked how many he wanted me to take, so we compromised on three. I got out the tired maids and we made up two cots, put out towels and bath wrappers and slippers and all we could think of to make them comfortable, looked in the ice-box to see what there was for them to eat, and after all they did not come. It kept my mind off of Will's patrol for the first hour. It is just midnight and he should be coming in. I shall be thankful when he is safe indoors again.

Friday evening.

Paul V. came to lunch to-day, bearing a great piece of beef which he rescued from the J.'s' larder. It was a welcome gift, for provisions were getting a little low and ice gave out to-day. The milkmen still venture out, which is a blessing. Paul said that the firing was so general and so close around this colony that when he crossed Chapultepec Avenue, three blocks away, he had to run, which he found difficult carrying about twenty pounds of raw beef. We joked him about being a candidate for the Marathon. We have to joke in order not to be dismal. While we were at lunch Mr. P. came in with the news that the Madero residence in Berlin Street was in flames. Will hurried to the telephone to advise the family, but they already knew it. It burned to the ground and only brick walls are standing. We went to see the family this afternoon and we found them calm and brave. "We are all alive and safe," they said, "and that is much to be thankful for." They refused to believe that the burning of the house was spite work and not one of them bemoaned the loss of anything, except the youngest daughter, who has a wonderful voice; "I am sorry to lose all my music," she said, and the older daughter was worried about her dogs.

To-night two friends are patrolling with Will and I am far less anxious.

Saturday evening.

The firing began very early this morning and there was shooting at intervals all last night. It seemed much nearer this time, and it turned out to be due to the fact that one side or the other had taken possession of the German School not more than five blocks east of our house. During the morning one of the office clerks telephoned to say that there was a report in his neighborhood that Felix Diaz had been killed at three o'clock this morning, so we went over to the Japanese Legation again to see if they had heard anything there. They had no news, but another sister of the President had arrived with her four little children, having been compelled to leave her own home first, and afterward the home of friends where she had taken refuge, as both houses had been in the line of fire. Madame Hourogoutchi, the wife of the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires, has been perfectly splendid in this whole thing and I have not words enough to tell you what they, both of them, have done during this awful week. It is not merely the fact that they took in four members of the Madero family, giving them protection at the risk of exposing their Legation to outrage and themselves to diplomatic criticism (although other Legations, it is said, are giving asylum to persons sympathizing with the revolt), but they have, besides their three children, sixteen persons of their own nationality under their protection. Aside from the mere domestic aspect, there has been continued telephoning, receiving of visitors, sending out of messages, this, that, and the other, and those two people have just helped and sympathized to the very utmost. To-day when the new family arrived they were welcomed with open arms. I asked Madame Hourogoutchi if I could send over anything, as I thought she might need linen or dishes or other household necessities, but she said

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the only thing she was short of was soap, so we left, promising to bring some over later. There was still some firing, but we had become so hardened that we paid little attention to it, and as we came out on the little parked square we thought we would walk across it to the Austrian Legation and bring Mr. P. home to lunch with us. He was just finishing lunch when we reached his house, but he told us that he believed the President would surely resign to-morrow, that the Senate convened this morning, and that it, with the Diplomats, were bringing all possible pressure to bear to secure a settlement one way or another; he also said that General Angeles had moved his battery from the National Station to the corner by the American Embassy, and that the Ambassador had protested most emphatically to the President, as the Embassy would surely receive the answering fire; that General Angeles had accordingly moved up a block and is at the foot of Orizaba Street (our street) not more than three blocks away. The shooting is parallel to us and this morning I noticed the line of smoke from the shells, but did not realize how close they were.

We left the Legation with this information, and started home directly across the park instead of keeping to the walls as we had done before we got so used to war, and just as we got to the centre of the square, where the two streets cross, zing went a bullet not two yards above our heads; then zing, zing, zing, and the air was full of them. We ran to the northeast garden and threw ourselves flat on the ground, pulling ourselves along on our stomachs until we had our heads behind a tree, like the proverbial ostrich. Comparing notes afterward, we found we had the same feeling—that a bullet entering softly into the flesh of the body would be far less objectionable than one shattering the skull, but we did not analyze at the time. The number of shots increased, and some passed us so low and close that they seemed to snap in the air instead of singing. They rang on the iron lamp-posts in the park and whizzed through the branches of the very trees under which we lay, and finally, when one came especially close, hitting the ground a short distance from us, we decided it would be better to run for the Austrian Legation than to lie there in the direct line of fire. Accordingly we crawled through the trees as far as they went and then, when clear, rose and ran. I recalled Will's joke to Paul V. about the Marathon yesterday. When we reached the Legation there was such a rain of bullets against the walls and posts that I dropped again in terror in front of the low brick coping of the iron fence. The policeman unlocked the gate and we hurried in, to get properly scolded by Mr. P. After a few minutes the firing lessened, and we ran for home; this time, needless to say, hugging the wall all the way around.

After lunch Paul V. telephoned that it would be impossible for him to get back to us; that the fighting was waxing hot on his street and that he had seen six non-combatants, probably servants searching for food, killed on the block where he lives. A little later another friend telephoned that he had heard that there was fighting in Jalisco Street, two short blocks behind us, and, sure enough, a few minutes later there was a short, rapid battle apparently within a stone's throw of the house. Only one bullet struck us, that entering the wood-work of my dressing-room window.

This has really been our most exciting day. Will is not patrolling to-night, as the firing is too general, but he has joined a watch of six Americans who, thank Heaven, are lurking in an entry from which they can watch the street for blocks. Some one is patrolling around and around on a motor-cycle, which gives a weird effect, with nothing else moving in the moonlight. I wish this awful time would end.

VERA CRUZ, Monday, February 17, 1913.

You will be relieved to get our telegram of this morning telling you that we are safely out of Mexico City. I had intended to write you each day of the bombardment, but yesterday there was no time for writing. Early in the morning we heard that there was to be a twenty-four-hour armistice in order that non-belligerents who were in the line of fire might get to places of safety. As I wrote you, we had not suffered for lack of anything during the week, having had light and

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water and even luxuries, such as milk and butter. Bread had been scarce and very dear, and there had been no ice since Friday, but we had fuel and enough staple groceries for some time, and one of the servants had succeeded in getting us two live turkeys; there were a few tins of sardines and salmon, and the J.'s had brought one large tin of *pâté de foie gras* and two small ones of Camembert cheese, which, while not very practical, would keep off starvation for a while. We were very short of money, Mr. J. having but fifteen *pesos*, and I had only started with forty-five in the beginning and this was gone. Yesterday morning the water gave out, so we all discussed the question of going to Tampico until after the trouble was over. Mr. J. felt that his responsibility in connection with the bank would not let him leave, but we said, if we could get the money we would go, as it would leave more provisions for them, and that it would be two less to carry water for. Mr. J. started for the bank with some friends in an automobile and we asked him to get us some money. Meanwhile we started on foot for the Buena Vista Station to see about trains and tickets. The streets presented a curious appearance, crowded with people in automobiles, in carts, and on foot, taking necessaries to places of safety. Automobiles and carts were piled with mattresses, blankets, and children, and the people on foot were carrying huge bundles on their heads and backs and in their hands. The more fortunate had push-carts or baby-carriages and many were leading domestic animals. There were many pigs being dragged and pushed along, and their squeals of protest were appalling. Venders had swarmed out by the dozens to take advantage of the few hours to do business, and buyers were eagerly laying in what supplies they could. There was one vender with flowers—think of it—in the middle of a bombardment! Among other acquaintances we met on the streets were the four American tennis-players who were marooned on the eve of their departure. Taken altogether, it must have been one of the most exciting tournaments they have ever attended.

As we approached the centre of town the streets were shocking, full of débris and a mass of broken wires. There were dead horses and dead men lying about, and there was a hard dry wind blowing dust and disease in all directions. The buildings and houses did not look so much damaged as we had expected—a window broken here and there, cornices knocked off, a hole now and then made by a Shrapnel, and numberless nicks in plaster and concrete made by bullets. That walk decided us to go if we could possibly arrange it, so we went to the Buena Vista Station by a roundabout route, which was the only one the soldiers would permit us to take. The soldiers themselves looked tired and dirty. At the Station we tried to get tickets for Tampico, but Mr. Clark, the General Manager of the National Lines advised us not to try to go as there had been trouble near San Luis Potosi. We then went to the Vera Cruz Station close by, intending to go to Tampico from Vera Cruz by boat, and we found the whole building packed with frenzied refugees. Many were going to Puebla on the afternoon train, and many more were going by the night train to Vera Cruz, and were waiting with their baggage to be sure to get a place. Will asked about accommodations and was told that everything in the six Pullmans was sold. He asked me if I would rather sit up all night or stay at home in my good bed, and I said I preferred to go. We started on our long walk home to get money to buy our tickets, intending, in case Mr. J. had not reached his bank, to get a check cashed at the American Embassy, where we had heard a bank had been temporarily opened. About half-way home we were overtaken by an American in an automobile, who picked us up to give us a lift. We had seen the man before, but did not know his name. His house had been pierced by several bullets, and he was fearfully nervous and could hardly wait to get out of the City. He had succeeded in getting tickets for the night train, but no sleeping accommodations for himself and his wife. We told him we were going if we could get some money, and he told us excitedly that he thought we could all go together in his automobile to the Station, and that he would send for us at half past three or four. We repeated that we did not have tickets yet, and he whipped out his wallet. "Here,"

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he said, "my name's Williams. You don't know me, but now is no time to stand on ceremony. Take this," and he handed out a fifty-dollar bill and sent us back to the Station in his motor. It was a Godsend, for we not only got our tickets, but just as Will reached the window an extra Pullman was put on and we purchased a section and a drawing-room for ourselves and our benefactors. It was half past one by this time, and on our way home we heard that dreadful tap-tap-tap of the rapid-fire guns; the armistice was broken.

We lunched and packed our bags. Mr. J. had money for us and moreover had managed to get an automobile to take us to the Station at half past five. That was an exciting ride. There was firing on every side—shells as well as bullets—and there was an additional menace of tangled wires underfoot and overhead. The chauffeur was a plucky American boy of about twenty, and he made a wonderful run. There were soldiers in every doorway and lying behind every wall, and the patrol rose as we passed, prepared to stop us. Our driver waved his passport and we hurried on. He took the car carefully along in the lee of the houses and when we crossed open streets threw the throttle wide. A curious and interesting sight greeted us in the Station. Frightened women and children and servants huddled together, piles of baggage, people eating and drinking beer from bottles, some silent, some haggard, some repeating stories and making prognostications, and many (like myself) relating their narrow escapes. The cannon boomed, trains puffed, and bells rang, people chattered and moved restlessly, and there was the dusty, lurid half-light that is peculiar to covered railway platforms. At last, after an almost interminable wait, our train pulled out in two sections, and we gradually got away from the din of battle. It was heaven.

Mexico City, February 24, 1913.

There remains little for me to tell you about the "tragic ten days," as the main events will be published the world over. Vera Cruz was full of people and we found it impossible to get steamer accommodations to Tampico, so we stayed where we were until yesterday. On Tuesday night the word came that the Government had fallen, on Thursday came the shocking details of the assassination and mutilation of Gustavo Madero, and the news of the accidental shooting of an intimate friend of Will's. On Friday and Saturday rumors began to circulate that the deposed President and Vice-President had also been shot. That they did not pass through Vera Cruz on their way out of the country was clear, and we began to be apprehensive. Yesterday on the train we saw the confirmation of the shooting published in all the papers. Not three years ago Francisco I. Madero told us he was prepared to give up his life for his cause, and the sacrifice has been made.

We walked to town this morning, going through the precinct around the citadel, and were surprised to see how clean and comparatively unchanged the City is. All the dirt and débris and tangled wires and fallen posts have been removed, and there are no evidences of carnage. The trams are running and lights going, and workmen are already busy in all departments repairing damage. Many buildings are badly shelled, some wrecked, a very few burned. The upper story of the Y. M. C. A. building is shattered, the beautiful residence of Madame S. is riddled with shells, and a clock tower near the Citadel is a mere handful of iron and cement. Masons are at work, however, and in some cases rents and holes are already filled with cement and plaster. In six days the outward evidences of a mortal combat are almost removed. The real story that lies beneath what we have seen, the story of intrigue, of plots, of grudges and grievances, in short, the political story in all its complexity, may never be made public, but it is there like some invisible, vital thing. All that we see is that a Government has fallen at the expense of hundreds of lives and a new one has risen on its bloody remains.

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THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

By Austin Dobson

(Suggested by a lecture on "The Future of English Poetry," delivered by Edmund Gosse, in June, 1913)

BARDS of the Future! you that come
With striding march, and roll of drum,
What will your newest challenge be
To our prose-bound community?

What magic will you find to stir
The limp and languid listener?
Will it be daring and dramatic?
Will it be frankly democratic?

Will Pegasus return again,
In guise of modern aeroplane,
Descending from a cloudless blue,
To drop on us a bomb or two?

I know not. Far be it from me
To darken dark futurity,
Still less to render more perplexed
The last vagary, or the next.

Leave Pindus Hill to those who list,
Iconoclast or anarchist—
So be it. "They that break shall pay."
I stand upon the ancient way.

I hold it for a certain thing,
That, blank or rhyming, song must sing;
And more, that what is good for verse
Need not, by dint of rhyme, grow worse.

I hold that they who deal in rhyme
Must take the standpoint of the time,
But not to catch the public ear,
As mountebank or pulpiteer;

That the old notes are still the new,
If the musician's touch be true,
Nor can the hand that knows its trade,
Achieve the trite and ready-made;

That your first theme is Human Life,
Its hopes and fears, its love and strife,
A theme no custom can efface,
Common, but never commonplace;

For this, beyond all doubt, is plain:
The Truth that pleased, will please again,
And move men as in bygone years
When Hector's wife smiled through her tears.

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Nasmyth portrait of Robert Burns, painted in 1787.

Beugo's engraving, after the Nasmyth painting.

THE PORTRAITS OF BURNS

By J. Cuthbert Hadden

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Asks Marlowe, writing of the vision of golden Helen. A similar question has been asked in regard to the diverging portraits of Mary Stuart. Was this the face that turned so many heads some three hundred and fifty years ago? The Queen of Scots was assuredly bewitching. Knox admits it, Knollys asserts it, Ruthven lost his heart to her in Lochleven Castle; whoever saw her desired her. Yet not one of Mary's portraits represents her as beautiful. Romney has sufficiently explained the fascination of Lady Hamilton for Nelson. But Mary Stuart's charm remains unexplained by her portraits. So with her descendant, the romantic, the "bonnie Prince Charlie." None of his portraits accounts for the extraordinary glamour that his personality cast over the ladies who interested themselves in the '45. Even the prince's "bonnie young Flora" is represented in one portrait as a simpering person after the style of the old "books of beauty," while in another she appears nearer like the typical Highland lassie she presumably was.

And what about Burns? The point I wish to make is that the old portrait-painters are not to be depended on for strict fidelity to their originals. The mere fact that they differ so much in their representations of the same subject is enough to prove it. In regard to Burns, the question bears a twofold aspect. Not only do the portraits of the poet disagree with one another, but even that which, by its frequent reproduction, has tacitly been accepted as the truest representation cannot have been exactly like him when it was done. I refer, of course, to the familiar Nasmyth head and bust, painted in 1787, when Burns was carrying all before him on his first visit to Edinburgh.

Consider what his life had been up to this date. "It is hard to be born in Scotland," says the brilliant Parisian. Burns himself would not, in his pride, have ad-

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mitted the hardship; yet Fate had made it hard enough for him, in all conscience. The son of poor, struggling parents, beaten down and defeated again and again in their fight with untoward circumstances, Robert Burns was toiling like a grown man on his father's miserable little upland farm, with its niggard, cold, hungry soil, while he was still in his early teens. The manual drudgery was of the severest kind—turning the furrow with the old heavy four-ox plough, exacting and unsavory attentions to cattle and horses, sowing and reaping (both by hand), cutting of peats, threshing by flail, and all the other operations incidental to the agriculturist. Burns spoke of the life of his teens as combining "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave." The unceasing moil continued right up to the time when, in his twenty-seventh year, he rode off to Edinburgh to be lionized there, and—painted by Nasmyth—the ploughman direct from the plough. Could he, by any possibility, have looked so refined as Nasmyth has made him?

Portrait of Burns, by Nasmyth. Made for Lockhart's "Life of Burns" (1828).

Not so long before he had been described as "rude and clownish," with a stoop in the shoulders, the result of excessive labor in the fields. Scott, who met him during his Edinburgh triumphs, found him "strong and robust," with a countenance "more massive than it looks in any of his portraits"; adding that if he had not known who he was he would have taken him for "a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—the douce gudeman who held his own plough." Allan Cunningham said he appeared "more swarthy than he does in Nasmyth's picture." Josiah Walker, who breakfasted with him at Dr. Blacklock's, wrote that his person was "rather coarse in its outline," and his features "not of that elegant cast which is most frequent among the upper ranks." If Walker had met him near a seaport he would have put him down as the master of a merchant vessel! The poet's youngest sister, Isabella, said: "He was a far bigger and rougher man than his portraits. In fact, they tried to make him look like a gentleman, and he was not one." Mary Cosby Wallace, who was intimate enough with Burns to receive from him a china tea-service on her marriage, asserted that his portraits make him "too fine-looking a man, for he was coarser to look at, and had terrible eyes."

All this may be taken as bearing more particularly on the accepted Nasmyth portrait, which seems to be strained for a poetic effect; ideal rather than real; like

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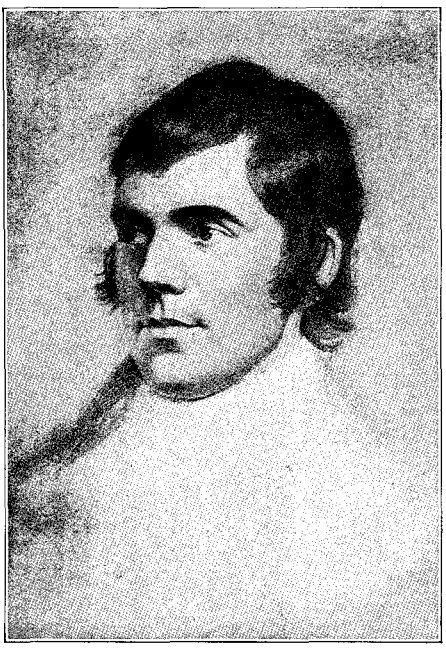
Longfellow's vision, "a form of mingled mist and light." It refines the face away, till Burns appears like some lisping Corydon instead of the large-eyed, amorous-mouthed minstrel of Caledonia. Scott thought the painting represented him as seen in perspective; and Beugo, the engraver, in retouching the plate, after several meetings with Burns, tried to correct this over-refinement by shortening the face and rounding the chin. Gilbert Burns declared that the engraving showed more character and expression than the picture itself, but Beugo really vulgarized the face, the scale on which he worked being, moreover, too small to enable him to grasp the details of the features.



Burns, by Archibald Skirving.

As regards Nasmyth, it should be remembered that he was chiefly a painter of landscapes, and that he undertook this portrait reluctantly, upon the urgent request of Creech, the publisher of the Edinburgh (1787) edition of the poems. His full-length portrait in top-boots and buckskins, standing in rapt thought, was done for Lockhart's "Life of Burns" (1828), from a pencil sketch made when he and the poet visited Roslin together. Lockhart says that Burns's then surviving friends were unanimous in pronouncing it to be a very lively representation of him as he first attracted notice on the Edinburgh streets. The attitude is certainly very happily caught. The original pencil sketch of this portrait is now in possession of Lord Rosebery.

Though not the best known, the portrait by Archibald Skirving accords more nearly with one's idea of what Burns was probably like. It suggests altogether a more striking personality. There is a poetic dignity and classic elegancy in the sentiment and handling, a nobility and a grave thoughtfulness about the face that are absent from the other portraits. Here is no idealized face, like the Nasmyth; here is the rustic and the poet limned with such living reality that, seeing it, one seems to have seen Burns himself. As compared with the Nasmyth, the head is more compactly built, the hair thicker, and the jaw squarer. There is more detail, and firmer drawing in the line of the eyebrow, while the eye (smaller and with more gravity than the Nasmyth) beams rather than flashes, yet looks as if it could blaze.

It has been objected that "the eyes are deficient in fire." We know from many descriptions about the power and fascination of Burns's eyes —when he was interested or excited. Scott said he never saw such eyes in a human head: they "literally glowed when he spoke with feeling and animation." But genius is not usually animated when sitting for its portrait (Burns, as a matter of fact, was in torture on such occasions), and no good artist would dream of trying to put into a portrait what some people might expect—"the fierce vivacity that fires the eye of genius fancy-crazed." It is really a merit of the Skirving picture that one sees, not the eyes as they appeared in their occasional "fine frenzy," but rather the possibilities of expression that lie latent in them.

It is a matter of debate whether Burns sat to Skirving for this portrait or whether Skirving worked it up from the Beugo engraving of the Nasmyth, with hints from the Miers silhouette and from members of the poet's family and others who knew

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him. The internal evidence suggests to experts that there must have been sittings. If there were not, says one, "where did the artist get the fine expression his drawing undoubtedly possesses?" The late Sir Theodore Martin, who bought the original (it is in red chalk on yellowish paper) in 1881, wrote: "It is clear to any one familiar with art that no such portrait as Skirving's could have been made by a man who had not studied Burns's face from the life. Many of the best artists of the day have seen the portrait on my wall, and they were all of this mind." On the other hand, we have Allan Cunningham's statement to the effect that Skirving told him he had never even seen Burns. "But I wrought from authentic materials," he said.

Silhouette made by Miers in 1787

The Miers silhouette, done in 1787, "in two minutes," as Burns tells, is interesting in many ways. The nose is longer than that of the Nasmyth and slightly tip-tilted, the under lip heavier and not so fine. The line of the mouth is simpler and so far better, though it is not drawn in true perspective to the rest of the face. The line of the head is unfortunately lost to some extent by the queue worn by Burns at this time. On the whole, however, with the exception of the nose, which materially alters the character and aspect of the face, the silhouette is in fair harmony with the Nasmyth portrait.

Of practically the same date as the Nasmyth and the Miers is the puzzling portrait by Peter Taylor. This is so unlike the Nasmyth and all the other portraits that one is inclined to reject it as an impossible "Burns." The poet wears a broad-brimmed, Quaker-looking hat, somewhat slouched. His right hand is in his bosom, and he is seated among rocks and trees in a posture of meditation. The left cheek shows a whisker, which neither the Nasmyth nor the Skirving does, and no straggling locks appear as in the better-known portraits, with which, again, the lower portion of the face does not correspond. The figure, besides, is that of a much stouter person than we know Burns to have been, and looks more like fifty than twenty-seven. Is it possible to identify this staid, stolid-featured man with the flashing-eyed poet who charmed the belles of Edinburgh and carried even the Duchess of Gordon "off her feet"? Hardly! Yet it was positively asserted by Taylor's widow that her husband had painted the portrait from life.

Peter Taylor is described by Lockhart as "an artist of considerable celebrity." He was, in fact, a coach-painter who occasionally executed likenesses. Mrs. Taylor, who retained and jealously guarded this portrait till her death in 1828, said that Burns gave Taylor three sittings, but it is significant that Burns nowhere mentions either Taylor or the fact of having sat to any artist but Nasmyth and Reid.

However that may be, we have to reckon with the curious circumstance that several who knew Burns accepted this as an authentic portrait. His brother Gilbert pronounced it "particularly like Robert in the form and air." Mrs. Burns said: "The likeness to the upper part of the face is very striking." Mrs. McLehose, the poet's "Clarinda," wrote: "In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of Burns I have ever seen." A Dumfries schoolmaster exclaimed: "Burns, every inch! every feature!" Sir Walter Scott

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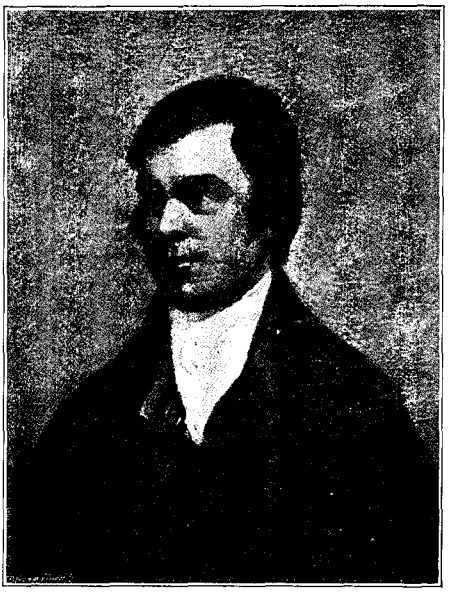
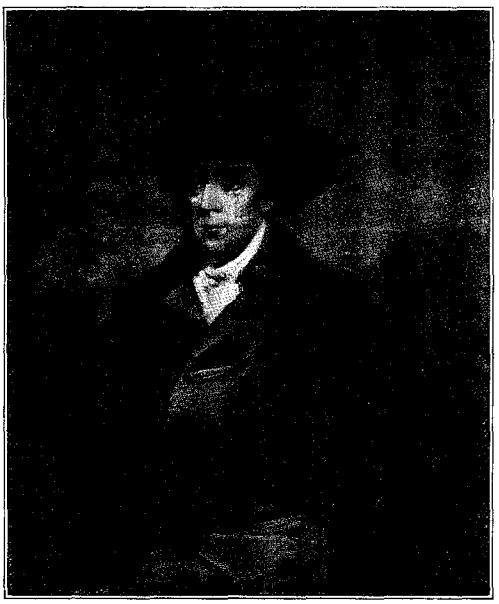
The supposed miniature by Reid.



Oil sketch, by an unknown artist, in possession of Burns's mother at the time of her death.



Portrait by Peter Taylor, about 1787

wrote in 1829: "Burns was so remarkable a man that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday, and I could not hesitate to recognize this portrait as a striking resemblance of the poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who had known Burns well, wrote that the portrait was "extremely like him," and that there could be no doubt about its authenticity.

All this seems positive enough—convictions of relatives and friends cannot be lightly ignored. On the other hand, Mr. William Hall, of Liverpool, who had met the poet several times, could "find no resemblance to Burns in this supposed likeness of him, and laughed at the idea of any one thinking so." He left it on record that he was confirmed in his scepticism by three or four distinguished intimates of Burns. The poet's sister, Isabella, said it was at first thought to be a portrait of Robert, but that the family afterwards agreed it was meant for Gilbert. But then we have Gilbert's explicit statement that he considered it like Robert! The question need not be labored. The Taylor portrait, whether painted from life or not,

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does not carry its own evidence along with it, so to speak, and the public have refused to accept it as a faithful and satisfactory "Burns." Indeed, when it was first engraved, in 1830, so far from securing confidence, it became the subject of protest and heated discussion.

We come now to the supposed Reid miniature. In a letter of January, 1796, addressed to his friend Mrs. Walter Riddell, Burns wrote from Dumfries:

"Apropos of pictures, I am just sitting to Reid in this town for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken. When you are at any time so idle in town as to call at Reid's painting-room, and mention to him that I spoke of such a thing to you, he will show it to you, else he will not; for both the miniature's existence and its destiny are an inviolable secret, and therefore very properly trusted, in part, to you."

The "Kerry" miniature.

The miniature thus referred to is identified by experts with that now in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, and here reproduced. It bears no signature or mark of any kind nor can its history be traced. It was, like the Miers silhouette, long in the collection of the late Mr. W. F. Watson, who believed it to be by Reid. He attached such value and importance to it that he would not allow it out of his keeping; but he lent it for some time to Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., while the latter was modelling a head of Burns. Mr. Stevenson's professional opinion of the portrait may therefore fittingly be quoted. He says:

"Fortunately this miniature gives the left side of the face in profile. To me it bears all the internal evidence of having been taken from life. There is a spirit about it, an amount and accuracy of detail, extending to the ear, which is well-drawn, incompatible with the supposition of its being a concoction. The small portion of the ear seen in Nasmyth's painting is badly suggested, and the defective drawing of the original has been aggravated, more or less, in nearly all the copies and engravings. This miniature harmonizes with the Nasmyth and the silhouette, but with a difference—the difference of time. I perceive in it, small as the features are, a trace of tear and wear in the firmer and rather harder look of the mouth. Altogether, I cannot help imagining that the artist only too faithfully caught and preserved a marked falling off, compared with the face of the young poet, who looks with eyes beaming with hope and enthusiasm from the canvas of Nasmyth."

The miniature was painted when Burns was broken in health, and it certainly bears the mark of the years—on the brow, in the harder features, and in the sunken eyes. A small black whisker, it will be noted, comes down to the lobe of the ear. Compare this with the Taylor portrait. Burns, we have seen, expressed a distinct preference for the Reid miniature, but he was an unreliable judge in the matter of his portraits. He eulogized them all, and the latest was always the best.

We arrive, finally, at what is known as the "Kerry" miniature, an almost tragic portrait of the poet, done shortly before his death. It is a morbid, inartistic thing, poor in color, badly drawn, and badly painted. The hair—black, mixed with gray—is thin and flat, without parting, and clumsily wisped into a ball at the

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back of the neck. The eyes are dark-brown, with a bloodshot appearance, the right larger than the left; the right cheek is hollow, while the left is plump and chubby. Nor are the eyebrows, any more than the cheeks, a pair. The superciliary ridge over the left eye is far too high, and the upper lid of the right is "wavy" or zigzag, through (we may be sure) the incapacity and not the intention of the draughtsman. The ear is slovenly, without form, or even the suggestion of character; the nose strong, long, and hooked.

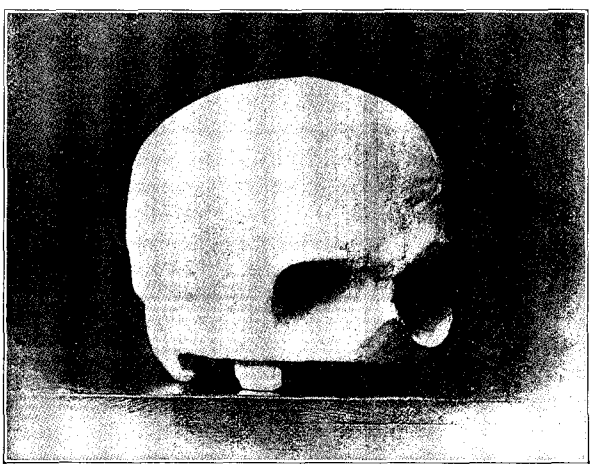
The artist must have been wrong about the hair, for when the poet's remains were disinterred in 1815 "the dark curling locks were as glossy and seemed as fresh as on the day of his death." He must have been equally wrong about the nose. Thin and worn as doubtless Burns had become, the nose could not have been so transformed as thus to contradict all the descriptions of his personal appearance with which we are acquainted. "His nose," we are told, "was short rather than long." Compare the nose here with the Nasmyth and the Miers. Physiognomists would assuredly pronounce it an impossible nose for a poet.

It is indeed not easy to state a verdict for this last portrait of Burns. It shows a remarkable correspondence with the cast of his skull, here reproduced, as in the lean of the head (the position and projection of the eyebrows cause an apparent recession of the forehead) and the heavy back portion of the head. That it is poor as a work of art is only too apparent; that it is out of keeping with the other portraits seems at first sight equally apparent. But it is the left eye and cheek that give the peculiarly severe and harsh and unfamiliar look. If one covers the left side with a piece of dark paper down close to the right eye the rest will be found not so inaccordant with the other portraits after all.

Of course we do not know precisely what Burns looked like when, his constitution undermined by dissipation and neglect, he was about to go to the grave at the early age of thirty-seven. As the present owner of the portrait, Dr. Hately Waddell (who has kindly allowed me to copy it), writes:

"I recall the saying of a man who saw the portrait: 'If that is Burns, then I don't want to remember him like that.' I quite agree. But there is no need. It represents only a phase, the last of his life. Nasmyth is popular, this is pathetic; Nasmyth is in the sunshine, this is in the shadow. But the two aspects of the life are needed to make it complete. The jolly ploughman of the tap-room is all very well, but that was only one side; this, alas! is the other." Perhaps we had better leave it at that. The history of the portrait is perfectly valid, though nothing is known as to the name of the painter.

For the sake of completeness, it may be well to reproduce [p. 117] the portrait which was in possession of the poet's mother when she died in 1820. It is from an oil sketch done by an unknown artist, who probably worked from the Nasmyth head and bust.



Cast of skull.

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WITH THE WINTER MAIL

By George T. Marsh

Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover

FOR three days the Fort Hope Christmas mail had fought its way through the blizzard that beat down from the Kapiskau barrens upon the frozen Albany. For three days old Pierre, breaking trail through the drifting snow to give footing to his panting dog-team, or swinging his goad of plaited caribou hide from behind the sled while his nephew, Esau, took the lead, had plunged head down into the gale. Stinging like the lash of myriad whips, the pitiless northwester had seamed the frost-blackened faces of the men with cracks, cutting the noses of the laboring huskies until they whined with pain. At times, when the fury of the snow-swirls which enveloped them in a blur of white had sucked their very breath, the men threw themselves gasping beside the ice-coated dogs whose red lips and tongues, to which clung the frozen froth of their hot mouths, alone marked them as living things. Still, hour after hour, they had hurled themselves headlong into the storm. And ever as they had conquered each hard-won mile of the frozen river, the parting words of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Albany

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lived again in the ears of the old half-breed—words which had etched themselves into his memory as he left the post, asleep under the stars in the gray dusk of the December morning, to take the long Fort Hope trail.

Whenever, at daylight, the boy had urged that they remain in camp, deep in the shelter of the spruce, until the storm blew itself out, the sting of those last words of the factor had spurred him on as a rowel drives a spent steed. Always his reply had been a hoarse "Marche!" as he struck the lead-dog with an unwonted fierceness that Esau could not comprehend. But old Pierre had not deigned to voice the thoughts that consumed him, and the boy, Indian-like, did not question. So, forcing the huskies to the limit of their endurance and encouraging the lad, who already showed signs of the physical strain of the battle with wind and snow, the old Cree had pushed on and on.

"In canoe or on snow-shoes no better man has served the Company. But you're stiffening up and growing too old to take the winter mail to Fort Hope. It's the toughest trail in the north country, and next year a younger man will go, for the mail must get through on time."

These were the words that for four days had tortured the pride of the old Company servant, repeating and repeating themselves through every white mile of the shifting, drift-barred trail. He recalled, too, how the factor had rested his hand kindly on his shoulder and gripped his fingers at parting as if to lighten the blow—the blow that had been the death-knell of his manhood.

And so at last, he mused, the end had come—the end foretold of late years by recurring twinges of "mal raquette," and stiffened back on portage and river. He had hoped that he had concealed it from the younger men, but now even the factor knew. Fiercely the pride of the French blood of his father and the stoicism of the Cree had fought for mastery within him through the miles of white silence on the first day out. But in vain he battled with the demons that mocked. The sentence that he knew some day must come to all men had come now to him. So this was his last long trail. At length, age had struck him down as the timber-wolves in winter strike down an old caribou deserted by the herd. A few years of light river work and easy trips with the dogs, and then a seat at the fire with the squaws and old men, remained to him, Pierre Grassette, who, among the swift dog-runners of all the wide North, had met none, half-breed, red man, or white, who could take the trail from him in the days of his youth.

This which he had dreaded above all things; this ignominy which in the last few years he had prayed he might be spared; this rusting out at a post—would be his lot. He had longed to die on the trail, in harness. But his dearest wish was to be denied him, this death of a man, which had overtaken so many of his comrades.

Years before, one still in the flush of early manhood had drowned with the crew of a Company's boat in the great gorge of the Abitibi. Another, strong as a young moose, had been frozen with his dogs on the Nepigon trail; a third, stabbed in a brawl at Henley House; but he, the last of them, would rot with garrulous squaws and toothless old men at Fort Albany, a pensioner of the Company.

Time and again, as he urged on young Esau and the dogs, had his thoughts traversed the forty years as man and boy that he had served so faithfully the masters he had never seen, who dwelt far toward the rising sun across the Big Water. Instinctively he had quickened his pace as he remembered how once, on a bet, he had brought the winter mail from Moose to Rupert House, up the east coast, ninety miles as the goose flies, in twenty hours, finishing fresher than his dogs and dancing that night at the Christmas carousal. Not without reason had the Crees of the James Bay country called him "The Man Who Does Not Sleep." Once his fame as a voyageur had travelled from Whale River, in lonely Ungava, down to Norway House, far in the Ojibway country. Into the dark eyes of the old Cree there had flashed momentarily the fire of his lost youth, as he tossed his head with pride at the memories of his prowess in days long dead. Then the words of the factor had banished his dream. "Next year a younger man will go, for the mails must get through on time."

Never had Esau seen such a pace set on

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snow-shoes as Pierre had made that first clear day out of Albany. Inured to the winter trails though he was, it had taxed his youthful strength to follow the seemingly tireless stride of the old courier. When the night closed in upon them, they had turned the weary huskies to the shore, and with their shoes scooped out a camping-place in the deep snow of the spruce timber, where they pitched their shed-tent as a wind-break and boiled their tea and pemican. As Pierre threw the rations of frozen whitefish to the hungry dogs, he had accosted the tired lad with a strange glitter in his deep-set eyes:

"Next long snow I tink young man not feed de dog at dees place on first sleep from Albanee!" Then he had added almost fiercely: "What you tink?"

"Nama, no," the lad had quickly answered in Cree, and then asked: "Why you travel so quick? You run lak de Windigo was on your track." But the spirit-broken Pierre had turned away that the boy might not know his grief.

The next morning, at daybreak, they had crawled out of their robes of rabbit-skin to plunge into the driving northwester which had swept down, over night, from the wild wastes of Keewatin into the valley of the Albany. But the veteran who bore the scars of forty years of battling with the fury of the subarctic winter did not wait in camp for the storm to blow itself out. It was his last trip to Fort Hope and the mail should go through. The next long snow one of the young men might crack his whip over the Christmas mail-team, but he would need the heart and sinews of a king caribou to match the records that Pierre Grassette—known among the Fort Hope Ojibways as "Flying Feet"—had left for the long Albany trail. So, obsessed with but one thought, for three days he had forced the whining and reluctant huskies into the drive of the gale.

On the afternoon of the third day the storm ceased. Through new drifts and over ice beaten bare by the hammering of the wind, the old Spartan ran like a white wraith in his snow-crusted capote. In the rear Esau, flicking the ear of a lagging husky with his long whip, or calling to the lead-dog, already dreamed of the good cheer that awaited them three hundred miles away at Fort Hope. In fancy he tasted the boiled salt goose and the juicy caribou steak of their Christmas dinner, and a smile lit his swarthy features as he pictured himself swinging the dusky Ojibway girls at the New Year's revelry. Suddenly the yelp of the lead-dog and the stopping of the sled roused him. Looking up he saw the huskies nosing the prostrate figure of his companion.

As Esau bent over him Pierre attempted to rise, but fell back, choking, upon the snow. The terrified boy knelt, turned back the fur-lined hood of the capote and gazed into the blood-shot eyes of his companion, who struggled painfully for breath. Supporting him in his arms, Esau held the old man, whose lean frame shook with a paroxysm of coughing. The attack ceased, but on the quivering lips of the stricken voyageur it left a deep crimson stain. Then Esau understood. Tenderly he lifted the limp body, placed it on the sled, and drove to the shore, where in the thick spruce he found a hollow sheltered from the wind. There, clearing a camp-ground with his snow-shoes, he pitched their shed-tent, and close in front, so that the heat would reflect into it, built a fire. Soon revived by hot tea, Pierre whispered wearily:

"It ees better dees way dan at Albanee."

"How you feel now?" asked the lad anxiously.

"Ver' bad," was the faint answer. "My wind—ees broke." The old man was seized with a repetition of the attack, while his lean hands convulsively clutched his chest. Again the hot tea relieved him, and he continued:

"I camp here—wid de wolf. You go—on—to Hope." As he spoke, from a distant ridge the lonely howl of a timber-wolf broke the silence. The boy started as if the cry were an omen of evil, but Pierre had but one thought. "De mail—she mus' go tru," he whispered painfully.

The boy did not protest. An Indian never does at orders he does not intend to obey. There had been a rupture of blood-vessels in the lungs, a not uncommon occurrence in the North among the red runners of the Company. If it proved to be a bad hemorrhage, Pierre would die; if not, he would be able later to travel back to

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Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

"Up dere," he said, pointing with a lean, shaking finger at his tracings, "de Ghost Riviere meet de Albanee."—Page 124.

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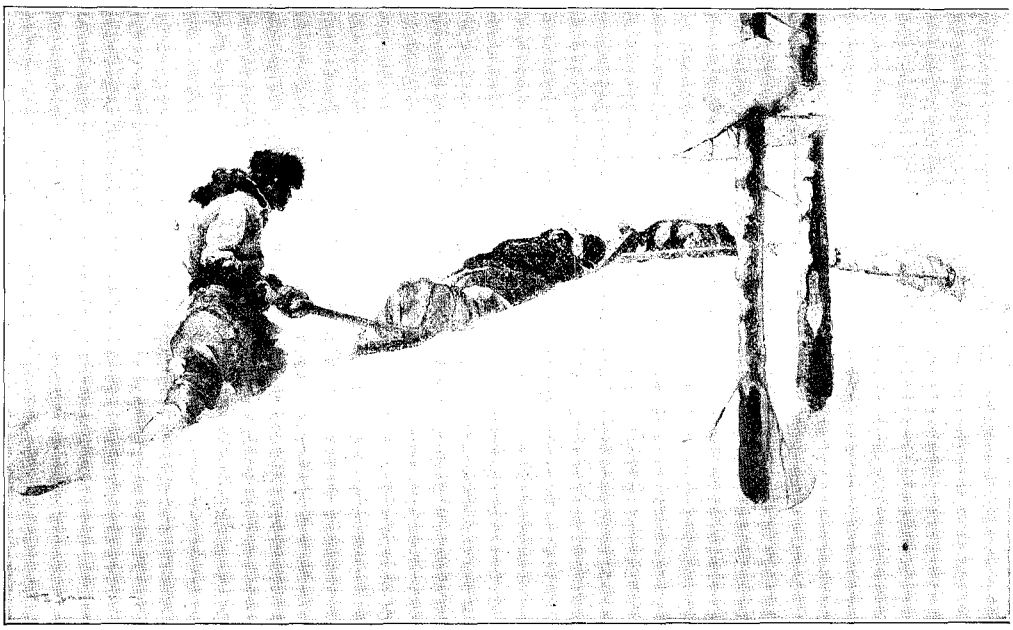

Day after day they knew no respite

Albany on the sled. There was nothing to do but wait. So he fed the dogs and made soup of the pemican for the sick man.

In the morning Pierre was better. Stimulated by the hot tea and soup, he asked the boy to prop him up in his blankets, where he could trace a map of the Albany trail on the snow.

"Up dere," he said, pointing with a lean, shaking finger at his tracings, "de Ghost Riviere meet de Albanee. One sleep up de Ghost you fin' petit lac. On dees lac de Cree hunt fur. Go an' bring two man. De mail she go tru for sure."

An attack of coughing checked him; in a moment he continued: "De old man at Albanee, he feel ver' bad de mail she not go tru."

Exhausted by the effort, Pierre lay back in his blankets.

"How you keep de fire?" objected the boy. "You seek. You freeze wid no fire wen I go, and den de wolf he get you."

But the sick man was not to be denied. So Esau cut a great pile of birch logs each of which would burn for hours, and heaped them in front of the tent, that they might be pushed easily on the fire. Harnessing the dogs, he lashed his blankets and provisions to the sled and, gripping the old man's hand, said: "I not lak to leave you alone seek. But I bring de Cree back by next sun, or I sleep in de muskeg wid de wolf."

The lad hastened to the waiting dogs, waved his whip at the prostrate figure muffled in rabbit-skins by the fire, and shouted:

"Bo-jo! Bo-jo! Pierre! I come back before two sleeps wid de Cree." But as he swung down to the river trail behind the dog-team, the boy shook his head sadly, for in his heart he felt that he had said good-by to Pierre Grassette forever.

All that day the doomed man lay by the fire with his grief. After forty years of faithful, unquestioning service, he had failed the great Company. The factor was right; he was too old for the long trails. His place was with the squaws. But the one thought that never left him, which kept him company through the long hours as he lay alone among the silent, snow-enveloped spruces under the bitter sky, was that the mail should go through by Christmas day. There was yet time if Esau should find the Crees who wintered on the head waters of the Ghost. To his own condition the old Stoic gave little thought. He had seen men travel on snow-shoes before until blood-vessels in the overtaxed lungs were ruptured. He might get well—there was not so much

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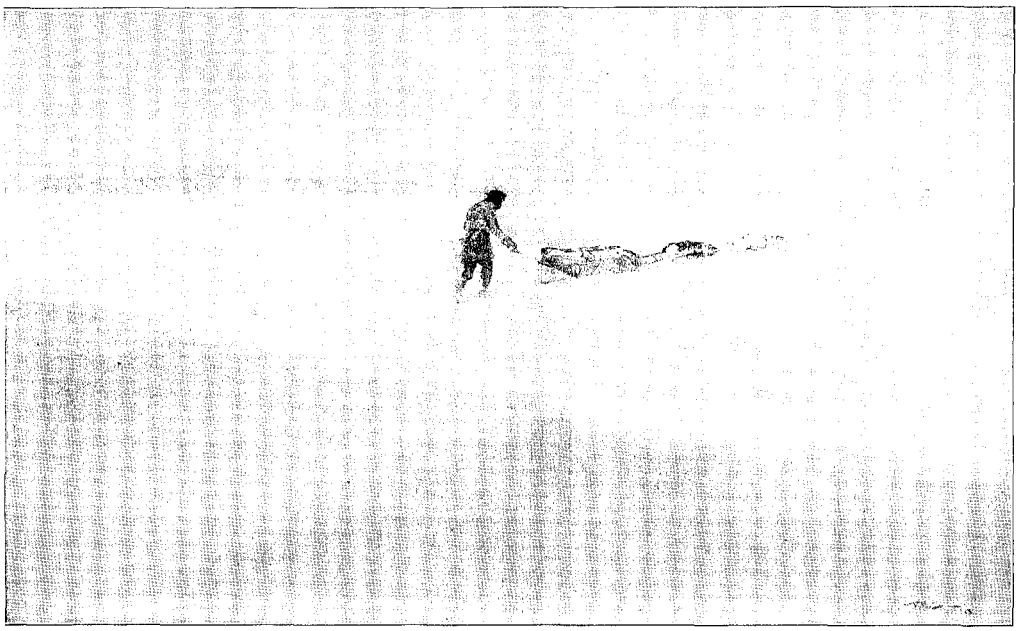

from the toil of trace and trail.—Page 128.

pain and he coughed less—or he might die there on the shores of the Albany, and in April, when the snow melted, the ravens would finish what the wolves and foxes had left of Pierre Grassette, voyageur of the great Company. Well, a man must die sometime, he mused, and how better than on the trail, as he had lived?

Before Esau left, Pierre had wrung from the boy the promise that, if he returned with the Crees to find him dead, he would bury him in the snow on the shore, and push on to Fort Hope with the mails. This was his one consolation.

Again, as the early dusk descended upon the valley of the great river and the first cold stars glittered above the camp in the spruce, the mournful cry of the gray wolf waked the solitude. But the figure prostrate by the fire gave no sign. Later, when the crescent moon dipped behind the far Keewatin hills, dark shapes glided stealthily to and fro in the shadows of the timber, while from out the gloom near the silent camp here and there twin balls of fire gleamed, to disappear and then to gleam again, until a shift in the wind or the crackling of the burning logs left the blackness of the enfolding forest unbroken. But the fear that kept the long watches beneath the frozen stars with Pierre Grassette was not a fear of the skulking cowards that patrolled the dusk-filled places of the night.

On the following day there floated through the twilight to the eager ears of the sick man the faint tinkle of bells. Painfully he raised himself, where he lay, to a sitting position to hear more distinctly. Again on the biting air drifted the welcome sound.

"De Cree!" he exclaimed. "Esau fin' de Cree! De mail go tru for sure!"

Nearer came the bells; now they were turning in from the river. He tried to shout the salutation of the Crees, Quey! Quey! but his voice broke in a hoarse whisper. He wondered why they were so silent. It was not that way that men came into camp. Then the tired dogs appeared, followed by a lone figure. It was Esau.

"De Cree? de Cree?" whimpered the sick man piteously, as the boy with bowed head stood before him in silence. But Pierre knew well that the mission had been in vain.

"I follow de petit riviere till de husky can travel no more," said the boy. "Dere is no lac. I follow it clear into de muskeg."

The old man groaned in desperation.

"By Gar! Have I not camp on dat lac? It ees dere, it ees dere, one sleep

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toward de risin' sun from de Albanee. You have turn to de nor' up de petit creek. Dat is were you lose de trail, for de Ghost cum tru by de islan'."

"I not see islan' for deep snow on de ice," protested the heart-broken lad. "De snow is dreft ver' high. But I shoot two deer, and de stew will mak you strong. How you feel now?"

"Wen you have sleep, you go back for de Cree," commanded Pierre, ignoring the question.

That night Esau and the huskies feasted on caribou steak, and the strong broth strengthened the old man, who had eaten little since the boy left him.

At daybreak Esau, after cutting a huge pile of firewood, again set out for the camps of the Crees. Then followed days and nights of hope and fear for the one who waited. Throughout the evening of the second day Pierre lay with ears straining to catch the tinkle of bells or the voices of the drivers. Once a faint, far call from the direction of the mouth of the Ghost brought him with bounding pulses to his elbows, only to fall back in his blankets when his trained ears recognized the hunting-cry of the snowy owl. Another day dragged by, and, with the coming of the dusk, crept the shadow of despair into the heart of the old man, for he knew that if Esau had found the Cree camps he would have returned on the second night. Either the lad had met with an accident or the Indians were not wintering on the head waters of the Ghost. They had camped there the winter before, but this was the year of the rabbit plague and they might have gone to another country, for lynxes and foxes range far at such a time. But if Esau had lost his way or had fallen and broken a leg? Even in such a case there was a chance that the boy might get back on the sled. The dogs were not wild huskies; he, Pierre, had trained them; and yet—who knew?

He recalled the winter, years ago, when the boy's father had perished with his dog-team in the Elkwan country in just such a storm as they had met on the Albany. In fevered fancy he beheld the dusky face, furrowed with lines of sorrow, and the reproachful eyes, of the lad's widowed mother back at the post. He had promised her to take care of the boy, and now he had sent him to a lingering death by freezing or starvation, in the barrens.

"It ees better," he sighed, "dat Pierre Grassette return not to Albanee."

The sun lifted above the low Ontario hills on the morning of the fourth day of Esau's absence to glisten on white-shrouded spruce and balsam surrounding a shed-tent, half buried in the deep snow, in which lay a sick man waiting for the death from freezing which the night would bring. The wood which Esau had cut would last but the day, and Pierre had not the strength to swing an axe, or to gather more. Once he managed to drag himself to the nearest trees and lop off a few branches, but he paid for the exertion with a protracted fit of coughing which so weakened him that he lay motionless for hours. As the night neared, he pushed the last logs on the fire and boiled his tea and pemican; then, whispering a short prayer to the Master whom the Oblat Fathers at Albany had taught him to reverence, he rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down by the fire to await the coming of the white death—the most merciful of the many that haunt the tepees of the children of the snows.

Swiftly the advancing gloom cloaked the camp in the spruce. Soon the freezing sky was ablaze with myriad stars. At intervals the icy shell of the great river boomed like a cannon-shot as it split under the contraction of the increasing cold. To the north, over the brooding bay, the first glow of the aurora pulsed and waned, then the ribboned lights, loosed from the horizon, writhed and coiled like snakes across the heavens. But the muffled figure in the tent by the dying fire lay motionless. For him the winter trails were ended. No more the river roads of summer would beckon his canoe.

Suddenly out of the hush there broke a faint, far call. The man by the dying fire stirred as though in a dream and again lay motionless. Once more through the soundless spaces of the night drifted the cry. The sleeper moaned as if in pain. Then clear upon the bitter air rang men's voices. Quickly the form was alert with life. Trembling with excitement, the half-frozen man cast off his blankets and rose swiftly to his feet.

"Esau fin' de Cree!" he cried. "De mail go tru! De mail go tru for sure!"

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"Tell—old man at Albanee—Pierre bring—mail—tru—!" and, with a deep sigh, sank into Esau's arms.—Page 130.

In his joy at the sound of the voices of the approaching men, he started to meet them, but, as the first jingling dog-team appeared, led by Esau and a Cree, the trembling legs of the sick man gave way beneath him, and with a feeble "Quey! Quey!" of welcome he sank to the snow at their feet.

Sinewy arms carried the limp form to the smouldering fire, where vigorous rubbing gradually restored the circulation to the stiffened limbs. Then through the sleeping forest sang the axes of the Crees, biting deep into two huge birches, and soon where, but a short space before, a man lay freezing by a dying fire, kettles of tea and caribou haunch bubbled and steamed in the roaring flames that licked the great logs. By such slight tenure are held the lives of the dwellers in the North.

When they had eaten, Esau told his story to Pierre, who lay swathed in blankets by the fire.

"Wen I leave you," said the lad, cutting with his hunting-knife a pipeful of Company niggerhead and lighting it with an ember, "I keep dees tam to de beeg riviere at de islan' and sleep at de Cree camp on de petit lac. But I fin' de chil' and squaws alone. De men hunt deer in de muskeg country. Two boy I send to fin' dem and say I wait one sleep and den go back to de Albanee. But de squaw tell me de men not go if I do not wait. Widout dem I not lak to cum, and I have fear to wait wid you seek at de Albanee. I have hard job what to do, eh, Pierre?"

"You did well to wait," whispered the sick man.

"Yes," continued the boy; "two sleep I wait for dem. De nex' sun I hitch de dog to take de back trail, wen de Cree cum in wid sled heavy wid meat. But dey not leave camp until I promeese de Companee fill dere tepee wid tea and flour so de squaw and chil' grow fat and laugh tru de long snow. For dees dey come."

"E-nh, yes!" broke in the older Cree in his native tongue; "for this flour and tea we go with you to that fort above the

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great white-waters toward the setting sun."

"It was good ting we camp here dees sleep, Pierre, for you freeze soon widout fire," added Esau.

"Yes, it was good for sure," sighed the sick man, "for now de mail she go tru."

Already he had forgotten the doubt and agony of the last two days while he awaited Esau's return.

"Next sun we start for Hope," he said, as the men freshened the fire with great logs, and lay down in their robes on the bed of spruce boughs between the windbreak and the heat.

On the following day the rising sun overtook two dog-teams hurrying westward on the Fort Hope trail. Miles behind them still smouldered the camp-fire in the spruce. Ahead of the teams swung a tall Cree, breaking trail, while at the gee-pole of each sled a caribou-skin-clad driver with long dog-whip urged on the huskies. But lashed to the second sled lay the blanketed form of one whose voyaging days over white winter trails and wind-whipped lakes of summer were forever ended.

On up the great ice-bound river hurried the belated winter mail. Travelling from starlight to starlight—for the December days were passing—men and dogs, half-breed, Cree, and husky, held to a heart-breaking pace, that the rising sun of Christmas day might find them at the journey's end.

Day after day they knew no respite from the toil of trace and trail. Now, with snow-shoes for shovels, breaking through great drifts left by the heels of the blizzard, now speeding over wind-packed snow or glare ice, they travelled into the sunset. And each day when the shadows of the northern night crept out over the white river from the timbered shores and the killing pace began to lag, the weak voice of the benumbed sick man on the sled would urge them on into the twilight. The Crees' protests that their dogs were raw with harness-sores and that they themselves needed rest were of no avail with one in whose ears still echoed the words of the factor at Albany. So leg-weary men and dogs slaved on under the stars. But at last, in camp, the torture of "mal raquette" in the stiffened legs of Esau and the Crees ceased, when the drugged sleep of exhaustion claimed them, while Pierre of the broken heart lay with his grief far into the silent night.

Through the desolate cliff country, where the river winds like a hugh reptile between towering, timberless shores behind which the sun sets almost at noon; on past the thousand islands where, in summer, the trout and dore lie below a hundred silver cascades; up the great lake that the Ojibways call "The Charmed Water," where the river sturgeon breed; over three hundred miles of subarctic winter trail they toiled, that the factor at Hope might open his mail from Scotland on Christmas day, and a half-breed keep his word.

At last, on Christmas eve, as the cold moon lifted above the silhouetted spruce fringing the hills to the east of the Lake of the Elbow and flooded the white wilderness with light, two trail-worn dog-teams turned into the shore. Soon the blows of axes on frozen birch echoed from the adjacent cliffs and the Fort Hope winter packet from Albany made camp twenty miles from its goal.

When, two days before, they had left the path of the blizzard and found the trail beyond free from drifts, Pierre, at last, knew that they would win. And, with the knowledge that they had conquered in their long battle with the snow and cold, new strength crept into his limbs and joy transformed the dauntless warrior of the wilderness trails.

As Esau helped him from the sled at their last camp tears blinded the deep-set eyes in the lean, wind-blackened face. With an exclamation of delight the old man pushed back the hood of the lad's capote and kissed him on both cheeks.

"De mail, she go tru for sure. De old man at Albanee know de mail ees safe wid de familee Grassette?" he cried, his arms around his nephew's neck.

Then he turned and gripped the hands of the smiling red men who had given so loyally of their best that his honor might remain untarnished.

"De Companee will not forget," he said as he thanked them.

Long before daylight of Christmas morning the eager Pierre roused the sleeping dogs and men. The harnesses were made gay with colored worsted and new bell-straps adjusted, that they might jingle bravely into the post as befitted the dignity

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of the company's Christmas mail-team. In honor of the event Esau adorned himself with a pair of blue-cloth leggings, gaudy with red-and-yellow embroidery, and wound his slim waist with a many-colored Company sash.

With difficulty they prevailed upon Pierre to resume his place on the sled. Thrilled with his victory, the false strength of excitement speeded the blood in his veins. But twenty miles away lay Fort Hope. He begged for his snow-shoes that the people there should not know his shame. Even the lean, harness-raw huskies—shadows of the great dogs that had left Albany and the Ghost—felt the excitement of the drivers and leaped whining into their collars at the signal for the start.

Up the lake trail, packed hard by the teams of Ojibways bound to the post for the Christmas revelry, hurried Esau, followed by the Crees. To the helpless sick man, lashed to the sled like a bag of pemican, never had winter morning seemed so beautiful. The Great Father to whom he had prayed through the dark days behind them had turned, indeed, a listening ear. Crippled and a derelict though he was, forever doomed to sit and dream of days that were done, he yet had been allowed to keep faith with the great Company. He had brought the mail through by the day appointed and it was well. Those unknown masters who lived beyond the Big Water would be pleased that Pierre Grassette had not failed them in his old age—Pierre Grassette who had served them so gallantly in the days of his masterful youth.

But the mind of young Esau, running behind the sled, was busied with the anticipation of the hot bread and steaming goose of the Christmas dinner, and the unbroken slumber that awaited him in the sleep-house at the post. There would be a merry week of feasting and dancing. Every Ojibway family within reach of Fort Hope would come in. Already the boy had forgotten the privations and sufferings of the Albany trail. He had won his spurs in the fiercest blizzard of a generation, over what was known among the old French *coureurs* as "la longue traverse," the bitterest winter trail from Labrador to the Barren Grounds. He straightened his shoulders with pride, but the instincts of the boy in him soon turned his thoughts to the Christmas dinner and the dusky Ojibway belles at the post.

On they travelled through the morning hours until they neared the point of spruce which conceals Fort Hope from the east. There Pierre called a halt.

"It ees not good dat Pierre Grassette ride lak a dead moose into Fort Hope. He will run in lak a man, on de raquette," he said.

In vain Esau objected. Pierre was too weak. He would bring on another hemorrhage by the exertion. It was madness. But the sick man would not be denied. It was his only wish, that he might bring the mail in for the last time as befitted a man and a dog-runner of the Company.

The buildings of the settlement lay but a few hundred yards beyond the point ahead. Perhaps, thought Esau, it would be as well to allow Pierre his own way. He might walk that far, and the boy knew well how deep would be the veteran's shame to be carried helpless into Fort Hope on a sled. So they gave him his snow-shoes.

Supported by Esau's arm, Pierre shuffled slowly up the trail ahead of the impatient dogs which the Crees with difficulty kept from running their master down. Painfully he moved his stiff legs, uncertain from long disuse. Under the exertion and excitement his breath came in hoarse gasps. But as they neared the headland the trained muscles began to answer the iron will that drove them, and he flung off the friendly arm of Esau.

They rounded the point and a chorus of howls from the post huskies announced their coming. The Crees flung themselves upon the yelping dogs of the teams, who strained at their collars to bolt up the trail. At the sound of the tumult, from the trade-store, sleep-house, and tepees of the post rushed white men and Ojibways to greet the overdue Albany mail. Cheers of welcome mingled with the howls of the huskies. At last the Christmas mail—given up as lost in the blizzard—was in from the Big Water. Men, women, and dogs rushed to the shore to greet those already mourned as victims of the long trail. To the eager ears of the excited Esau and Pierre floated the Ojibway welcome: "Bo-jo! Bo-jo!"

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Pierre waved his hand, as Esau shouted in answer, "Quey! Quey!" the salutation of the Crees. The heart of the old man pounded in his breast, while the old fire inflamed his blood. The huskies, despite the blows of the Cree drivers, sprang forward upon the heels of the now delirious half-breed. Carried away with the moment, he pushed the boy aside and, waving his hand at McKenzie the factor, whose stalwart figure he recognized in the crowd on the shore, broke into the old swing ahead of the dogs, as he had run into Fort Hope for thirty years.

The fear-stricken Esau begged the madman to remember his condition, but he could have checked a Keewatin northwester as readily as the fevered Pierre Grassette, who labored on, with his bloodshot eyes fixed on the factor, every breath torturing his lungs. Once, as his strength for a moment ebbed, he faltered; then, straightening up, he continued. Close behind a Cree clung to the leader of the mail-team, holding the yelping huskies by sheer strength. As they approached, the people of the post crowded down to the river trail. Only too well they sensed the meaning of the pace of the old voyageur. Often before strong men had been loosed from the death-grip of the sullen winter trails, to creep into Fort Hope spent and broken.

When but a few strides separated him from the outstretched hand of the advancing factor, Pierre suddenly reeled in his tracks. Collecting himself, he again lurched forward, but before Esau could reach him, fell headlong to the trail.

Esau and the factor knelt beside the crumpled figure, shaken by a convulsion of coughing. Tenderly they raised the head of the choking man from the crimsoned snow beneath. A lean hand clutched that of the factor as Esau wiped the blood from the quivering lips. Presently the eyes of the stricken voyageur sought McKenzie's with a look of appeal. The factor bent his head close to the ashen face distorted with suffering. Once, twice, the moving lips tried to convey what the old man struggled to articulate, when an attack of coughing checked him. Then he grew stronger and, raising himself, whispered:

"Tell—old man at Albanee—Pierre bring—mail—tru—!" and, with a deep sigh, sank into Esau's arms.

The shaggy leader of his mail-team threw back his great head with a long, mournful howl. And the dauntless spirit of Pierre Grassette, faithful servant of the great Company, even unto death, sped far on the mystic trail to the Valley of Rest.

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is time that the Pure Food Laws should be applied to the literary fare offered to American school-children. A certain amount of quack literature is being circulated in our schools, with laudable intentions but with inevitably disastrous results to the literary taste of the younger generation. Not many months pass without the publication, in words of one or two syllables, of a new version of some famous masterpiece, or some form of "simplification" of a large topic. Only yesterday I saw an announcement of a book which "includes all that a *well-bred* child should know about mythology."

Platitudes Every Child Should Know

Not all these books are injurious; some really nourish the intellectual powers; but others, speciously simple in appearance, have in reality a subtle poison that eventually undermines the æsthetic health of a child, and induces a fatal sluggishness and intellectual torpor.

Of the pedagogical reasons which make us hesitate to give our young a surfeit of great plots, as we hesitate to give them a surfeit of sweets or of sours, I will not speak, nor will I venture to allude to the hideous priggishness engendered in children who are given the treasury of literature while they still lisp. The "well-bred" child of to-day recognizes any allusion to history, painting, literature, and mythology. He can set his elders right on many details.

Writers show a misdirected zeal for overloading a child's memory by acquaintance with the mere names of the great characters in history and in fiction. What advantage is there in knowing the fact that Siegfried is a character

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in an opera by Wagner, that Sidney Carton appears in "The Tale of Two Cities," by one Charles Dickens, and that Apollo is the Greek god of the sun? The miserable child of to-day has to swallow so many drops of tincture of art, so many of syrup of fiction and so many of aqua mythologicalis. What wonder that he disdains the printed page? There are facts that cultured people should know, but why should they be learned mechanically, as people add accounts? Why should living organisms be torn from their environment, to lose all their significance, and become mere isolated data, like the objects in a boy's pocket?

But these considerations are immaterial in comparison with the harm done to the imagination by the nostrums of our literary philanthropists. These well-intentioned beings retell, in their own cultured way, various of the great world-stories, taking out all the blood and bones and substituting a fine grade of sawdust. They believe that all obstacles to immediate understanding should be removed from a story. Mysteries, fascinating unknown figures, the shadowy world of romance, full of archaic words and but dimly understood images, are all swept aside and straightforward common sense is brought to the fore. The imaginative challenge of a new word, or of an odd personality, is reduced to "simple language."

Now, *must* a child understand all that he reads? Is there nothing to be said for the values of the *obstacle?* By explaining everything, the reteller of stories robs a child of his right to brood and ponder over the mysterious. Who has not, in childhood, meditated profoundly upon the meaning of some difficult word or of some passage which piqued his curiosity and forced him to all sorts of fantastic explanations? This is what develops a boy's imagination—to have something puzzling to solve. Is it good for man to feel that he understands all that he sees? There are a number of things in Life that are not written down in words of one or even of two syllables. The world contains mysteries which can never be reduced to "simple language." Why should not the child be allowed to realize that there are concealed meanings in many things, meanings which he must discover for himself?

IT has been a comfort to me to learn that Amiel once said somewhere: "In hell it will always be three o'clock in the afternoon."

I had somewhat shamefacedly supposed that I was the only person who felt the burden of the day's wee small hours; and I had not confessed the weakness to any one. For years I had dealt with the problem alone, trying to solve it this way and that, never succeeding, but not understanding that it was a general human problem and therefore incapable of solution by one individual. Amiel was more intelligent as well as more candid than I. He knew human nature well enough to place the post-meridian woe in that awful category of common ills which we all sum up and subscribe to together.

The Demon of the Afternoon

He dignified it immensely thereby. I plucked up a sudden self-respect when I heard his prophecy, and set about retrieving my lack of candor by a series of investigations. It is quite safe to be candid when one knows that one's confession is pretty sure to meet with an echo; but I soon found that only certain temperaments responded to me, and that the rest were quite as impatient of my complaint as I had supposed the whole world would be in the days when I hid it from them.

"What! not like the afternoon? I can't imagine what you mean. Tired? At a loss? Bored? Oh, dear me, no! The days are always too short anyway for all the things I want to do."

When people reply to you in this way, there is only one course for you to pursue—that of immediate silence, repentance, and a resolution never to invite scorn again. But, nevertheless, the risk is worth taking; for now and then your inquiries lead to the discovery of a comrade in misery, and that reward is rich.

Such a comrade revealed herself to me some months ago; and she and I have spent the summer together, making a careful study of the afternoon problem and experimenting with solutions. I cannot say that we have arrived at any wholly satisfactory conclusions as yet; but it is to our credit and to our excuse (in so far as we have come short in our task) that we have tackled the trouble at its height. The afternoon is at its worst in the summer. This is partly because of the heat, diffusing lassitude more or less over the whole day. It is also because of the looser scheme or the wider margin of life—whichever metaphor one prefers. The pressing engagements and duties of winter often serve as a real refuge from the afternoon demon to which one is so helplessly left a prey in the unconcerned summer. Then there is that mysterious but inevitable transposition of meals which we all subserve as a kind of mandate of nature when we move into the country. A midday dinner is one of the most ingenious and effective tools of a bad afternoon.

My friend and I are both of us scrib-

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blers: very well, we meet at the breakfast table, elate with suppressed eagerness for our pens and our typewriters. We are refreshed by our country sleep, brimming with energy and with a flood of ideas which we can hardly wait to pour out on an unsuspecting public. We drink our coffee, take one look out over the valley at the radiant morning world, which we find very good; then we vanish into our respective studies, there to spend three or four hours of that peculiar wrestling bliss which all other scribblers all over the world will perfectly understand.

I am more fortunate than my friend in that my fury commonly abates a little before dinner-time. Sometimes I have a whole half-hour in which to lie in the orchard and feel my way back to a mental level. So that I am not so prone to take a header into sublevel depths as my poor friend, haled from the immediate presence of her typewriter to that of her plate of soup. It is, however, for both of us a sufficiently solemn moment when we fold our napkins and rise from our dessert to face the afternoon. We can neither of us write in the afternoon, nor would we if we could. We have a theory that there are other things in life besides typewriters.

Yes; but what are they? That is the question that fretfully assails us as we drift out into the world which we found so good a few hours ago, but which now repels us with such an unsympathetic glare. What is there to which we can turn our attention with any hope of pleasure or profit? We cannot read, we are too tired; neither can we write letters. It is too hot to walk. Sewing is nervous work and requires a steady hand and a balanced mind. Housework? Perish the thought! the very suggestion is prostrating. It would seem, then, that the obvious course was to repair to the orchard again and lie in the grass and rest. "All things have rest: why should we toil alone?" Ah! but lotus-eating is the most dangerous kind of occupation there is. It lays one more helplessly open to demons than any other pursuit. Gazing up at the blue sky through the gnarled boughs of the old apple-trees, my friend and I doubtless look peaceful enough. Are not our thoughts winging the sunlight with the gnats and the swallows? Indeed, they are not! They are saying to us: "Vanity! vanity! that paper has all been said before—anyway, no one wants to hear me say it—no one wants anything." It is curious what a difference there is between lying in the orchard before and after dinner.

I, for my part, have taken my stand on incessant activity, and have learned to refuse the least concession to the deceitful post-prandial desire for repose. I must confess I have often been hard put to it to hold my ground; for it is the afternoon's worst offence that it takes from you all desire except that which works your undoing. Whereas at nine o'clock there were twenty things which you might have done with pleasure if the twenty-first had not been so engrossing, at two o'clock there is nothing, *nothing* that you want to do.

Delay is fatal; the demon lurks just around the corner—nay, he is behind your chair. Don't sit down in it, then, but go out into the garden and cut flowers. That is a gentle occupation. Moreover, when it is finished, it does not leave you in the lurch, but leads you on to return to the house and arrange them. The parlor needs dusting; and though, a few paragraphs back, I deplored the idea of housework, I would modify my loathing in favor of the dust-cloth. I would go farther: I would advise all housekeepers who are afternoon victims to leave their dusting every day till half past two. There is something about the gentle office which yields the fruits of peace. The great thing is to keep busy, to occupy yourself with something, anything, until the danger-zone is passed and the tinkle of afternoon teacups proclaims and celebrates the defeat of the enemy.

Afternoon tea is so often my salvation that I wonder I do not have it at three o'clock. But, no, that would not do; it depends for much of its charm on the mellow lights and the slanting shadows of late afternoon, on the presence of visitors, too, dropping in with informal friendliness. It has a constrained and awkward air before half past four. But when it is due and arrives, I draw a long breath, cease my feverish preoccupation, and settle down to the enjoyment of the latter part of the day, which is as good, in its entirely different fashion, as the transcendent morning.

A curious state of affairs altogether—this unceasing revolution of change to which we are committed! Is it not enough that each day should differ from all the rest, but that it must also itself be divided into four separate entities? The morning for work—glorious; the late afternoon for companionship and relaxation—gracious, benign; the evening for reading and meditation beside the lamp and before the fire—cosey and secure. But the early afternoon for the devil—utterly forlorn.

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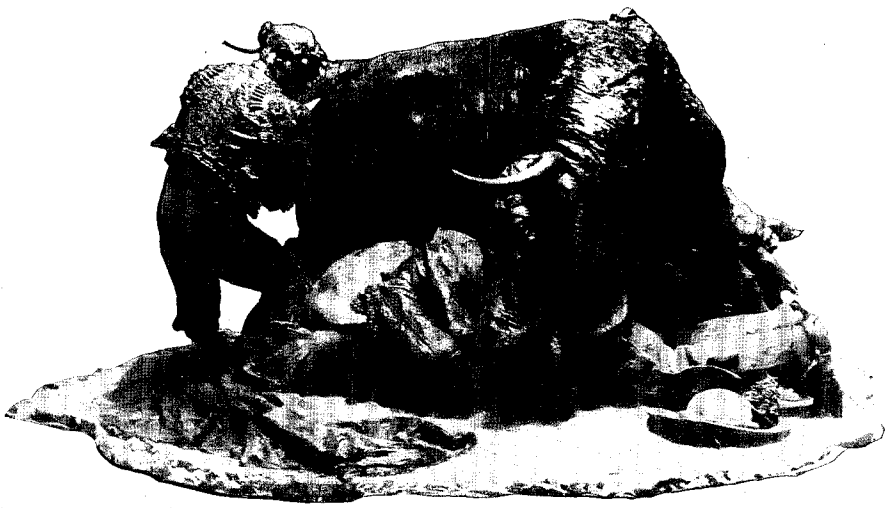
·THE FIELD OF ART·



"El Coleo."

MARIANO BENLLIURE—SCULPTOR

IT is impossible to live in Spain without feeling the intense character of the national art. Past or present, mediæval or Renaissance, the art of Spain has been the expression of a strong imagination. As a friendly critic has said—"the imagination of a Spanish artist runs amuck with his materials." Occasionally he has run into the sublime, and the wondering world is left wondering. This national trait is as true of the cathedral-builders as of the painters. The designers of Seville Cathedral had no other wish than "to be thought mad by posterity," but they accomplished one of the greatest of Gothic churches. Velasquez painting "Las Meninas"—a picture in which subjects, painter, and onlooker are reflected within one plane surface—seemed to court disaster, but he accomplished "the theology of painting."

Of the modern artists in Spain none is more Spanish, none is more daring, or fearless of hovering betwixt the ridiculous and the sublime, than Mariano Benlliure.

Daring is as pleasing to the Spanish exhibited in art as when shown in the bull-ring or the chase. It covers a multitude of sins or defects in their heroes. Whenever daring has come among them in the guise of a painter or a carver or a sculptor, they have always recognized and applauded it as the soul of their race.

Pheidias had his way in fifth-century Athens as much as Christopher Wren in Caroline London, but neither had such freedom to mark a city with the hall-mark of their genius as Benlliure has been allowed within the limits of modern Madrid. There are some who have not scrupled to call the city "Benlliure's studio"!

It is certainly hard to keep out of sight of his works. They command avenues, they stand at the cross-roads, they populate the parks, and they silhouette the rising and the setting sun. His soaring monument to Alfonso XII, rising out of the trees of the Buen Retiro, is, perhaps, the first outpost of the city to touch the light of dawn, and the daring group in bronze which surmounts the Union and Phœnix Insurance office, in the business quarters of the town, is the last object discernible against the rose of evening.

Nobody who has ever walked up the Calle

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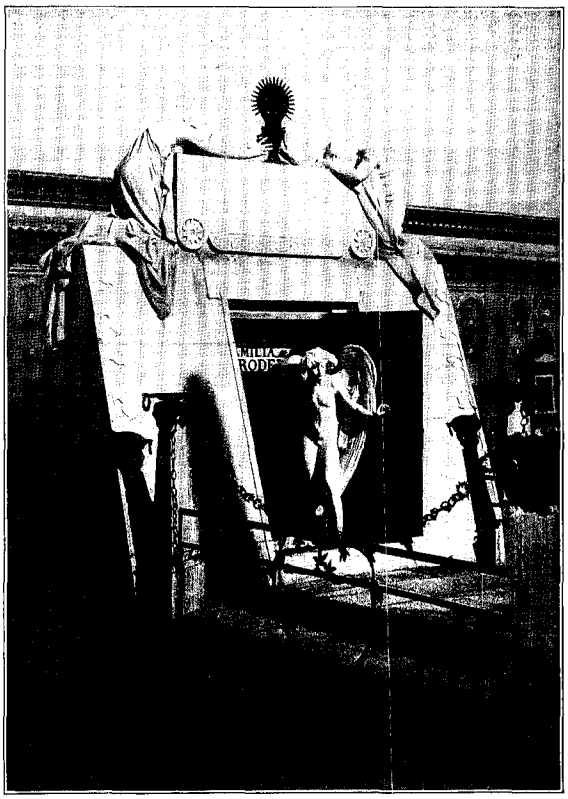
Mayor at sunset can forget the woman (symbol of life) balanced on the gigantic-winged phœnix as she rises clear-cut above the ashes of a sun-broiled city.

Mariano Benlliure may be accounted one of the hereditary artificers of Spain. He is the successor of the mediæval realists who filled her cathedrals with dramatic wood-carving and breath-taking sculptures. The power of expression and the use of contraposition, which Berruguete employed to make marble live, have been born again in him. Already his name stands as far apart in Spain from the emasculate tribe who trifle with art as that of Rodin from the schools of France. Strangely enough the only North Americans who have appreciated his talent have been the committee appointed to erect a monument at Manila to the late Mr. Ferguson, secretary of the Philippine Commission. Benlliure has thrown himself into the work with a full realization of the delicate compliment involved in choosing a Spanish artist. His idea is to represent in marble the two types of native and American womanhood in the joint act of lifting an olive wreath to a bronze bust above. And here we may attempt to describe the most striking characteristic of his greater works—the power of combining two such different materials as bronze and marble in the same group to express artistic differences that would be lost in an identity of material.



Monument to the Meroder family, Valencia.

The Greek critics have recorded the lost "chryselephantine" statues in which inert and living matter were contrasted by the use of gilded metal or gold for the drapery and ivory for the face and hands. Benlliure has often succeeded in combining dull-colored bronze with snowy marble to even greater imaginative effect. To him bronze and marble are as different as poetry and prose, masculine and feminine. Briefly, he has applied psychology to materials!

Whatsoever things are mundane, human, mortal, of the earth earthy, seem to him instinctively to call for bronze, while things spiritual, immortal, and divine he can only conceive of in terms of ethereal marble. This lies at the root of the imaginative power of his completed work.

Take one simple instance—his daring attempt to forestall the day of resurrection in the monument at Valencia to the Meroder family. The bronze sepulchral door is held ajar by an angel of marble whiter than fuller's earth. It is the artist's halting yet convincing attempt to contrast the forces of death and life, of spirit and matter. Again, in his monument to Castelar the living figures are of bronze—the ghosts of the dead are of marble.

In his group of "The King and Queen of Spain" he obtained an indescribable effect by chiselling the Queen in the softest of white marble and casting the King in virile bronze.

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The tombs which he is just finishing to the memory of the last Duke and Duchess of Medina Celi contain a like effort to bring the mortal and the immortal into contrast. The shrouded bodies are of marble and their coffins of bronze. It gives a hint of eternity that no tomb or effigy made of a single material could provide.

In spite of the outward perfection and finish of Benlliure's work, the restless spirit of contrast supplies the ideas which sculptors are given only the outlines of material to express. Poets and painters have always had a thousand subtleties and shades to make clear the contrasts of real and ideal. To the sheer impression which line and moulding can produce on the spectator of themselves Benlliure has added that of varied material and out of two themes drawn one harmony. His plastic philosophy, if one may use such a term, is simple. As the white marble was forged by the hand of God, so was the bronze molten by the work of man. The marble is symbolic of the spiritual and the eternal, as the bronze is of the human which shall perish.

"The King and Queen of Spain."

If Benlliure may be mentioned with Rodin among living sculptors, it is because the art in which he has triumphed is not the art of Rodin. Nothing could be more remote than the godlike naturalness of Rodin's unfinished masterpieces from the finely wrought delicacy, detailed magnificence, of Benlliure's imaginings.

It is interesting to compare their different ideas as to how a great creative artist in another sphere should be commemorated in sculpture. Rodin represented Balzac by an amorphous vestured block crowned by a stupendously vital head.

Benlliure is responsible for the entirely antithetical monument erected to the painter Goya in the streets of Madrid. Goya is represented standing lifelike and realistic in bronze upon a marble pedestal into which his most immortal picture is worked in marble relief! Around it is inscribed Goya's motto: "Out of the slumber of genius are monsters begot."

His monument to the tenor Gayarre can only be described as a nightmare of genius. To do justice to the singer's memory, the sculptor was content with nothing less than that the spirits of music should be displayed wrenching the singer's coffin out of the tomb and carrying it body and all into the soaring empyrean! And this, the conception not of a poet, but of an artist who had to translate it into those cumbrous and unyielding materials which crush the imaginings of every sculptor born into the world!

Benlliure has been one of those who have never allowed the ardor or inspiration of their work to flag under the soft winds of success. He refuses to repeat himself or allow his standard to diminish. At one time Spain went into ecstasies over "La Bailadora," or "The Dancing Girl." Apart from the wonderful achievement of poise and motion, he proved that he could knit the same transparent lace out of marble that Goya used to charm out of white paint. At present all Spain is demanding that his bull-fighting group called "El Coleo" be set up in the sight of the Spanish people forever.

"El Coleo" is a life-size medley of toreador, picador, bull, and horse, cast in bronze, that brings that minglement of fear, terror, and pity to the spectator which is the function of supreme dramatic art.

The name "El Coleo" is the technical term in bull-fighting for the act of twisting a bull's tail to divert attention from a fallen man.

Benlliure has told the story of bull-fighting in one daring group. A mounted picador

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has lanced the bull, but broken his lance in so doing and fallen from the gored horse on the very horns of the bull. The toreador has come gallantly to the rescue, but he is only risking his life for a life that has been butchered to make a Spanish holiday.

The verdict of Spain was enthusiastic, but that of Rome, where it was first exhibited, was even more complimentary, for as a result of this horror in bronze the whole project for introducing the bull-fight into Italy fell to the ground.

There is a general desire to erect it to-day at the entrance of the great Arena in Madrid, a desire which is shared by the *aficionados*, or amateurs of the sport, as well as by the humanitarians who wish to see it entirely abolished.

Whether Benlliure will ever surpass "El Coleo" is doubtful. He himself seems to regard it as his *ne plus ultra*, for he has refused every price and treasures it in his back garden outside Madrid.

Thither we made our way under a pitiless Spanish sky to make acquaintance with master and masterpiece. Our unconcealed praise and admiration brought out the story of his life—the pathetic tale of early woe which every successful artist can tell.

Born in Valencia in 1869, his career has been that of a self-made man. Strange to relate, he remained dumb until the age of eight, but in compensation Nature taught him to express his thoughts in clay and plaster. At ten he was installed in a studio and supporting his parents. A chance model which he made of a wounded picador in the bull-ring brought local fame and he felt it time to strike out for himself. He claims to have followed no particular school and obeyed no master except his own intuition. Until he was sixteen he worked at the conventional types supplied by the sanctuary and the arena, for all the national heroes of Spain are saints or bull-fighters. Even then his ambition called out for grandeur and he boldly carved one of those life-size *pasos*, or religious tableaux, which are carried through the streets upon the necks of men during Holy Week. This, a Descent from the Cross, is still treasured by one of the religious guilds of Zamorra.

"La Bailadora."

With his first handful of earnings he made his way to Rome—the Golden West of the artistic emigrant. Friendless and unknown, he soon exhausted his store and was forced to throw himself for a living on painting water-colors, all the while that his head throbbed with the magnificences in marble and bronze. Not in vain did he cast his bread upon "the waters," for at last the means and materials came under his hand and he created his first piece of statuary, called "Accidente." Upon this he staked his life and won. At Madrid in 1889 it brought him the first prize. As a result he was given the order to make the monument of Ribera the painter in his native Valencia, and ever since his work has become familiar in the capital and spread into Greater Spain. As far abroad as Chile, Peru, and Buenos Ayres there are public specimens of his art—a success which he has merited by remembering what the Spanish love more than all things—

"De l'audace et toujours de l'audace!"

SHANE LESLIE.

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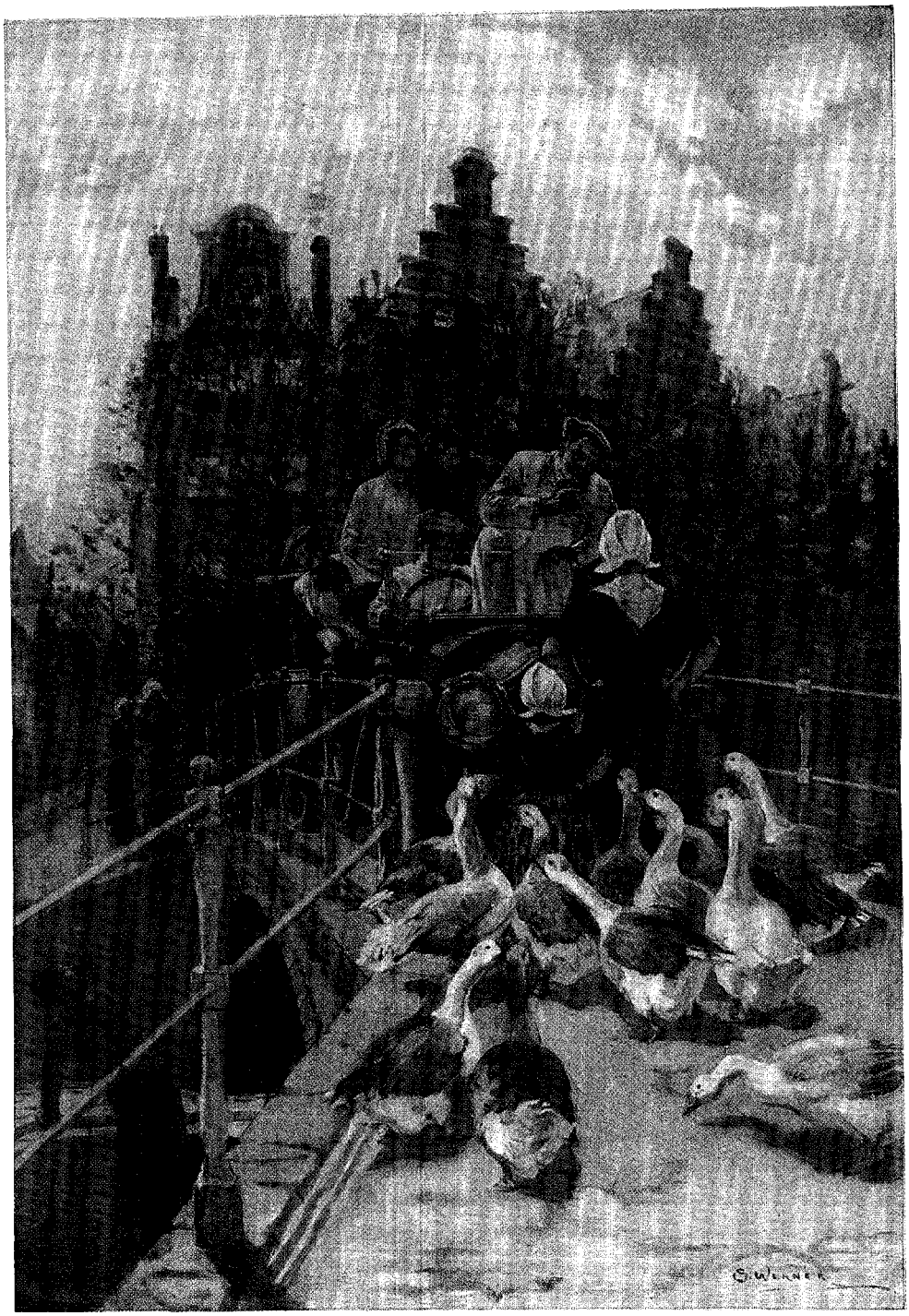

Painted by S. Werner.

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